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JOHN BROWN, THE HOT-HEADED DEMAGOGUE.

John Brown! Brave? Yes. Intrepid? Yes. Determined? Doggedly. But the far-sighted patriot? No. The hot-headed demagogue, the ringleader of a rabble, an agitator!

The quiet of a Sunday evening in the fall broods over the pretty little village of Harper's Ferry, lying in its nest among the mountains of the beautiful Shenandoah region. The sounds which daily issue from the workshops of the National Armory are stilled; the church-goers have returned to their homes; the workmen have ceased their Sunday recreations; the village sleeps. A solitary watchman slowly paces to and fro over the Potomac bridge, all unconscious of the stealthy

approach of a little band of armed men, who have crept from their hiding place in the neighboring mountain and are noiselessly entering the town. Suddenly he is startled from his drowsy patrol; the lights of the town are rapidly extinguished; he hears the hurry of feet along the bridge, and in a moment he is a prisoner. The little group—seventeen white men and five negroes, with their leader—next take possession of the armory buildings; some return to the bridge to secure the first watchman's successor. They hail him. He runs, followed by a shot or two, and gives an alarm; but seems to arouse no one. At a quarter past one the western train arrives, and its conductor finds the bridge guarded by armed men, who present their rifles, as he attempts to walk across. Meanwhile, six of the men have proceeded to the house of Colonel Washington. They capture him, seize his arms and horses, and liberate his slaves. They repeat the process at one or two other houses, confining their victims and making prisoners, until between fifty and sixty citizens are locked into the armory. The leader informs them that they can be liberated by writing to their friends to send a negro apiece as ransom, and then first is the discovery made that this is not a strike of discontented laborers. At daybreak the train is allowed to speed on eastward, carrying alarm and panic to Virginia, Maryland and Washington. It leaves Harper's Ferry completely in the military possession of the insurgents. They hold, without dispute, the arsenal, with its offices, workshops and grounds; their sentinels guard the bridges and patrol the streets. By eight o'clock the number of prisoners is sixty odd, and still the work goes on. But, at last, the citizens are aroused to action. They form a band and obtain possession of a room overlooking the armory gates, whence they fire at the sentinels who are standing guard. Throughout the morning the insurgents are masters of the town. Half an hour after noon, however, a force of militia, one hundred strong, arrives from Charleston, and rapidly disperses itself to com-

mand every exit from the town. They gain possession of the bridge, then of the rifle-works and all the houses around the armory buildings; more militia keep pouring in, and night finds the leader of the insurrection retreating to the engine house with three unwounded whites and one or two dying—all that remain of his band. Surrounded by fifteen hundred armed and maddened foes, he spends the night alternately caring for the wounded and encouraging the three who are unhurt to be firm and sell their lives as dearly as possible. But at seven in the morning the door of the engine-house is broken open; one of the defenders is shot; the leader is knocked down and twice run through with a bayonet. The revolt is at an end! All Virginia, including her governor, now rush to Harper's Ferry, and the bleeding survivors of the deed are subjected to most searching inquiries. Their purpose they firmly state as a strike for universal freedom. After a day or two, in which no valuable information of complicity—political or otherwise—can be gained from the prisoners, they are conveyed under an armed escort to Charleston and there consigned to jail. This was John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, October 17, '59—his blow at the abolition of slavery, over which he had dreamed from his boyhood up, for which he had been living and planning more than twenty years! The plan, the fulfillment of the plan, the raid, were remarkably characteristic of their author—visionary and ill-calculated as they were.

The little John Brown had been independent, self-reliant beyond his years. He was entrusted with tasks and responsibilities which are generally committed to older men: and, from the nature of the case, he was early possessed of a consciousness of power to carry out his designs. He was a boy of set, even stubborn purpose, a boy who dreamed of great plans. If we can give credence to the interpretations of phrenologists, in John Brown the man we shall look for several qualities, as the natural development of his boyish tenden-

cies,—a determination to "go the whole figure or nothing", a love of great schemes, the desire to be leader of these schemes, and an inclination towards somewhat visionary plans. Early in life the seeds of abolition doctrine were sown on a fertile soil; and ultimately his legitimate business, his hopes of making a home for his old age—everything was sacrificed to an engrossing determination to free slaves. He seemed, as I have said, to live for this. In the atmosphere of his passions, his sons and sons-in-law became, perforce, imbued with much of his feeling; and four of them, in 1854, left their pleasant Ohio homes and removed to Kansas, there to aid in fighting for freedom. The following year they sent to their father, begging him to join them and bring such arms as he could procure. He needed no second bidding. Here was the very opportunity for which he had longed ever since he could remember. Ere he reached Kansas with the supply of firearms which had been granted him by some convention of abolitionists, he vividly pictured himself and his doings. To establish a camp for guerilla warfare on the southern part of the state —a little later, to drill into a company after his own heart such as had embraced his famous doctrines, and were thus deemed fit to aid his attack on the Harper's Ferry arsenal—all seemed easy, reputable, and eminently satisfying. Quite of one piece with Brown, though perhaps hardly as reckless, was the well known Kagi; and, between them, they concocted a plan hard to equal in point of impracticability or lawlessness. The mountains of Virginia offered a fine hiding-place for such followers as these two schemers could gather together. Canadian refugees and Virginia slaves, officered by intelligent whites, were to form the assaulting corps; and who but John Brown should be in general command, for was he not commander-in-chief under the provisional constitution drawn up by himself and his accomplice? A slave stampede, in which planters pursuing their chattels, and state militia defending the planters, should alike be defeated—this was that "small

quiet looking movement," proposed to introduce a greater and more terror-bearing attack, which should cause every slave-holder in the land to tremble. The arms of the Harper's Ferry arsenal, when seized, would come "just in the nick of time" to be placed in the hands of those slaves who could be decoyed into joining the plan. The cutting of telegraph wires and tearing up of railroad tracks seemed the work of but a few hours, and then—did not the rest lie in a nut-shell? With the enemy's continuous chain of posts filling the mountains, could Virginia but yield? And Virginia having yielded, would other states dare withstand this "conquering hero"? All was planned for the night of the 24th of October; but Brown, suspecting a Judas in his company, struck his blow seven days earlier. This was consistent. The framer of so extensive a sedition now thought it best to guard against the treachery of one man, though by his hastened movement he should forfeit the co-operation of all his allies from Kansas and New England, though he should imperil the very foundation of his plan—the uprising of the slaves, felt to be the greatest fear of their masters. He thought it wise to oppose, with a score of men, an entire commonwealth of by no means inferior powers. The poor, ignorant negroes were surprised into an utter failure to do their part; and the quiet "drawing off of slaves to the mountains" was supplanted by an attack of a band of skirmishers upon a United States arsenal, followed by a seizing of the persons and property of Virginia citizens. The radical movement of a radical leader was a complete failure; the slave-holders held their slaves with renewed tenacity. John Brown, the leader of this famous plan, was lodged in jail, awaiting the trial of a United States court. His stubborn will bent not one whit beneath his crushing failure or his impending doom. The factious agitator had staked and lost! Who can but admire his pluck, his cheerful acceptance of his deserts, though his lawlessness stand forth never so boldly! Little wonder is it that the North, incapable of appreciating

the Southern hatred of an abolitionist, made a hero of the man who so warmly advocated his daring scheme, and then, by the sacrifice of himself and his own children, showed that he was willing—yes, glad to die for his principles. I hate to cite the flimsy, illogical, fanatical defense of John Brown, made by his worshipper, Thoreau; but, extravagant as it is, it serves to indicate the sentiments of the North at that time. John Brown's raid certainly gave John Brown a great distinction; but the radical, in his over-reaching, ever merits our pity—our disgust; it is the cool-headed thinker who wins our respect, admiration and love. And we are not surprised to find Brown indifferent as to a trial. First, he declared that he wished for no such mockery of a trial as would be given him by Virginians on Virginia soil, and said that, had his unlawful intercession been in behalf of the rich, he would have been exalted by his present accusers. Perhaps this man, hating all slave-holders, yet asked to accept one of their number as his defender, pictured to himself a trial among Northerners—just now his worshippers—a Northern abolitionist to plead for his life. The contrast between the real and the imaginary was by no means encouraging; but he might also have contrasted the real and an appalling possibility, for lynch-law for John Brown was near the heart of many a Virginian. The populace would have liked to tear him in pieces. But he was guarded by the hand of the law and forced to legal trial, charged with "feloniously conspiring to make an abolition insurrection", with "open war upon the commonwealth of Virginia", with "murder". Virginia has been harshly censured for refusing Brown the extra time which he now asked. But if we are to appreciate the feeling in the North, is it not fair to regard the attitude of these Southerners, seized, confined in a guard-house, robbed of their chattels—and all this by a band of armed men, with no more authority than a *posse* of Irish emigrants! Though the state of Virginia had protected this man from lynching, she was still the state of Virginia, invaded, attacked,

and insulted. Brown was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The clergyman of the town visited his cell; but the prisoner refused to see this "heathen gentleman", as he called him, saying that "he could not recognize as a minister of the God he worshipped any man who justified slavery"—hardly the broad mind of the far-sighted patriot, striving to carry forward so grand a scheme. He refused to receive the last ministrations of the holy gospel, because he who offered them lived amoug slave-holders. Indeed, I am disposed to cite John Brown's religion as but one more proof of his demagogism. Ever after abolition became his idol, his religion was tainted. It was no longer the religion of his fathers, puritanically rigid and severe; it was aggressive, a kind of Moloch. By force of arms, he drove swearing soldiers to their knees and the outward semblance of prayer, only to have them go away scoffing at his fanaticism. It was as radical as the man. It was his excuse and pack-horse, instead of the sacred center of all his movements. In his frequent blasphemous quoting of the Golden Rule, he forgot that divine command which bade him be "in obedience to his masters" and those who had authority over him. He forgot that the keeping of civil law is far from inconsistent with the keeping of God's law. He felt able to defy law and order by blazoning abroad precepts whose first principles he had failed to learn. Again, I call him radical!

The time came for him to die; and, if ever a man "died game", it was John Brown. The soldiers about his scaffold were filled with admiration. But it was the simple "grit" of the man which thrilled them, as it did the North—aye—and the South! They admired John Brown the fearless, John Brown the bold—not the mad abolitionist. And was the heroism of his death prompted by the thought that his blow at abolition was a telling one? Did John Brown die thus triumphant? Perhaps so; and yet I doubt not that, the visionary part of his scheme once shattered by his failure, he was somewhat doubtful of the expediency of his unwarranted at-

tack. Does not the judicial American citizen of to-day, looking with impartial eye back to the years preceding '59, and into the twenty years following, see a fulfillment of the aphorism, "Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time." The cause for which he died was too vital to be much influenced by this one man; and very soon both he and his endeavors were substantially forgotten. The country was agitated by an eruption of long standing—an eruption in which John Brown, like many another agitator, was but a volcanic fragment amidst the seething torrent of the burning crater. A large and powerful fragment, do you say? I answer, yes, on any other crater. We wish for him, for his glory, for his country, that his best qualities could have been turned into another channel. To have removed his fanatic madness would have been to give lawful scope to his determination, his natural power to command, his courage. He might then have been the veriest hero instead of the insurrectionist—the leader of a thoroughly illegal and fruitless raid. With the greatest admiration for his power and unbounded charity for his purpose, we can but gain afresh, at every turn, the conviction that so great an issue as the abolition of slavery—an issue vital to a whole nation—vital to civilization—could not be materially influenced by the unlawful interference of a man, worshipping his idol. For this issue was both old and important. Slavery itself, older than history, had its origin in war, when the thrift and clemency of a victor spared his prisoner and made him his servant, instead of wantonly killing him. This mild type of slavery had acquired respectability and stability—was an institution before Virginia, the first abiding colony of our country, was established. But it rapidly degenerated into a speculation, slave-trading; and, as early as 1772, Lord Mansfield pronounced judgment against it in the Somerset case—nearly a century before John Brown's time. Ever after the first discussion, the subject was constantly agitated. In the American Revolution, the colonists were weak, since one-sixth of the

population were slaves, who could run to British garrisons for protection; and abolition was felt to be a necessity. There was naturally opposition; for, as each state entered the Union, it could demand the right of owning slaves, that its neighbors might not have superior advantages. But the greatest thinkers, alike at North and South, saw fast-increasing evils in this "peculiar institution"; and very soon the whole country felt that some change must follow the powerful agitations everywhere existing. The North, with nothing to lose, could of course advocate abolition, heart and soul; the South naturally hoped for a change which would not impoverish and weaken itself; but equally, in both cases, was there discussion. The country was trembling with excitement over this very question when John Brown made his unexpected, independent, unauthorized raid upon Harper's Ferry. We have seen how he failed and died, leaving hardly a ripple on the surface of national politics; and what followed? Lincoln was nominated. His first cry was concerning the great subject of the day. In his opening speech, he said: "The Union cannot permanently endure, half slave and half free. We are now far into the fifth year, since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. It will not cease, *until a crisis shall have been reached and passed.*" He did not make the Harper's Ferry raid a crisis or a centre of past and future action. Four months later, Governor Seward said, "These antagonistic systems are continually coming into closer contact and collision. Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or *fanatical agitators* mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between two opposing and enduring forces; and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free-labor nation." These men merely echoed the sentiments which were the outgrowth of years of agitation, as Stephen

A. Douglas and John C. Breckinridge foreshadowed the movement towards secession, which had come to be the hope of the South. At last, the storm whose clouds had been so long in gathering, burst with awful fury. The South was conquered. A nation had divided against itself to settle the long-impending question, and it was irrevocably decided! Now, no secret creeping of a score of men, from their hiding-place in a mountain-side; but an open, wide-spread, fatally general uprising—a bloody struggle and a sentence passed, which should endure as long as our Republic! Was this John Brown's doing? Less truly far-sighted than the youngest drummer-boy who kept to his place in line of battle was this stern, unbending, stubborn old man, who knew no better way of showing his patriotism than by raising a turbulent sedition, in the country which he feigned to serve.

M. R. S., '82.

JOHN BROWN, THE FAR-SIGHTED PATRIOT.

Blessed be mediocrity, for it alone can live and die in peace! As long as there remain two sides to a question, so long will every one who stands above the happy average of humanity be the subject of criticism, of blame, of reproach. The stronger the light in which the figure stands, the darker will be the shadow cast on the other side. But whether we consider John Brown as a figure of darkness or of light, we can not help considering him. He stands out against the background of our national life, the most romantic figure in American history, —a man so audacious as to attack the ruling institution of his country, so foolish as to believe that one man could successfully oppose a nation, so devoted to his idea as to sacrifice home, children, and life itself to it, so fanatical as to believe that he was obeying a Divine command in stirring up this insurrection, so powerful as to accomplish his end—the enthusi-

ast, the hero, the demagogue, the traitor. And yet the stock from which John Brown sprung was hardly such a one as we should expect to produce demagogues and traitors. His was the seventh generation, in regular descent, from Peter Brown, who came over in the Mayflower. His mother was the descendant of an emigrant from Holland. His ancestors on both sides served in the Revolutionary war. None of them were men given to light thinking or careless acting, and his uncompromising earnestness and his devotion to what he believed to be right were John Brown's lawful inheritance from his stern and warlike fore-fathers. His family were among the pioneers of Ohio, and as Thoreau says: "his education consisted of the study of the science of Liberty in the University of the West, and, having taken his degrees, he commenced the public practice of humanity in Kansas." He was a self-reliant boy. In one of his letters he speaks of his pride in being sent, when only twelve years old, for more than a hundred miles through the wilderness with "companies of cattle," and remarks that "he would have thought his character much injured had he been obliged to be helped in any such job." Thus early in life he received an impression so strong that it was the beginning of his crusade against slavery. His childish sympathies were aroused by the ill-treatment of a little negro boy of his own age, and then and there he was led "to declare or swear eternal war with Slavery." And he never broke his oath. With a singleness of purpose of which we see but rare examples, he made everything in his life subordinate to his determination to root out the slavery which he believed to be so wicked in itself, and so harmful to the country. From infancy his children were taught the abolitionist's doctrines, and the bravery with which one after another laid down his life in support of those doctrines is sufficient proof of the intensity of their belief in them. If by saying that he made a pack horse of his religion is meant that everything in his life rested upon it, it is true. One who did

not understand how all-powerful and all-pervading his religion was might think him blasphemous. His faith was like that of the Puritans, lacking the graces and amenities which the nineteenth century could have given it. Stern, uncompromising, narrow, perhaps, as all intense beliefs are liable to be, it was the faith of a warrior, not of a scholar. It flashed out in his battle cry, it upheld him and gave a sanctity to his life. When Ethan Allen was asked in whose name he demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga he replied, "In the name of the Lord Jehovah and the Continental Congress." When John Brown was asked by whose authority he had taken posession of the Armory at Harper's Ferry, he answered, "By the authority of God Almighty." And the world, hearing it, recognized the spirit of the old Puritan speaking in a braver man, engaged in a more hopeless struggle.

These are scarcely the elements of character which one would expect to find in a "hot-headed demagogue." And, indeed, there never were words more widely misapplied. John Brown's power did not lie with the masses. His appeals were not made to them. He addressed himself chiefly to the abolitionists, and, at that time, abolitionist and American were not, even at the North, synonymous terms. It would be more consistent to accuse William Lloyd Garrison or Wendell Phillips of demagoguery than John Brown. For his project of conveying slaves from Missouri through to Canada, he asked no public aid. What came to him was from private individuals who were abolitionists of as long standing as himself. It is true that he spoke of his work in Kansas frequently and to large audiences; but his theme was not his plan for freeing the slaves, but the condition of Kansas. At that time the struggle between the Free-soil settlers and the pro-slavery Missourians for the posession of the state was the chief topic of public interest. It was the beginning of the struggle between the free and slave states, prophetic, perhaps, in the final victory of the Free-soilers, of the termination of the deadlier struggle

to come. The raids of the Missourians into Kansas for the purpose of controlling elections, of burning and plundering settlements and killing Free-soil emigrants,—these were the themes of John Brown's speeches. These were also the themes of discussion in Congress, by the press, in the pulpit, at the bar. If John Brown was a demagogue because he agitated this subject, then were Presidents Pierce and Buchanan, both Democratic presidents, Mr. English, of Indiana, Alex. H. Stephens, then the most prominent of American statesmen, John Sherman, of Ohio, all demagogues. The fact that John Brown was able to support his statements by relating his experiences in Kansas, made him a more effective speaker, but not a demagogue. He neither desired nor attempted to obtain the aid of the people in general in his project for freeing the slaves. He believed that one with God was a majority, and so firm was his faith, that with that majority, he would have dared attempt anything. The "rabble" which he lead rarely consisted of more than twenty men—men of like metal to himself, who could say with him, "It is nothing to die in a good cause, but an eternal disgrace to sit still in the presence of the barbarities of American slavery." Nor were his motives those of a demagogue. Personal gain or advancement he never sought. Revenge was a sentiment which never moved him. He was a good hater, it is true; but he poured out all his indignation upon the institution of slavery as an institution. His feeling toward its upholders was merely incidental. And the man who said, "I have waited for twenty years to accomplish my purpose," could hardly be called impetuous. When the time came to act, his action was as swift and deadly as the stroke of the lightning from the skies, but it was because he laid his plans so carefully, because he waited so patiently for his opportunity, that he was ready to act so quickly and fearlessly when opportunity offered. But such a scheme as his great one, however long it may have been in contemplation, would always seem, to its opponents, rash and ill-considered. It was, indeed, the

madness of an enthusiast; but it was the kind of madness which makes the world move. The crowning effort of John Brown's life was and always will be denounced as "hot-headed" by the conservative majority of mankind. But the conservative majority are not usually moved by motives of patriotism and self-sacrifice,—the conservative mind is not the one that gives the impulse to keep the ball of progress rolling. To the Southern half of the country his was a progress toward revolution and anarchy. "Wild, reckless, and revolutionary measures, instigated and controlled by mischievous malcontents,"—that was what Southern statesmen thought of his plans. In direct opposition to law they certainly were, yet John Brown was not a traitor to his country. His offense was against a State, not against the nation, and by the strict logic of a portion of Southern law itself, his crime was merely theft. The negroes were counted as property, and he who takes property is not guilty of treason, but of theft. But the Southern planters set such value upon their ebony wares that they punished with severest laws and damning obloquy any attempts to tamper with them. John Brown believed the United States Government to be wrong in countenancing slavery, but he expressly disclaimed any intention to commit treason. One of the articles of the constitution of the secret league to which he and his followers belonged declared that the document should not be construed so as in any way "to encourage the overthrow of any State Government, or of the General Government of the United States." It looked "to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to amendment and repeal." And yet he attacked public property, by the laws of the State he was guilty of treason, and he gave a feeling of insecurity to the slave states which did much to hasten their secession from the Union. But the state law which he violated was itself a violation of the rights of humanity and one which half the nation denounced as wrong. He was not carrying out any idea which he held alone, which was without the sanc-

tion of authority or experience. He repeated what England had declared through Wilberforce, that slavery was the "sum of all villainies." He was advocating the policy which England had adopted, which Russia has since adopted, and which met the approbation of the enlightened classes throughout all Europe, and of the Northern States of the Union. He trampled upon the law of the state, but he was obedient to a higher law of which that of the state was an open defiance. If every enthusiast who thought he could establish Utopia here below should attempt to carry out his ideas by force, we should live in a state of anarchy. It is but as a last resort that the citizen may draw his sword against his government. But if every other means fail, and he must either forswear his conscience or fight,—let him fight. If the Italian States had not fought for freedom from Austrian slavery, how long would it have been before Victor Emmanuel would have ruled over United Italy? The Puritan fathers traitorously took up arms against their government; but, if they had contented themselves with expostulating with George III., how soon would independence have been attained? The world has not yet reached that point at which it yields readily to moral suasion. Muscular Christianity is still a powerful influence in civilization. Furthermore, it seems strangely inconsistent that, within a year after the treason of John Brown had aroused such indignation through the South, when no penalty was considered too heavy to be visited upon him, this same South should have attempted to carry out a kindred scheme on a larger scale, and should consider that she is injured by the suggestion that she incurred any penalty by her misconduct.

At the time of the raid John Brown was an old man, sixty years of age. For half a century he had seen the policy of persuasion tried, and with but little apparent result. Slavery seemed as firmly rooted in the soil as ever. Feeling as deeply as one of his fervently religious nature would feel, the wickedness of the laws which bound the slaves, filled with a

disgust for the politicians who temporized over what he believed to be matters of vital interest, discouraged by the defeat of all anti-slavery bills in Congress, burning with indignation at the decrees of Roger Brooke Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, against the "unhappy black race", and believing that not all the eloquence of the most eloquent abolitionists would effect as much for the cause he loved as one well delivered blow, he dared to strike that blow. And when asked what excuse he could give for his conduct, he pointed to the New Testament.

He tried and failed, and in failing succeeded beyond his greatest hope of success. It was a useless as well as an unlawful attempt? Slavery would have been abolished in spite of him and without his assistance? So will the millennium come; but we could hardly expect it to arrive the sooner if no one felt it incumbent upon him to practice the virtues of charity, temperance, justice. John Brown's raid had no influence? Lowell thinks differently.

"When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west:
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time."

That was what John Brown did. He thrilled the whole country. The effect he produced was second only to that of the first gun fired upon Sumter. The people were startled. They were for a time benumbed with surprise. But as they realized what he had done and what he had meant to do, it would be hard to say which was the greater, the wrath of the South, or the admiration of the North. The first showed itself immediately in the measures for protection taken by the terror-stricken citizens of Virginia, and in his speedy trial and execution; the latter, more quietly and slowly, but as decisively, within the next year. John Brown's raid came at just the right time to be a powerful agent in influencing public sentiment. It crystalized public thought into public action.

At the Republican Convention in Illinois the next year, Abraham Lincoln first enunciated the doctrine that "the Union cannot permanently endure half-slave and half-free." Four months later Gov. Seward declared that "the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free-labor nation." During the next presidential campaign slavery was the prominent question, and the will of the people was shown by the election of Lincoln, the anti-slavery candidate. To say that Lincoln was elected because John Brown made his raid into Virginia would be to take an untenable position. To deny that John Brown's raid had any influence in putting him in the Presidential chair is to assume something quite as difficult to maintain. He was a powerful factor among the political influences of the day. The Southern states were determined to maintain slavery at any cost, and so accustomed were they to be the ruling power in national politics, that they were slow to believe that any but a feeble opposition would be offered them. The abolitionists of the North were supposed to be harmless fanatics, whose speeches were to be taken into consideration as representing a certain phase of Northern sentiment, but a sentiment which they could terrify into silence by threats of disunion. When John Brown dared to take up arms and send Garrison's message into the South along the path of his rifle ball, they appreciated, for the first time, the fact that their power was not impregnable. That scattering fire at Harper's Ferry hastened secession ; for the South felt then that slavery must go out from the Union, aud they preferred to go with it. Such an enterprise as John Brown's, however rash, however ill-considered it may have been, commended itself to the people by its romance, by its bravery, by the grand recklessness of its conception, and the grandeur steadfastness and heroism of its leader. Even his enemies admired him. Even they were moved to occasional sympathy with him. Could those of like faith with him, who, agreeing with him in theory, lacked the

courage and decision which enabled him to put his theories in practice,—could they be unaffected by John Brown's act? It was not possible for men to die like those who held the armory at Harper's Ferry; it was not possible for a man to live as John Brown lived between the time of his capture and execution,—it was not possible for such a man as he to make such a speech as his last one in the court-room, without stirring the hearts of the people. When we consider how powerful even a slight cause may be in influencing an election; how potent an influence an example of heroism and self-sacrifice has always exercised upon the masses; and what a grand example of heroism and self-sacrifice was offered them, who can estimate his influence?

During the trying scenes at the close of his life, scenes under which a brave man might well have broken down, he maintained the dauntless composure which had always characterized him. He had never any great respect for authority simply because it was authority. At the time of the troubles in Kansas, a reward of three thousand dollars had been offered for him by the governor of the state, a reward to which President Buchanan added two hundred and fifty dollars. John Brown, in addressing a public meeting not long afterward, alluded to this and remarked, parenthetically, that he would give two dollars and fifty cents for the delivery of the body of James Buchanan in any jail in the free states. This same contempt for an authority which he did not respect was shown during his trial. He feared no penalty man could inflict. On the contrary, he said, "I think perhaps my object would be nearer fulfillment if I should die." Of the court he asked no favor for himself, but he desired that clemency be shown to his followers. His sole anxiety was that he should not be thought to have undertaken this enterprise from any motive but a desire to help the "despised poor," or for any purpose but to free the slaves. He paid the penalty of the far-sightedness which showed him the fatal peril to the country

which he loved, and of the patriotism which forced him to strike a blow apparently against its vital parts in order to save its eternal life. A brave man he certainly was, and, as we have said before, the most romantic figure in American history. See him in the Armory during the last assault by his foes! One son lies dead near him, another lies outside the wall of the fortification, grasping in his cold hand the flag of truce which had been no protection to him. The father stands with one hand upon the pulse of a dying son, holding his rifle in the other, while he bids his men "Keep cool" and directs their last desperate defence. Again, in the court-room, this gray-headed veteran, weak from his fresh wounds, carrying the weight of his sixty years, dares, in this crowd of his bitterest enemies, in their own court-room, to accuse them,—and accuses them in a speech whose manliness could not be surpassed, whose sarcasm was as biting as it was unconscious. "This Court acknowledges, as I suppose," he said, "the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or, at least, the New Testament. That teaches me that 'all things whatsoever I would that men should do unto me, I should do even so unto them'. It teaches me, further, to 'remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them'. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it be deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments—I submit; so let it be done."

When he stood on the scaffold, ready for the trap to fall, a last effort was made to break down his composure, and draw from him one sign of weakness. Militia had been col-

lected from all parts of the state to the number of three thousand. All was ready and the signal was about to be given, when Col. August, who was in command, called out "Not ready yet" and then proceeded, as he said, "to try to break the old man down." "I just kept him waiting there with the rope around his neck while I marched and countermarched the troops around the scaffold. I wanted to see whether I couldn't make the old fellow give in at the last minute. But I couldn't. He certainly was the coolest man I ever saw." So ended John Brown's enterprise, and from that moment began its fruition. So died the man whom it required "ages to make and ages to understand." An enthusiast, a fanatic, insane, if you will—the doctors say we are all more or less tinged with insanity,—but a man of stern principle, of great tenderness, of justice, of charity. A man who dared more for conscience sake than any man in our history. A man who gives us a new idea of the capabilities of human nature, and a higher standard of moral grandeur than we have ever had. John Brown accomplished nothing? He at least added to the sum-total of heroism placed to the credit of humanity.

E. M. H., '82.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

Sailing around one of the Great Lakes which is, as its beautiful Indian name suggests, remarkable for its clear, deep blue water, you will find in its northern part a small inlet called Thunder Bay. This name, also given by the Indians, does not suggest to us a quiet, safe retreat for boats storm-tossed on the treacherous waves, but such a harbor is found within this little bay. Here the boisterous waters seem to have gone to sleep, and the quiet surface is broken only by numerous islands. The level shores stretch on every side as far as the eye can see, and the whole scene seems to speak of peace and safety. Scattered along its shore are several little hamlets, where dwell a few lumbermen and fishermen; and at its most northern point is a little city whose name, Alpena, is the same as that given by the Indians, many years ago, to this whole region of country, and means "The good country of partridges." The city of five thousand inhabitants seems a little world by itself. The nearest railway is distant one hundred and thirty miles. Between Alpena and Bay City, which is almost directly south, and distant about one hundred and fifty miles, boats run each day during part of the year, thus affording easy, though slow, communication with the outside world. During four months of the year, when navigation is impossible, and the bay is a sheet of ice, the long distance to the railway must be traveled by stage, through dark forests, and over rough roads. So isolated is Alpena, and so far to the north, that the people say

that they are only three degrees within the pale of civilization, and that the "jumping-off place" is very near. The rest of the world is so vague and unreal to most of them, that it is always spoken of as "Below," and if you were to inquire where anyone had gone, either for business or for pleasure, the answer would surely be, "Why! below, of course."

The shores, for some miles along the bay, are covered with an abundant vegetation, rich and varied in character; but, as you approach Alpena, the green trees and waving grass seem gradually to disappear, and to give place to sand and a few tall pines, which appear to be, as Robert Hall says, "only nature holding up a signal of distress." Soon you look in vain for anything green; you can see only heaps of sawdust, docks piled with lumber, and, here and there, a fisherman's hut. Upon nearer approach to the city, the shore seems even more barren; the groups of houses, with a distant background of pine forests, look bare and uninviting and the many low wooden mills add little beauty to the scene. There is not a tree or a patch of turf to relieve the desolate appearance of bare boards.

The docks at Alpena are quite like any American docks, except that their sole contents are sawdust and lumber. Back and forth among those lumber-piles you may walk, until you begin to wonder whether you can ever find your way out of the labyrinth. At last you are successful and find yourself on Main street. The street is wide, with blocks of stores and offices on each side; and in appearance is quite like the main street of any enterprising Eastern town. But you notice at once the strange quiet which pervades the place, and you wonder what may be the cause. The morning air is clear and bracing. The street is full of people, and everyone seems to be in a hurry. You see many passing wagons, and—suddenly the reason is made clear to you. The streets are paved with sawdust! The tread of horses' hoofs, the rumbling of wheels, and the din of many voices are deadened by those roads. But why this anomaly? you ask. In this city of lumber, sawdust is so

abundant that, at one time, the question how to dispose of it was really a troublesome one. Much of it was thrown into the lake, still more of it was burned, but yet there was too much. At last some one suggested making sawdust roads; and now immense quantities are used every year for that purpose. These roads are found throughout the city, and, when seen for the first time, seem very odd. In riding over them, the impression is that of being carried through the air. I remember that, the first time I went for a drive, I found myself looking, every few minutes, to see if I was really in a carriage. But, since these roads make the work for horses very hard, and make it impossible to drive rapidly, it is, perhaps, well that there is little beauty of scenery to tempt one out-of-doors, or to render driving a pleasant pastime.

Main street, running parallel with the river which divides the city, is about a mile in length. At the upper end are two cemeteries, one of which, belonging to the Indians, is of great interest. Here lies the chief whose tribe, but a few years ago, roamed at will about this shore, then covered with forests, and who took a prominent part in the Mackinaw massacre. Over each grave is a low hut built of wood, where food is stored for the departed soul. The building over the grave of the chief is quite large; and here his wife, although now a second time married, comes to sleep one night each year, bringing a fresh supply of food and tobacco. A few miles out of the city is a small Indian village, where those of the tribe now living, still preserve their ancient rites and customs.

On all of the streets, on either side of the river, you will find comfortable houses built entirely of wood. You will notice that they have no stone foundations, but are set up on pegs several feet above the ground. Sometimes they are boarded to the ground, but often an open space is left, which, in time, is filled with sawdust. Cellars are an unknown luxury; for, if you dig two feet down into the sawdust and sand, you come to water. As a substitute, the people build "out-houses," which

consist of a little room with two walls a foot apart and filled in with sawdust. There is sawdust everywhere, and it is used for everything. In the winter, ice is piled up in every yard, loads of sawdust are thrown over it, and thus an ice-house is built and filled with little expense. I do not think that sawdust is used as food by the people of Alpena, but the cows and horses seem to live on it,—at least, they live on something, and, as there is no grass, we conclude that sawdust must be used in its place. In each door-yard you will see immense piles of wood. The winter is long and cold; but the people need never suffer, for wood is so abundant that it can be had for the asking. In fact, there is so much wood and sawdust that just outside the city limits, they are found in great mounds, some of them half-a-mile in circumference, and in the centre a fire is burning all the time. At night these flaming hills, all around the city, seem not unlike small volcanoes.

Throughout the city there is a marked absence of vegetation: you see no trees, no gardens, no grass in the yards. As the result of great labor on the part of a few, there are some exceptions, and in these yards the grass is cared for as we care for a choice plant. As a whole, the houses and mills stand forth in all their bareness, with nothing of the beautiful about the whole city, except the bay with its rolling waters. On account of the sandy soil, for miles back of Alpena but little vegetation is found—so little that the few men who strive to cultivate the earth can only succeed in raising enough to support themselves. Owing to this fact, all the supplies of food are brought, during the summer, from Bay City and Detroit. Dreadful stories are told of the fabulous sums of money sometimes demanded for a few quarts of flour, and of the risk the people incur of starvation, because of the insufficiency of these supplies. But it is not often that any important article of food entirely gives out.

Scattered here and there among the houses, you see the mills, and from the appearance of the place you know at once that

the lumber business flourishes here. Everything is favorable for it: there are plenty of forests near by, there is water to run the mills, and a harbor easily accessible to the boats which carry away the lumber. The mills are of all shapes and sizes, and there are as many different kinds as there are forms of lumber into which logs can be made. Hundreds of men are employed to run these mills, and an immense amount of work is done—so much that you wonder what use can be made of so many boards, laths and shingles. During the summer the city is filled with these working-men, the mills are all running, the river is filled with boats, some already loaded, others receiving their cargoes, and more waiting their turn. The docks present busy scenes. The men who "take tally" work from early morning till late at night. The streets are filled with wagons drawing the lumber to the docks, or taking the waste boards and sawdust away from the mills. Everyone is busy at work, and money fairly rolls into the hands of the mill-owners. In winter all is changed. The shrill whistle no longer disturbs the morning nap, and the noisy machinery is now still; for the mills are closed. The river, so lately filled with boats and so full of life, is now a silent, glistening sheet of ice. The workmen have left the city and have gone back into the country, where they cut the trees, and prepare to send the logs down the river as soon as the ice shall have broken up. The city has a deserted and desolate appearance, and the days are all like Sunday.

Very few cultivated people are found in this little wilderness, and the grade of society is much below the average of that in other places of the same size. The men who own the mills do not often bring their families to this desolate place, where they would have no social privileges: if they do come at all, it is to stay only long enough to make some money, and then they go, having had little intercourse with the regular population. The mass of the people is made up of many nationalities, and you will find French, Germans, Swedes, Nor-

wegians and representatives from almost all parts of the globe. Many of them are not able to read or write. Since they have so little intercourse with the world, there is nothing to arouse their interest in anything outside of their homes and their work; but they are willing to learn, and, once interested, they are thoroughly in earnest. The few educated people who live here are earnestly working to bring it about that, in the future, Alpena may have a higher standard of intelligence. A good school is supported, and this is done largely by the ignorant class, who, even though uneducated, are generous and willing to give whatever is asked of them. Among so much ignorance you would expect to find a great deal of wickedness, and it is true that Alpena is a wicked city, yet it is not more so than many places where the people are better educated. You never hear of a murder or of any horrible crime. The reason of this is, that from so isolated a place, the escape of the criminal would be almost impossible. Intemperance, however, is found in its worst forms. You will see all grades of saloons, from the respectable one, if such it may be called, to the lowest kind of grog-shop. On the other hand, as a means of partially counteracting this evil influence, you will find, in the midst of these dens of vice—so near that the sound of their worship can easily be heard—the churches, where the Sunday services are well attended, and the Sunday-school filled with bright looking boys and girls. The control of the city is in the hands of good men, and it is not often that any disturbance arises from this deplorable evil, intemperance. In a word, the general spirit of these ignorant and rough people is that of honesty and of good will.

"Matrimony", by W. E. Norris is, in many respects, worthy the attention of the judicious novel reader. The author treats of modern English society in a manner not free from faults,

but, on the whole, piquant and entertaining. The plot of the story forms no element of its interest, being devoid of striking incident, and somewhat deficient in unity. In the portrayal of character, the author exhibits both his powers and his limitations. His treatment of the lighter phases of human nature is excellent. Nina, the brilliant, finished woman of the world, is thoroughly natural and interesting, and old Mrs. Knowles is a delightful compound of shrewdness, kindness, and abusiveness. So far, so good. But, with the attempt to portray higher types, comes the consciousness of a marked deficiency; in the case of Claud and Genevieve, the author strives to depict a depth of character and a range of experience quite beyond his scope. The artist's devotion to his art; the husband's grief over the wife's fickleness; and the love and faith which nerve a woman's heart with courage for any crisis,—these are themes which must be treated by other pens than his. The author of "Matrimony" does not belong to the most advanced and philosophical school of modern novelists; like the early dramatists, like too many of his contemporaries, he depicts manners rather than life.

Among the various readable romances which have appeared during the past few months, none is more worthy of attention than "The Daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse", by the author of "The Earnest Trifler". Miss Sprague is preëminently a moralist; with her the plot is only the means toward a complete presentation of the characters; and the characters are valuable only in so far as they serve to inculcate a moral lesson. In "The Earnest Trifler" we find a suggestion of the principle which the later work is designed to lay down. Rachel Desborough, reared among the narrow and aristocratic traditions of her family, but having in her nature the power and need for larger sympathies, is readily attracted by the fascinating stranger, who comes fresh from contact with the out-

side world, bringing to her life the element which it lacks. This idea, always subordinate to the main purpose of the story, develops and becomes the vital principle of the later work. "The Daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse" is a powerful protest against the sentiment of caste, which precludes feeling for humanity, and the refinement which makes absolute obedience to convention one of its essential elements. The characters of the three Philadelphians, all powerfully drawn, are the logical results of the false social system which is attacked. The mother is indissolubly wedded to the traditions which she has carried intact into middle life; and an atmosphere of exclusiveness has become a necessary condition of her existence. The daughter is, in the beginning, passively content; but welcomes, with all the energy of her nature, the first hints of a freer and broader life. Mr. Corbin, being a man, has had a less restricted existence, and naturally holds broader views; but instinct and habit are potent with him, and his attitude toward the traditions of his childhood is apologetic rather than contemptuous. In powerful contrast with these milder types of humanity is the character of Slade,—Slade, the broad, vigorous, capable, man of affairs. Throughout the book, our point of view is that of heroine; with her we feel the strange charm of the hero; we delight in his copper mines, his railroad stocks, and his various commercial ventures in the west; we share her belief in the serious nature of his intentions, and her grief at the unconscious wrong which he does her. We leave the poor girl in a distressing condition; but, after all, there is ground for hope,—her acquaintance with Mr. Slade has not been a failure. She loves not so much the man as the idea which he represents, the idea of energy untrammeled by convention, of a sympathy which is not limited by caste feeling. The man is gone, and, after a time, she will cease to mourn him: the idea is permanently hers; and her life will be the better for it.

"William T. Harris, by introducing Hegelianism into the Concord School of Philosophy is seeking to widen and deepen the basis of our thinking."

Many a reader of the North American Review has, I fancy, paused at these words of Julius Ward and compared their import with his previous notion of the institution in question. Perhaps the first sentence which suggests itself as typical of its philosophy is that oft-repeated maxim, "Actuality is the thingness of the here," or that famous saying of Mr. Alcott, "When my soul is ising, it is thinking thinging things." "And this", he murmurs in astonishment, "this is to widen and deepen the basis of our thinking!"

The ridiculous element, wherever it exists, is always the earliest recognized and the most widely reported. Thus it is with the Concord School; its absurdities fly from mouth to mouth and are too often received as completely representative of its spirit: its real value cannot be recognized without closer acquaintance and deep thought. Only a few enthusiasts would defend the school in all its elements; only ignorance or willful injustice can deny to it a certain power and significance.

The founders of the school are Platonists; and it is chiefly philosophers of this school who have furnished such occasion for mirth to the outside world. Mr. Alcott, in particular, has been subjected to the jests of the unbelieving. On the subject of his early power and usefulness there is diversity of opinion, many competent judges regarding him as a leading exponent of a valuable system of philosophy; but his present lack of mental power is almost universally admitted, and his adherents, outside of the Concord School, are few and far between. Even there the sentiment is not universally one of admiration. Among the forty or fifty western transcendentalists who comprise most of the regular attendants at the school, he is still revered as one of the great luminaries of the age; but occasional visitors from all parts of the country, and the townspeople, who attend the school in very small numbers, are disposed

to take a somewhat disparaging view of the mystical sage. "I am more than an individual" he solemnly asserts, "the universal has become particular. I am I. Before I was not I: I was half a dozen people." "And a very poor kind of people they must have been," remarks an irreverent listener under his breath, while various youthful transcendentalists open their note-books and devoutly record the orphic saying.

But this is not all that there is of the Concord School. The ability of Prof. William T. Harris cannot be questioned, and although the Hegelian Philosophy, which he expounds, is based upon eighteenth century premises, and cannot fully meet the requirements of the present age, it offers valuable additions to American thought.

The systems of Plato and Hegel do not monopolize the attention of the Philosophers at Concord; other schools of philosophy are in some degree represented, and lectures on literature and art give a certain variety to the programme.

But it is rumored that, in this, the third year of its existence, influences are at work which threaten the permanence of the Concord School. The young disciples of philosophy, it is said, find this modern Academe too hot, in more senses than one. There are occasional reports of "domestic fury and fierce civil strife," of philosophers who leave the contemplation of psychic entities to indulge in mundane squabbles. It is true that a twofold danger threatens all institutions established upon the plan of the Concord School. Where one system of Philosophy remains dominant we must dread a lapse from habits of free inquiry, and a slavish submission to a teacher's *ipse dixit.* Introduce diverse systems and the search for truth may be forgotten in the heat of partisan feeling; for philosophers are but men and the best of them do not like to be put in the wrong. A School of Philosophy which shall be valuable and and permanent is ideally possible. A body of earnest and original thinkers, representing different theories of philosophy, differing widely in temperment and education, but seek-

ing absolute truth with an energy which must preclude all partisan jealousy,—such men would give a prowerful impulse to progressive thought. Can such a scheme be practically realized to-day—or must we wait for the millenium?

Editors' Table.

It is said that Mr. Vennor bases his remarkable predictions about the weather upon the principle that all things, even hot waves and snow storms, repeat themselves at regular intervals. His success in applying this principle to the weather has hardly been such as to strengthen his belief in it, but if he had been a college editor instead of a weather prophet he never would have doubted—no, not for an instant. Every year, at certain times, certain subjects reappear in the editorial columns with a regularity which is truly gratifying. Each editor, when first elected to the MISCELLANY board, feeling no doubt, the responsibility of her position, desires to use her influence for good, and writes an editorial upon the way in which the old students should treat the new. In due time appear editorials beseeching the students not to worry over lessons and examinations; giving the Preps. a friendly pat on the head, or a kindly squelch, as the case may be; discussing the Philalethean society, the manner of awarding the Commencement honors, etc. An ordinary observer might argue from this a lack of originality and independence in the editorial mind, but, so far from being anything discreditable, it is but an evidence of high mental training and a well balanced mind. The same causes should always produce the same effects, and the cause recurring year after year, produces its natural logical effect in an editorial.

After this justification, we feel at liberty to add one more to

the list of these repetitions, and make a plea for the MISCELLANY. The MISCELLANY is not a spontaneous growth; it is the result of an expenditure of time and money,—the relative proportions of the two being usually reversed in public opinion. The time necessary for the MISCELLANY the editors give and give cheerfully; the money must come from somebody else. We grant that the amount of work that we put on the MISCELLANY is fully appreciated, indeed, we might say over appreciated; but very few realize how great is the cost of publishing. The necessary money comes from two sources: subscriptions and advertisements. We do not intend, just now, to plead for an increase in the subscription list,—although the proportion of non-subscribers in college and among the alumnæ is much too large—but to ask that a little more attention be paid to the advertising pages of the MISCELLANY. The editors highly appreciate the wise and witty articles in the literary departments of the magazine—especially those which come from their own gifted pens—but they have a still higher appreciation of a new full page advertisement. At present, our great aim is to have this spirit of appreciation spread abroad, and take a practical form. In short, to have the preference, in all shopping expeditions, given to those who advertise in the MISCELLANY. To enumerate a few more well worn facts, the MISCELLANY is an institution belonging to the students as a whole, and it is but just that those who help to keep it up should have the first claim upon the students' favor and purses. Consult the MISCELLANY Advertiser before you go to town, and act upon the information you may find there.

In looking over our college exchanges this month, we have been struck with the number of brilliant (?) jokes perpetrated at the expense of the freshman. Such a mixture of spotless innocence, dove-like harmlessness, unsophisticated docility, and passionate devotion to his mother's apron-strings as this tender

bud of a freshman must be—if one can judge by the picture of him—it has never been our rare good fortune to light upon. We think that he must be the exclusive product of the male college. It may be that the innate depravity of the feminine nature prevents us from ever being such babes in guile and worldly wisdom. Perhaps we ought to confess it with tears and repentance, but we see no such lamb-like personages straying along Vassar's corridors. We are even guilty of holding the heretical opinion that a freshman may have more knowledge of life and people, may be more truly developed and sensible than a learned senior. Perhaps it is because we venture but a little way into the broad fields over which our brother roams so widely, and because we take but small nibbles at the food with which the lordly masculine gorges his capacious mental stomach, that, when we come to be seniors, we feel as if, after all, it was only a very narrow pasture land in which we had been feeding. Four years spent among books and people who have to do mainly with books does not—we confess it with proper and becoming shame—give us such a broad experience of everything knowable that we feel competent to lump all girls who are just beginning college life and look down upon them with lofty scorn. We can even conceive it possible that a freshman who enters college matured by work and sorrow might give a quiet little smile of conscious superiority at the lofty airs of some senior who began her course a crude, precocious child, and the greater part of whose development has come from the narrow experiences of college life. That such a state of affairs would be possible in a gentlemen's college, of course, we would not for worlds insinuate. We have no doubt that there every student enters a lamb and comes forth a Solomon. We realized that confession was good for the soul, and so felt it our duty to acknowledge the inferiority of Vassar College in the ability to make juniors and seniors feel that they embrace within themselves the sum total of all wisdom.

The present Senior class has come under a larger and more liberal rule than has ever been granted to its predecessors, and its good fortune is to be shared by every student in the College, as she values and anticipates her prospects of Seniority.

The Senior of to-day is allowed to use her own best judgment in those matters of routine which are, in the case of younger students, controlled by teachers in charge of the corridors. She can now excuse herself—and that lawfully—when, in her opinion, she is entitled to respite from duties which have always been enforced and which have heretofore required an *excuse*. And this privilege is hers, so long as she merits it.

In all our reasoning concerning the laws which govern our Vassar world, we have to premise the fact that laws are absolutely necessary in a community like ours,—in short, that every one of them has been created to meet a necessity. Now, if the rules could be rigidly kept by all, the necessity for them would be removed; and we should thus be relieved from their restraint—the restraint which attends any law. With the students, rests the solution of the ever-recurring question,—how much freedom can we have?

This late departure, with regard to the Seniors, should be an encouragement to every Vassar student; it should make her more law-abiding and so more worthy of the hoped-for goal,—Seniority without "rules."

"Is it not possible for me to enjoy the scenery of the earth without saying to myself, 'I have a cabbage-garden in it'?" says Theophrastus Such. Apparently not, for most of us, at least. It is amusing, and it is, at the same time, a little pitiful, to see how absorbed we are in the one great *ego*. Notice the conversation of two people and see how each waits impatiently for the other to be done with the recital of his experiences, that he

may himself dilate on his joys and pains. Notice your own tendency to talk about yourself, and analyze the feeling with which you listen to your friend when he speaks about the person who is dearest to him. We begin in the morning with our dreams, and we go through the day with our hopes, our fears, our joys, our griefs, our aspirations, and our wonderful achievements past, present, and future. There may be a few of us who can talk about ourselves and do it interestingly; but that the majority of us cannot, we may learn from the imperfectly disguised weariness with which others listen to us when we harp upon the one ever-delightful theme. Unless the one with whom we are conversing is interested in us as a character study and so wishes to have us unfold our personality for his dissection, or unless he is so fond of us that he loses the thought of himself in his love for us, we may be quite certain that he will not care to hear about what we have done or enjoyed or suffered, and that, above all things, he will pray to be delivered from an account of the various ills to which our flesh is heir. If we wish to be specially entertaining, we can, in most cases, succeed best by starting our friend upon the subject, Myself, and then not obtruding our remarks except to express our interest in the topic and to lead him on to further revelations. Now, it does not strike me that either the highest development or the highest pleasure is to be derived from this continual flaunting of our own petty experiences and doings. With all that has been written, all there is to be seen, all the live questions which are agitating the world, we surely may find more profitable and entertaining topics of conversation than our own insignificant little "cabbage garden."

Every student feels a personal interest in the reputation of of her own college: the character of its journalism is regard-

ed as a test of the literary power of every college and goes far to fix its status with the outside world. It is, therefore, in their own interest that we ask of the students of Vassar College a more zealous literary support of the MISCELLANY.

We are aware that the essay-writing required by the College *curriculum* demands a large expenditure of time and energy, and that extra work in this direction cannot be expected. The most that we can hope for is some plan by which the best literary work of the college may be made more suitable for publication. The aid of our fellow-students in collecting personals and college notes is especially solicited. There must be some items of interest of which we are ignorant, and which, if known, we should find useful. This department, skillfully managed, may add greatly to the interest of our magazine. Now for our last word, which we speak with diffidence. We ask from some unknown genius or geniuses an occasional poem. We know that such a request made to young ladies is proverbially unsafe; but there are exceptions to every rule. The students of Vassar College do not display any undue disposition to pour forth their souls in song, and we do not fear a too liberal response to our petition. Occasionally poetical talent manifests itself among our fellow-students and justifies our faith. To our "mute, inglorious Miltons" we make our most urgent appeal.

Copies of the following numbers of the VASSAR MISCELLANY are desired.

Vol. I. No. 1.
Vol. II. No. 1.
Vol. VII. No. 1.
Vol. IX. No. 1.

Anyone having these copies who is willing to dispose of them, will confer a great favor by sending them to

EDITORS OF VASSAR MISCELLANY,
Poughkeepsie.

HOME MATTERS.

"Improvements" is the generic term for the many changes which occur about the college buildings and grounds during summer vacation.

This year, we returned to find rich surprises awaiting us. To begin with, the floors were less detaining than has been their wont. They had been oiled, but not enough to prevent our disengaging our dining-hall chairs, after two or three attempts.

The parlors, Room J, and the chapel have all been under the hands of good fairies, and are indeed improved. New carpets, pretty wall-paper, and fresh tints on the ceilings make both parlors much more homelike and inviting. Room J has been repainted and has also received its lawful inheritance, the old parlor carpet. The chapel is almost transformed by the stained woodwork, imitating walnut. The new organ is to be of walnut with gilded pipes, thus changing the whole effect of the chapel. The delay in the arrival of our organ is a disappointment; but we are told that we shall be fully repaid when our prize does come, about Christmas time.

More prosaic repairs have been made in the corridors, where five hundred yards of fresh ceilings have been put on.

Nor are all the improvements internal. At the head of the lake, a new brick spring-house replaces the old wooden one; and new receivers have been added, until the supply of water is over forty-three thousand gallons a day—a supply which places us beyond the possibility of want in this direction. At the gas house, greater facilities have been provided, and we shall have gas and to spare.

All this in one summer, and still the good work goes on. Honor to whom it is due!

On Friday evening, September 30, the three chapters of the Philalethean Society held their first meetings. Much purely

disinterested care for the intellectual and social development of freshmen and freshmen-elect, much concern that new girls should join just that chapter (always the speaker's own) in which they should receive the greatest possible pleasure and benefit, many sweet smiles and honeyed invitations preceded these meetings, and the result was quite a large number of unfamiliar faces among the well-known ones of the several chapters. The committee-women succeeded admirably in providing entertainment for their guests. The comic element universally predominated. Indeed, from the nature of the case, it seems that chapter entertainments must partake of the light and amusing. Whatever may have been their original object, they mean relaxation to us now, and it is right that they should. If there were any heavy intellectual work to be done in them, it would have to be done by the students who already have enough mental strain upon them, and these are the very girls who need to loose the tension when Friday night comes. Either consciously or unconsciously, our committees recognize this fact, and the first programme they offered us was but a fair index of what is to follow.

The crown of the evening's pleasures was the surprise given by our Lady Principal. Just before the usual motion to adjourn, the presidents of the several chapters read from Miss Goodsell an invitation to the members and their guests to meet her in the college parlors, and presented, in her name, all the Philaletheans with the colors of their respective chapters. Our Lady Principal knows the way to the Vassar girl's heart,—a fact proved by the emphatic exclamations of approbation of her which were sandwiched in between mouthfuls of delicious ice cream and cake. When the glee club struck up,

> "Here's to Miss Goodsell,
> Drink her down,
> Here's to Miss Goodsell,
> She has treated us so well,"

we feel sure that the lemonade *was* drunk down with the heartiest of good wishes for our new Lady Principal.

Poughkeepsie has again a choral society. For three or four years past the city has been musically dead. The long winter season has been enlivened only by the appearance of some travelling company of artists whose fate was to sing or play to empty seats.

Nevertheless, there is, in Poughkeepsie, considerable interest in music, and a degree of musical culture, as is evinced by the organization of a society of nearly one hundred members, all of whom read fairly at sight, and who, if not already versed in the finer points of chorus singing, are, at least, earnest and enthusiastic.

The society, once organized, placed itself under the direction of Dr. Ritter, and agreed to carry out a plan for the production, during the coming season, of a series of four concerts in which only the best music will be performed. In the month of November Haydn's oratorio, The Creation, will be given with the assistance of the Philharmonic orchestra and soloists from the larger cities. The second concert will afford an opportunity of hearing glees and madrigals of the English and Italian schools. In the third soirée the selections will be of the character of Early Church music, and the fourth will be a Symphony concert.

The society, hoping to secure a sufficiently large number of subscribers to defray the expenses of the concerts, have placed the price of season tickets at two dollars and a half, which entitle the holders to reserved seats.

We of the college have reason to be glad that, in addition to our own chapel concerts, we shall have a share in so rich and varied a musical feast.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Mrs. Ray has left college.

The Art Gallery is undergoing a thorough renovation.

Dr. Webster this summer resigned her position as Resident Physician. She came to the college seven years and a half ago, leaving a large practice in New Bedford. For the past year or more, she has contemplated returning to her home to resume her practice there; but, though thus prepared, we were none the more ready for her departure. She is in many respects a great loss to the college, as she was ever loyal, efficient, and universally beloved. The best wishes of hundreds of friends will follow her, wherever she may be.

1,844 people visited the college during the summer.

The life size portrait of Matthew Vassar has been removed from the college parlor to the library.

Miss Finch gave a very successful concert this summer at Amherst, Mass. Her programme comprised selections from Bach, Mendelssohn, Batiste and Weber.

Room J is no longer used as a recitation room. Prof. Backus' classes now meet in the lecture room.

The boats on the lake can now be rented for fifteen cents an hour.

Miss MacMillan has been unanimously elected President of '85.

Committees for '82's class pins and photographs have been appointed.

The chapters held their first meetings Sept. 30th. After the regular meetings were over Miss Goodsell entertained the Philalethean Society in the college parlors.

Miss Ward, the presiding genius of the infirmary, has left college. She is succeeded by Miss Harris, who is a graduate of the Training School for Nurses in Philadelphia.

The new organ is yet *in futuro.* We hear that it will be in its place by Christmas.

The pictures of the trustees which were formerly in the Lecture Room have been placed in the Library.

One hundred and five new students have entered college this year.

The committee for the first Philalethean play has been appointed.

The lodge clock has been repaired. It now goes by electricity.

Prof. Dwight preached in chapel Sunday, Sept. 25th.

Miss Chapin has returned to college.

Miss Goodsell has the Senior Bible Class, Prof. Braislin has the Junior class, Prof. Dwight the Sophomore class, and Miss Wylie the Freshmen.

The student's prayer meetings are held on Monday and Wednesday nights.

The long Senior table in the dining room has been replaced by two short ones.

A partition has been built shutting off the Infirmary and Infirmary tower from the Fourth corridor.

Miss Hubbard has left college for this semester.

Miss MacIlvaine fills the place left vacant by Miss Hartman.

Memorial services in honor of President Garfield were held in the chapel Sept. 26. Prof. Backus delivered an eloquent eulogy upon the dead statesman

PERSONALS.

Died, in Poughkeepsie, Aug. 10, 1881, Matthew Vassar, Jr., aged 72 years.

Mr. Vassar was born in Poughkeepsie in 1809. He received his education in this city, and in 1826 entered the employ of his uncle. A few years later he became a partner in the firm, continuing so until 1863, when the firm was dissolved and he retired from business. He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Mary Parker, who died in '51. In '70 he married Miss Beach, who survives him. For years he acted as Treasurer for the college, refusing to accept any payment for his services. Two years ago, he, with his brother, John Guy Vassar, built and fitted up the new Laboratory. In his will Mr. Vassar left $130,000 to the college, $50,000 to be used for scholarship purposes, the remainder to endow the chairs of Languages and Natural Science.

At a meeting of the Students' Association held Sept. 28th, '81, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, God in his divine Providence has seen fit to remove from among us our much-loved friend and benefactor; and,

Whereas, we thus grieve for the loss of one, who, by his generosity to our college, and untiring labors in its behalf as our treasurer, has won our lasting gratitude and affection,

Resolved, that we, the students of Vassar College, do hereby express our sincere grief at this our great affliction, and our heartfelt sympathy for his bereaved friends;

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and

Resolved, that these resolutions be published in the ensuing number of the VASSAR MISCELLANY.

Dr. Allen, the new Resident Physician at Vassar, is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. Before beginning the study of medicine she taught for some years. She graduated in '76, and since then has been in private practice, and, later, was Demonstrator of Chemistry at her Alma Mater, and was also on the staff of the Woman's Hospital in Philadelphia.

We welcome Dr. Allen cordially among us, and hope that her life at Vassar may prove a very pleasant one.

'69.

Miss Abby F. Goodsell, the successor of Mrs. Ray in the office of Lady Principal, is the first Alumna of Vassar who has occupied a position in its Faculty. After her graduation she returned to teach in the English Department of the college, and, later, she became Assistant Lady Principal, which office she held until '78. For the last four years, she has been Lady Principal of Wilson College, at Chambersburg, Penn., where she has been wonderfully successful in reorganizing and establishing the institution on a firm basis. Miss Goodsell was the leader of twenty students who organized our Philalethean society, and she also held several prominent positions in student life. We look to her for ready sympathy, which she seems anxious to give, and which will do much to establish right relations between the Lady Principal and the students.

'70.

Married, Aug. 3d, 1881, at Great Barrington, Mass., Miss H. O. Palmer to Mr. E. S. Slocum.

'75.

Miss E. A. Rice is Lady Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Faribault, Minn.

Miss Olivia Bigelow has spent the summer in Europe.

Married, Aug. 3d, 1881, in Woburn, Mass., Miss S. Jennie Kelley to Charles D. Adams.

'76.

Married, in Paris, 1881, Miss Elizabeth L. Barr to Mr. Eugene Kayser.

Miss G. H. Learned is first Assistant in the Girls High School at New London, Conn.

Married, Oct. 6th, 1881, at Scranton, Pa., Miss Mary B. Richmond to Mr. Frederick K. Tracy.

'77.

Married, June 4th, 1881, Miss S. A. Miller to Rev. P. W. Dorsey. Her home is at Los Angelos.

Miss Laura J. Wylie is teaching in Miss Nourse's school, Cincinnati.

Dr. C. Le B. Johnson is to practice medicine in Newburyport, Mass., this winter.

Dr. Culbertson is in the New England Hospital for Women in Boston.

'78.

Miss Mary L. Bernard has been appointed to the head of the Mathematical Department of the Society for the Encouragement of Home Study.

Dr. M. W. Case is in the Woman's Hospital in Boston.

Miss M. R. Botsford is teaching in the High School in Rockford, Ill.

Miss J. E. Davis has spent the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Amy Shepard Cruger has removed from Pau, France, to Texas, for the sake of her husband's health.

Miss Fullick is to spend the first part of the coming winter in New York, in the study of Art.

'79.

Miss Hazard is teaching in Providence, R. I.

Married, Sept. 22d, 1881, at Youngstown, Ohio, Miss E. H. Bentley to Mr. O. V. Stewart.

'80.

Married, Oct. 5, 1881, at Dansville, N. Y., Miss Emma C. Hartman to Mr. Frederick N. Noyes.

Miss Martin returns to Indianapolis this year to teach.

Miss Hussey is teaching in Helena, Montana.

'81.

Miss A. M. Abbott fills the position left vacant by Miss Miller.

Miss C. N. Glenn has returned from Europe.

Miss Barnum is teaching at Bett's Military Academy, Stanford, Conn.

Miss Bush is teaching at Mount Carroll Seminary, Mount Carroll, Illinois.

Miss Sterling is teaching in Canajoharie, N. Y.

Miss Henck has gone to Europe.

Miss Bryan is teaching in Rutherford, N. Y.

'82.

Miss R. J. Baldwin does not return to college this year.

'83.

Misses Foos and Cecil have returned to College and will join the Junior class.

Misses Atwater and Pew do not return this year.

Miss J. B. King is teaching in the High School in La Porte, Indiana.

Miss Nagai has returned to Japan.

Miss C. E. Griffith, formerly of '81 has returned to college to join the class of '84.

Died, at Little Falls, N. Y., Sept. 26th, 1881, Kate F. Whitman, eldest daughter of Hon. S. M. Richmond, in the 32d year of her age.

Miss Agnes M. Lord, formerly music teacher at the college, recently sailed as missionary for Constantinople.

The following alumnae have visited the college this month. Mrs. Ellen Skeel Adee, '69, Misses A. Skeel, Weed, '73, Poppleton, '76, M. H. Stockwell, H. E. Gardner, '81.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The last number of *The Crimson* is one of the best we have seen. There is not a dull page in it. The "Post-Mortem" of the Quizzical Club is especially good.

During the snmmer vacation, we heard that the *Argo* had never received our "puff," given on receipt of its initial number. And we now find "Ephraim" complaining that certain publications, on his exchange list, have failed to put in an appearance. We think that this cannot mean us, for the *Argo* has been on our exchange list since last spring. However, we wish to reiterate our good opinion of this new-comer and to add the hope that it will be a regular visitor at our sanctum. The last number is capital. It is pervaded with the frank, hearty spirit which characterized the first issue; and its subject matter is a fulfillment of its fair promises.

The Illini opens with several brisk, sensible articles dealing mainly with the necessity of supporting the paper by prompt and numerous subscriptions. The advice given in the fifth editorial to new students is good, but its tone is decidedly too grandfatherly and "preachy." Indeed, this tendency to preach seems to be a strong one with the *Illini* contributors.

It crops out very markedly in the article on "Vacation Reading," a production with several noteworthy features. Its method of paragraphing is unique, the views it advances, new(?) and striking(?), and some of its sentences—we quote: "While Dickens, Thackeray, Hugo, William Black and many of the poets will be found both pleasant and profitable as vacation reading, Endymion, Lord Beaconsfield's last novel, is very interesting and may be read with profit, although of the many thousands who have read this work since its issue a few months ago, a large per cent, doubtless were disappointed." The poem, "Light in the Darkness," has elements of good in it, much that promises well for the author, if he succeeds in gaining greater terseness and strength. For the existence of the other two effusions in rhyme, we fail to see the need. We suppose that "That Wedding" is meant for a joke; but we are too obtuse to appreciate it. If it treats of actually exisiting parties, we should say that it was in very poor taste.

CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

"Sun, moon and stars forgot," quoted a Junior after flunking in astronomy.— *Williams Athenauen.*

First Senior reads from Schlegel—"Christianity was introduced into India about the end of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century." Second Senior. "Was it the fourth century B. C. or A. D?" Both refer to Schlegel.—*Lasell Leaves.*

Greek has been dropped from the list of required studies at Cambridge, Eng.—*Rockford Sem. Mag.*

Thomas Carlyle accepted the degree of L.L. D. from Harvard, in 1875. Whately, Lyell, Holland, Hallam, Guizot, Baron Napier, J. S. Mill and Martineau, all received honorary degrees from the same college.—*Syracusan.*

Commencement appointments at Amherst are decided by lot.—*Advocate.*

An old geography solves the modern problem of city sanitary systems, by the remarkable statement: "Albany has 400 houses and 4000 inhabitants all standing with their gable ends to the street."—*Rockford Seminary Magazine.*

Columbia College has an endowment of about $5,000,000. The total income of the College is $321,917.56.

Prof.—"What are the moon's nodes?"
Student—"They are the—a—why the—a—*corners of the moon's orbit?*"

Prof.—"If Julius Cæsar has had three daughters, what would have been their names?" Brilliant Fresh.—"Julia." Prof.—"But how would he have distinguished one from another?" Fresh.—"He would have called them major and minor." Prof.—"But what would he have called the third?" Fresh. (desperately)—"Circumflex."

The Johns Hopkins University begins its fifth academic year with 142 students, seventy-five being graduates, fifty-two matriculates, and nineteen special students. President Gilman, in his address, said that the institution aimed to be a society of scholars, in which the oldest teachers were still students, and the youngest students were looking forward to literary and scientific careers.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," ETC.—*Lady Fussypompous;* "Tell me, Miss Roseleaf, have you large trees in America?—but no, of course not! I beg pardon, but I really quite forgot that America was such a young country."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Prof. Political Economy—"What word meaning money in Latin shows the fact that formerly cattle were used as a medium of barter?"

Junior. "Bullion."—*Argo.*

The Harvard faculty has voted to make prayers voluntary. —*Argo.*

Oxford caps have been adopted at Columbia. The seniors are to be distinguished by a button of purple, Juniors by dark blue, Sophomores by cardinal, and Freshmen by dark green.

At the "Promenade" an '84 man, with that tender solicitude and anxiety which always characterizes a Sophomore about to be, stepped up to stranger whom he thought to be a Sub. Fresh, and patronizingly inquired, "Do you enter College in the fall?" "No," replied the other, "I graduated at Columbia in '78." *Exit Freshman cum lachrymis.—Athenæum.*

The faculty have voted to have prayers voluntary next year. —*Harvard Advocate.*

Columbia College has just obtained a large globe four feet in diameter, with the surface in relief to show land and water. It came from Berlin, and is one of the eleven largest ever made.—*Syracusan.*

Prof. Philology. "What was the effect of the Norman conquest on Saxon literature?"

Sophomore embarrassed. "It, it mixed it up."—*Argo.*

Sophomore (to new Prof.)—Say, Fresh, don't you want to buy some furniture?— *Williams Athenaeum.*

One of our brilliant young students not long since called at the office for some postage stamps. "What denomination?" interrogated the P. M. "Baptist," was the prompt reply.—*Ex.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Japanese Fairy World. By William Eliot Griffis. $1.25. To one who is fond of fairy stories, the little book will be a treat. Gathered from the wonder-lore of Japan, many of them are, as we would expect, representations of natural phenomena and forces; others are purely imaginative. All are delightfully quaint and foreign. The book is illustrated by drawings made by a Japanese artist.

We have received from Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, the second edition of the American revised version of the New Testament; long primer crown, 8vo. This volume contains valuable marginal notes, giving possible renderings of doubtful passages and explanations of obscure expressions. The preface of the English Revised New Testament is inserted, and an appendix gives a list of the renderings prepared by the English Revisers.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Acta Columbiana, *Amherst Student*, *Argus*, *Argo*, *Athenæum*, *Bates Student*, *Berkeleyan*, *Boston Times*, *Brunonian*, *Colby Echo*, *College Mercury*, *College Rambler*, *Cornell Era*, *Cornell Review*, *Cornell Sun*, *Crimson*, *Dartmouth*, *Denison Collegian*, *Dutchess Farmer*, *Educational Review*, *Exonian*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Harvard Echo*, *Haverfordian*, *Illini*, *Lafayette College Journal*, *Lantern*, *Lasell Leaves*, *Madisonensis*, *Nassau Lit.*, *News Letter*, *Northwestern*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Occident*, *Oberlin Review*, *Poughkeepsie News*, *Princetonian*, *Round Table*, *Syracusan*, *Targum*, *Trinity Tablet*, *University*, *University Herald*, *University Portfolio*, *University Quarterly*, *Volante*, *Willistonian*, *Woman's Journal*, *Yale Courant*, *Yale News*, *Yale Record*.

The Vassar Miscellany.

Editors from '82.
Elizabeth M. Howe. Mary B. King. Mary R. Sanford.
Editors from '83.
C. Lena Bostwick. Martha Sharpe.
Business Editor: Abbie M. Nickerson.

Vol. XI. NOVEMBER, 1881. No. 2

THE SOURCES OF THE NAPOLEONIC ILLUSIONS.

Napoleon! the name at whose sound all the monarchs of Europe trembled on their thrones; the mighty genius who set at defiance all the allied powers of the Continent, crushed their armies, scorned their threats, and, even while they were combining to plot his destruction, established a great empire and a powerful throne upon the ruins of a tottering republic,—his career we must admire as a great historical fact, even while we recognize his mistakes, deplore his misdeeds, and hate his despotism. Few of us there are, who do not yield to the fascination of his wonderful achievements. This fascination has blinded to his faults our genial, popular historian, John S. C. Abbott. So, without willfully perverting or misrepresenting facts, Abbott has given us, in his *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*,

a hero who justifies our wildest enthusiasm and deepest devotion. Whether we regard his Napoleon in the aspect of a soldier, a statesman, or simply as a man, he compels our admiration and exacts our homage. We are thrilled with the glowing accounts of his achievements on the parched sands of Egypt, in the inaccessible passes of the lofty Alps. We bow down before the genius of the youthful general, who, with a handful of ragged, war-worn men, could annihilate army after army of the allied European powers,—magnificent troops elated by gorgeous array, excellent discipline, abundant accoutrements; could outwit veteran generals, proud of their years of ascendancy, determined to crush that up-start boy, whose head had been turned by a few sudden victories. According to Abbott, he is fighting for the protection of his beloved country. Down with the tyrants who are plotting her ruin! Calm, self-confident, impetuous, he sweeps everything before him. Yet, with all his success, he is pictured as hating war, suing humbly for peace, treating his fallen enemies with unparalleled generosity, weeping on the field of battle for the slain, who lie in mangled heaps at his feet.

As a statesman, he is represented as wise, moderate, just, all-efficient. His first, his only aim, is the glory and prosperity of France. The realms which conquest has added to his dominion, he organizes with a liberal government, and he spreads enlightenment and prosperity throughout all his subject provinces. He is the conquerer whose success advances the civilization of the whole world, whose overthrow causes the "clock of the world to go back six ages"!

In his private life, what a paragon is he not portrayed! Faithful and devoted to his beloved Josephine, he sacrifices his heart's dearest wishes to his country's safety, only when compelled by political necessity. Religious in an ireligious age, he recalls the priests who have been banished by the fanaticism of an atheistic people, he restores the sanctity of the Sabbath, so long desecrated by the ignorant and degraded mob of pas-

sion-blinded Jacobins. Supremely kind-hearted, he lends a helping hand to the miserable and unfortunate, he rewards faithfulness, never forgets a kindness, but always forgives injury to himself,—he is the embodiment of all virtues.

Among the iconoclasts of the present century, must be counted Madame de Remusat, who has given to the character of Napoleon a cast so different from that given by Abbott, that our idol is thrown down from its niche and lies shattered at our feet. Although we must make due allowance for any prejudices which she may have entertained, and for the fact that she wrote after the glamour inspired by his presence had passed away, yet we cannot discredit the facts, nor wholly reject the opinions given by one who was, for so long a time, intimately associated with Napoleon and Josephine. In her memoirs, we find that this mighty general drained France of all her youth, only to lead them out to useless wars. We find that this great statesman made sad mistakes in his efforts to consolidate his power, that he debased himself and injured his cause by acts of tyranny, oppressed the countries he had conquered, and used his absolute power as a despot would employ it. We find this generous, kind-hearted monarch, a selfish egotist, who trusted no man, but lowered himself to petty intrigues and stained his character by the lowest immorality.

Conflicting as these views seem, a thorough study of the two tends to justify our kindly optimist. His is not a view with nothing to rest upon, no excuse for its blindness. The dazzling brilliancy of Napoleon's achievements is almost enough to blind one to his intellectual deficiencies. Even the most prejudiced cannot help a thrill of wonder and admiration, as they read of many of his exploits. Especially is this true of his early campaigns. That this youth should have been able to win so many signal victories over experienced veterans, seems marvelous. The marvel is scarcely less, now we know by what tactics he achieved so much, than when only the splendid results of his battles were known and his method of warfare

was a mystery. We recognize the foresight and daring independence of the general who could so cleverly disregard the rules of warfare acknowledged and obeyed for ages. Enthusiasm for the man's genius carries us away, also, and we are ready to attribute extraordinary ability to him in other places besides the battle-field. We are glad to seize upon whatever indicates that his great powers were employed in a noble cause. And in his early campaigns he seemed to be acting in a noble cause. All the European powers were pressing down upon this poor nation, weak from internal dissensions, powerless to act for want of a competent leader, striving, with almost the madness of despair, to throw off the chains that bound her,—upon this struggling nation, all Europe was trying to force those Bourbon kings, whose overthrow had just been effected in a fierce and bloody civil war. We have no patience with the interference. It seemed but just that France should work out her own destiny, for better, for worse; and the illustrious youth who rose at this crisis and kept off the meddling foes, has the best wishes of every lover of freedom. Moreover, his soldiers loved him with a devotion to which history furnishes no parallel, and, in their love, we see a fertile source of illusions in regard to his military career. This man could purchase their valor in battle by a promise to shield his own person from the assaults of the enemy. When the French troops were commanded by a hostile general and were ordered to fire upon him, he could advance calmly and securely in the face of hundreds of levelled muskets and say, "Soldiers, if there is one among you who would kill his Emperor, let him do it. Here I am." It seems as if only a self-denying patriot, only a sympathetic, merciful leader, could have such an influence over his troops. Yet we all know the effect that can be produced on the mind, especially on the mind of the ignorant, by such brilliant achievements as those of Napoleon, by such personal bravery as he exhibited, and by the mere magnetism of a commanding presence. "The glory of France,"

is the watchword of every true Frenchman, and he who led them to such marvelous victories, was surely the general under whose banner they could win for France that glory they desired. Other causes were subordinate. This was the mainspring that moved them.

The love of his soldiery was real. The love which the French nation bore him, although not entirely an illusion, was greatly exaggerated. His abuse of power, his oppressions, soon excited fear and distrust. When we think of the enormous majority of popular votes by which he was elected Emperor, only 2,569 out of 3,574,898, voting against him, it is hard to believe that he was already beginning that abuse of power which he afterwards carried to such an extent. The trust with which he was regarded by so many of the people, when he first came into power, as the only man who could allay the dreadful strife that was rending the nation, the wisdom he manifested in appropriating the supreme power just at the right moment, the skill with which he reduced chaos to order, and established a government that could defy alike the blind fury of the senseless Jacobins and the plots of the inguing royalists, all are indications of a genius in state as well as in military affairs. The admirable civic code which he instituted, has often been cited as an instance of his statesmanship; and, although far too much credit has usually been given to him for this work,the idea emanated from him. It is harder to understand how the later abuses of his absolute power and his despicable tyranny could have been ignored, than why the qualities of a truly great statesman should have been attributed to him. Yet when we contrast his reception by the people with the reception of the Bourbons, it is hard to admit that he need to be charged with oppression. When he returned from his exile at Elba, they did not pursue him with shafts of reproach and enmity, but welcomed him as the man whose power alone could deliver them from their hated Bourbon kings. But at last, came the terrible crushing defeat at Waterloo, and he

stood, almost alone, deserted by those who had been his firmest friends, abandoned by the government in his hour of need. Humiliated and despairing, he signed his abdication; yet the whole world knew that the wily Fouché, the traitor and ingrate, was at the head of it all, plotting to deliver his Emperor into the hands of his enemies. This seemed the fall of a grand statesman, crushed by foreign foes and unprincipled intriguers, not the inevitable overthrow of a monarch whose own despotism had undermined his power. Even such of his acts as were most despotic could be construed as indications of the versatility of his genius, of a mind so mighty that it could attend to all the minutest details in the affairs of the nation. Such was the fact—that every book published in Paris was obliged to pass through the hands of the Emperor Napoleon. Had this been the act of a wise and just ruler, who sought to learn through literature the state of the country and the progress of national enlightenment, we could only admire those qualities which secured him the inclination and opportunity to devote to such a work. But when we know that it was only to suppress everything hostile to himself, indeed everything not directly favorable to his policy, that it was only to prevent free thought and public opinion from undermining his own despotism,—then words fail to express the measure of our scorn for this act of oppression, the depth of our pity for the monarch who could believe that the flow of the nations' feeling could be checked by closing its natural channels. That proved indeed delusion!

The hasty scrawls that Napoleon used to send Josephine from the field of battle, full of tenderness and devotion, the passionate outbursts of affection in which he sometimes indulged, seem to indicate an absorbing love for his first wife, and give to the illusions concerning the purity of his moral character the color of truth. Single acts of benevolence, sometimes exaggerated, often perverted proclamations whose announcements he failed to carry out, formed the foundation

upon which was built the tower of his noble generosity. There was a time when no charge was too absurd, no calumny too vile to be believed of him. In England especially, he was represented as a monster of wickedness, the incarnation of all that was base and evil. Simple rustics believed him to be a mass of horrible physical as well as mental deformities. Grandames frightened the children with tales of this hideous dwarf with hunch-backed shoulders and long, hooked claws, who carried off and devoured bad children. Afterwards came the inevitable reaction. Napoleon was not so black as he was painted; so opinion ran to the other extreme, and called him white. Good reports gained strength as fast as evil reports weakened, and credence of them was aided by a pity, always ready for fallen great, which was given to this crushed monarch, the terror of European kings, chained upon a barren rock in the ocean, denied even the title that had been bestowed upon him by the unaminous vote of his countrymen.

With all his faults, what a contrast he was to the weak and dissolute Bourbons! They were not even animated by that love of personal glory which proved Napoleon's ruin. They, upheld by all the nations of Europe, could not retain their hereditary throne; by his own genius, Napoleon raised himself to that throne, and held it for years against the hostility of combined Europe. They let their favorites govern, caring only to keep the perquisites, without the power of royalty; Napoleon allowed not the minutest particular in the affairs of the nation to elude his watchful eye. They spent their days in debauchery and their nights in revelry; Napoleon preserved simplicity in all his habits, and occupied his hours with government affairs, plans for rendering nations tributary to his mighty throne. As much harm may, perhaps, result from one extreme as from the other; but it is to Napoleon's energy and ambition that we yield most respect, most homage. When the two are placed side by side we find our sympathy rather with the powerful usurper than the ignoble prince.

This it is that makes us willing to shut our eyes to the faults he possessed, the despotism he exercised, the crimes he committed, and to give a too ready credence to those illusions that attributed to him all the qualities of a noble monarch and a virtuous man. A. C. S., '82.

THE CLAIMS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL TO LASTING FAME.

Among the foremost of our American writers James, Russell Lowell holds a prominent place,—a place not merely secured by the opinions of a few leaders of criticism, but universally conceded. But even this high and well-deserved honor is hardly sufficient foundation on which to weave a fabric of prophecy for the future; for what American can be said to have attained lasting fame? A cyclopedia of American literature will show a long list of names which already belong but to the realm of local history; and not a few, even of those now prominent, for which we may, with tolerable certainty, promise a sure if not a swift oblivion. How small even now is the influence and reputation of such writers as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Nathaniel P. Willis, and James Fenimore Cooper, who not long ago were popular favorites.

The authors whose fame has endured, are those whose names are as familiar to us as the prominent ones of our own time; men with whom we are even better acquainted than with our contemporaries. In the words of Emerson, "the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age"; while the men of to-day hold the same position in which their predecessors once stood, they are "hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette." And these old friends of ours are not merely names on the title-pages of their books. Chaucer is more to us than a cour-

teous gentleman of the fourteenth century, more even than a delightful story-teller; he is spring-time itself, with its inflow of brightness, happiness, and kindly feeling. Bacon means the advancing thought of an awakening age; Addison, humorous satire untinged by bitterness. What was Shakespeare himself but the embodiment of human thought and human feeling, human life in all its varied character? But each of these, and of the many others whose names stand out from the hosts of applicants for immortality, was distinguished by some characteristic quality, if not wholly peculiar to himself, at least peculiarly developed in him. And so a logical demonstration, a comparison, line by line, of cause and effect in one, with cause and effect in another, is impossible. Each author must be tested by the spirit of his own works; and his fame will be proportionial to the degree in which the elements of greatness exist in them.

As we take up Mr. Lowell's early poetical efforts, we recognize again the presence, not only of the man, but of his time—a time when men clung to old ideas and feelings with the tenacious persistence which accompanies the fear of loss, at the best, shrinking back in timid dread of the new ways which a few adventurous spirits were opening before them. This recognition does not consist merely in a perception, which might have been deduced from our knowledge of fact, that this sentence is like its author, or that that sentiment was natural in its age. Knowing neither, we understand the time and make the acquaintance of the man. He is no recluse poet, no Wordsworth, shutting himself out from the world and peopling it, not with the creations of his fancy, but with visionary images of himself. He knows that there are living people all about him, in his country; they are his brothers; he sees their error, and he strives to correct and save them. "His heart was in his work, and the heart giveth grace unto every art."

It was in this spirit that "The Biglow Papers" were written. The first poems that had attempted to embody the quaint

ideas of the Yankee in his own quaint language, their appearance startled the literary public. They did not meet with general favor; but, on account of their novelty, they were universally read, and thus their purpose was accomplished. Once read, their shrewd sense, flashes of wit, and keen insight into human nature, could not fail to win admiration, even from those who could not or would not appreciate the homely form in which they were dressed. The sympathies of the writer with the oppressed, and his righteous indignation towards their oppressors, must have thrilled the hearts of all who felt with him, though they might have lacked courage to express their own ideas; and must have opened the eyes of many who had not yet freed themselves from their mental bondage. But the issue of the Mexican War is no longer of interest except to the student of history; the question of the negro enfranchisement is no longer an absorbing topic. Will these poems then, will "The Biglow Papers," will "The Present Crisis," have a longer duration than we have just predicted for "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? Many a literary production which, with a single onset, has stormed the redoubt of contemporary opinion, has retreated ignominiously before the oncoming array of a new generation's thought. Yet men will not soon outgrow sympathy for men; nor will governments soon be so perfect, that the keenness of a blade which always finds its way through some unprotected joint in the politician's armor will be unappreciated. This very dialect, also, to which objection is made, will be of great value in preserving, in a truer form than any other writer has constructed, the earlier speech of our New England people.

However, if there yet remains anyone who thinks that the form of these poems is an obstacle to the clear presentation of the thought, he will find, in Mr. Lowell's works, others as delicate and finished as the most fastidious could desire. Yet there is scarcely one that does not contain somewhere an underlying seriousness, an ennobling thought, though it may be expressed only in a word. Whether it be in romantic love-tale, in sonnet,

or in impassioned war-song that he has embodied it, the poet's firm-abiding principle is expressed in his own words,

> "Let fraud and wrong and baseness shiver,
> For still between them and the sky
> The falcon Truth hangs poised forever,
> And marks them with his vengeful eye."

Another characteristic, which, equally with this, pervades all his poems, is his love for nature. It is no vague and distant admiration for the wonderful, the works of nature do not seem to him "but the solemn decorations all of the great tomb of man." It is a real love and a sympathetic feeling of kinship for each bird and flower and tree. But although, in connection with any and every subject, he makes continual allusion to nature, he never drags it in for effect. It is introduced as one, in walking with a friend, breaks off the conversation to call attention to a swiftly floating cloud, a bit of color, a winding stream in the distance; never interrupting the thought or seeming incongruous with it. Many, indeed, of his poems have nature for their theme; they give us some lovely little piece of description, carry us with the author, into a delicious reverie or into active thought; for to him "the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." And these are not poems that require a certain mood in the reader, that are appropriate only to a certain time or place. We are always ready for them, and the sympathetic feeling which must be preliminary to the appreciation of some poems, is an outgrowth of these. This fondness for nature has been a prominent characteristic of many of our greatest and best loved poets; for, however much majesty and loftiness of thought may be admired, he comes nearest to the hearts of men who awakens the dormant feelings which they share with him, and shows them unexpected beauties in the commonest things. The impressions made by Lowell's descriptive poems do not leave us; we see each of his pictures in the best light, and feel its truth though we may have no means of judging of it. Who does not feel the thrill, as passes "round the earth's

electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong"? Who is not pervaded by the grandeur of the sea, as its wind-swept waters dash frantically upon the rocks of Appledore? who does not hold his breath in the almost unearthly silence of that summer storm which has but just startled him with its quick rush of rain and thunder?

But his sympathy is not confined to the works of nature, or to the oppressed of his own kind. His sonnets to friends, his memorial verses, show a quick insight into the nature of the man in whose place the writer, for the instant, seems to stand, feeling as he has felt. They are not the customary obituaries, attributing to the dead every possible and impossible virtue, which, during life, would have been denied to them with equal decision; but they touch merits and failings alike with the tender, loving fingers of true appreciation and friendship.

We are not surprised to find the same honest but generous nature exhibited in his criticism. Since most of his prose work has been given us in this form, "The Fable for Critics" seems to constitute a natural bond between the prose and the poetry. In this poem, again, we feel the truth of those portraits whose originals we do not know, even if we did not have an assurance of their accuracy in the completeness of those concerning whom we are competent to judge. Such forcible characters, with such striking qualities, would hardly have been formed by those rapid touches, had there not been an original. The fun, brimming over in them, shows an appreciation of his own accuracy, that could never be felt in regard to an imaginary being. Yet his criticisms are not all fun; there is no superficiality about them. His is no unvarying standard, and that the product of a narrow and prejudiced mind. Whatever his faults, prejudice, at least, he is free from, unless he may be said to be prejudiced in favor of truth, justice, and nobility of character. No, before he judges of a man or his works he knows both; he understands the character of the author and his works as the result of his life. The ideas and purpose of a

man are not supposed to be entirely disconnected with his writings; there is a relation between them in the mind of the author, as well as in reality. In this "Fable for Critics," indeed, where fun is an essential element, disproportionate prominence is given to the peculiarities and oddities of the victims. But as clear a comprehension of an author's prevailing tone is gained by one of these witty stanzas, as could be acquired by pages of philosophizing. Nor are his prose criticisms inconsistent with this general rule. Though prose, they are by no means prosy. The smooth, masterful diction, the numerous, forcible, and often witty figures, make it pleasing and attractive. The exact relation between the most abstract ideas is often made clear by a simile or metaphor, so vivid as to be almost startling. Indeed, the number and excellence of his rhetorical figures is one of the most noticeable characteristics of his work in all departments. They are drawn from such every-day objects that, while they do not degrade the most lofty subject, they bring it within the region of concrete and familiar things. The prose writings seem to have a smoother finish, a more polished appearance, than the poems. His verses are not like Longfellow's, such smoothly flowing streams that we float lazily on the surface, forgetting that there is a bright pebbly bottom beneath which ought to claim our attention. Indeed, where the subject and style render smooth versification particularly difficult, his metre is sometimes far from agreeable. Yet this lack of apparent labor saves us from the impression often left by highly polished productions, that the thought has been subordinated to the form of expression.

In all this, what have we found that is worthy to endure? Lowell does not create characters for our study, yet he presents to us one man as worthy of emulation as any of Shakespeare's productions—himself, the poet of humanity. He never could have written a Paradise Lost, but he gives us glimpses of the paradise that we may daily make for ourselves. His is no

tropical imagination like Byron's; it is not fervid and passionate, but delicate and sensitive, and with a tender pathos, made more effective by its setting of contrasted humor. And, after all, we read more for pleasure than for instruction. In spite of his grandeur, it is not Milton; in spite of his powers of thought, it is not Bacon, who is familiar to-day; but the authors who appeal to the real, everyday feelings of men; and he who knows so well how "to win the secret of a weed's plain heart," will find the way also to the heart of his fellow-man in all ages and in all climes. H. W. '82.

AN AFTERNOON BY THE SEA.

It is a day in early September; the sky is a bright, deep blue; the air is flooded with sunlight; a fresh, brisk wind is blowing; and, on a neighboring fence, hundreds of sparrows are gathered, filling the air with chatterings about their intended journey.

From one window, looking out over the garden bright with golden rods and asters, we see the salt-meadows; the long, coarse grass, showing all the beautiful changes from green, through the shades of olive, down to rich, red brown, is now waving in the wind; and here and there are deep, dark pools left by the outgoing tide. In the middle, the channel, narrowing to pass under the bridge, flows out into the bright, dancing ocean, where stretches,

> "Eastward as far as the eye can see,
> Still Eastward, Eastward, endlessly.
> The sparkle and tremor of purple sea
> That rises before you, a flickering hill,
> On and on to the shut of the sky."

First in the dazzling view, Stage Rocks catch the eye, a large bluff, looming straight out of the sea, with each crag sharp and clear against the sky, as if just carved by a master's chisel. The woods, which crown the ridge of hills bordering the meadow, will soon be ablaze with autumn colors; but they now seem

a dense black, in contrast with the bright background of sky.

After the tide is out, we walk down through the meadow, along the side of the channel. Two or three fisherman pass us in their large heavy dories, going "up river" to look after their lobster-pots, or to dig clams for bait. As we scramble up onto the bridge, the harbor comes full upon our sight; near at hand is the beach, wet and glistening; and just beyond, two or three pleasure boats rock at anchor. The government steamer is rounding the point with the supplies for the light-houses; and we can see the men at Ten Pound Island, making ready to send their boat out to her. With the exception of this vessel, a stray sail or two out by the point, and the usual number of "shorefishermen," the harbor is empty. We walk slowly across the beach, stopping frequently to let the children and Carlo hunt among the pools and rocks for horseshoe crabs, odd pebbles, and all the thousand things which delight children at the sea-shore. As we climb the bluff, we stop at the spring under the oak tree, for a drink of the cold, fresh water. From the top, we have a clear view "outside." A long, unbroken line of ocean and coast stretches from Thatcher's Island on the left, to Norman's Woe on the right. Down below us, a crescent-shaped strip of shining sand, called Half Moon Beach, joins this bluff with the other which faces it. The waves, which dash high on the broken rocks at the foot of the bluff, itself formed of rocky masses, pile on pile, lose their fury in their onward passage, and

> "Kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
> The beach of pebbles bright as snow."

The other bluff slopes more gently to the sea; and is covered with little scrub pines, some of them standing out nearly horizontally over the rocks, as if struggling in vain to free their roots from their prison in the clefts of the ledges. At the back of the beach is a high sand-bank, which, at this time of day, completely shades it.

The whole place is so inviting that we clamber down the

rocks and make ready to spend our afternoon there, or rather, what is left of it; for we sauntered so leisurely across the beach, and looked so long at the glorious view from the bluff, that the afternoon has slipped away. On the beach are several large, flat rocks, and out of one of them we improvise a table. While the others unpack the baskets, take out the ever-welcome coffee-pot and arrange the table, the children and I gather up driftwood for the fire. We build our fire on a little heap of stones at the foot of an opening between two towering rocks, in the fond hope that it will serve for a chimney. But our hopes are vain; for when at length the damp sticks have been coaxed into a blaze, we find to our disgust that the smoke directs its course towards the table, instead of up the fissure. But the coffee, with its fragrance only less delicious than its taste, more than repays us for any discomfort. After our lunch, we spread our shawls upon the sand, and lie looking out upon the water. Although we are entirely in the shade, we know that the sun is setting; for the white caps of the incoming waves are reddened, and the sails of the passing vessels are rosy with the reflected light.

The children, who have been playing on the rocks, now cry out that they see the dory coming; and we stand up and gather together our scattered belongings, while the boat is coming into the cove. As we store away our wraps under the seats, I notice that the leaves of the magazine I was so anxious to read, have not been cut, a sure sign that I have enjoyed my afternoon. As the boat is pushed off, and we pass out of the still water of the cove, we find that the apparently peaceful sea is quite rough; but as we go under the bridge into the river, the current carries us on, and we lazily float with the tide to the garden wall.

The scene from the window now is changed. The tide is slowly covering the meadow; the hills are indistinctly seen; and the outlines of the coast vessels anchored in the harbor, are faintly shown by the small lanterns at their mast-heads; while afar off Thatcher's Island towers "beam forth the sudden radiance of their light."

De Temporibus et Moribus.

During the past summer the New York *Herald* published a series of articles on Nihilism, which were received with varying degrees of belief and unbelief. The sensational character of the newspaper in which they appeared was enough to cast a doubt upon their reliability and make the public chary about receiving their fervid utterances as unprejudiced statements of facts. However, some of these articles have since been collected and published in a pamphlet entitled "*The Revolutionary Movement in Russia*," which is presented by its editor as "the clearest and ablest statement about the Revolutionary party in Russia that has yet appeared in the English language." It is a statement of nihilistic aims and methods by which they themselves are willing to be judged. After reading the pamphlet, we are impressed with the thought that, among all the misfortunes of this party, its name is by no means the least. The term Nihilist is inseparably associated with Michael Bakunin and his plan of reform, the first step of which was the sweeping away of all existing institutions. "We make war against all prevailing ideas of religion, of the State, of country, of patriotism. The idea of God is the keystone of a perverted civilization. It must be destroyed. The true root of liberty, of equality, of culture, is Atheism"—this was his creed. Intimately associated with this idea of atheism was that of Communism in its most radical form. Communism, to a limited extent, already exists in Russia, and the

peasantry and working classes are under the control of their respective *Mirs* and *Artels*. But such a mild form of communism is rejected by Bakunin and his followers as but a mockery and delusion: it still leaves a large share of the land in the hands of individual land-owners, while the administrative power of the nation is securely centered in the imperial palace at St. Petersburgh. The regeneration of the world is to come through Nihilism and its twin brother, Socialism, and the first step in the process is to be an uprising of the proletariate throughout all Europe, a general overturning of law and order, and then—the deluge. It could hardly be expected that such a programme would be sanctioned by any but those who have "nothing to lose and all to gain," and the fact that they bear the same party name as these crack-brained Nihilists has been enough to put the Russian revolutionists under a ban, and gain for them in the outside world no sentiment but that of horror and disgust. Agitation merely for the sake of agitation, which has nothing definite in view and whose chief weapon is terrorism, is hardly a movement which would commend itself to anyone interested in preserving a home, and the personal rights which good government secures. But in this pamplet, which expounds Nihilism from the Revolutionary point of view, Russian nihilism of to-day appears in a guise which is properly not Nihilism at all. It has one fundamental point of difference, it is a positive expression of a definite belief, while Bakunin and the Socialists found safety and union only in negation. The party of the Russian revolutionists is of comparatively recent growth, and is, according to their statements, the natural result of the repressive policy of Russia, the insecurity of life and property, the absolute despotism and the crushing tyranny of a government which has the power to imprison and exile its subjects without a trial or even a formal accusation. That there is oppression and abuse of power in Russia no one would deny; that there is a degree of tyranny which justifies rebellion against it, is

claimed by the revolutionists. And, after reading the account of what they rebel against, and what they demand of the Czar as redress, their cause seems to possess plausibility, at least. If, as is stated,—and all non-official testimony goes to support this view of the case—men can be imprisoned and their estates confiscated merely because a government spy suspects them of political discontent, if the penalty of incurring the royal displeasure is exile and the Siberian mines, and there is neither protection nor redress provided by the law of the land, it is but natural that the people should take the law into their own hands. And yet there has been no such general uprising of the Russian people as would seem inevitable if the alleged causes for discontent really existed. The nihilists are a band of secret workers whose weapon is "dynamite and the dagger," and the result of whose work is brutal assassination. As yet, no other result is apparent. The history of all Socialistic movements is a history of failures. As has been said, when they apply themselves to the work of reconstruction, the party splits into almost as many divisions as there are members, and so long as the Russian revolutionists, as a part of the Socialistic party, shared their indefiniteness of aim, they could hardly expect greater success. But, if we are to rely upon their statements, they know very clearly and decidedly what they want, nor are their demands unreasonable. They ask for religious freedom, freedom of the press, a guarantee of personal liberty for the law abiding citizen, and, finally, a representative government. It is hardly probable that the entire revolutionary party is composed of men who hold exclusively to these demands—a party without extremists would be a remarkable one—but, from the nature of the case and the repeated testimony given by the revolutionists themselves, it is fair to presume that that is the political creed of a large proportion of them. It must be an idea with more force than the most powerful and sweeping negation can possibly have, which can so unite men and make them willing to sacrifice every-

thing for it. It must be a desperate state of affairs which gives rise to the desperate remedy of conspiracy and assassination. Whether we can find a justification, or even an excuse, in the peculiar circumstances under which nihilism has been developed, we must allow to these revolutionists a certain amount of moral force, which, rightly directed and applied, may accomplish something toward their avowed end—the regeneration of Russia. In a country which has been so long subjected to a rule more nearly Asiatic than European in its character, conducted on a plan which left absolutely no vent for public agitations through the press or free speech, the reaction was inevitable, and is just what might have been expected. The wonder is, that this reaction has not been greater than it is, and that the Nihilism of Bakunin has not a greater hold upon the people. That there should be a party of revolutionists moderate enough to demand and work for a constitutional government, is a good omen, however illegal, however dangerous may be the means they use to accomplish that end.

This is an age of conundrums—is there or is there not something grotesque in Mr. Ruskin's arraignment of George Eliot in the last installment of *Fiction Fair and Foul?* Young America is not burdened with reverence for anything, but even the critic of a College magazine experiences a slight recoil of sensibility when the work of the most Shaksperean of women is connected with "impressions of skeletons in mud." Mr. Ruskin seems to accuse George Eliot of having wilfully shut her eyes to the good and the beautiful in the world for the sake of gratifying a morbid taste for the analysis of common-place horrors. He admits at the same time, however, that her books are more generally read and liked than those of Scott whom he delights to honor. As usual, Mr. Ruskin does not support his position by many arguments nor

seek a further acquaintance with the objections which, from time to time, he honors with his notice. Like a woman, he gives us analogy in place of proof, and like a man he stops a mouth of importunate criticism by saying s-h-h. There is a curious satirical effect in this method of treatment—the tragic struggles of Maggie Tulliver are compactly disposed of in a prim waste-basket of allusion to a Greek vase, while the unsatisfactoriness of human life as a theme for the novelist becomes quite evident the moment one is assured that it cannot be *handled.* It is clear that George Eliot is held responsible not only for the awful fact of her own vulgar and unæsthetic interest in things in general, but also for the still more awful fact of our interest in her. England, America, the civilized world, and the nineteenth century are all being whipped over her head. Well, there is something impressive in being even a scape-goat on a grand scale, and the shade of George Eliot may prefer even such notice to none at all from Mr. Ruskin. The office of a voice crying in the wilderness has certain advantages to which Mr. Ruskin has not been blind, and of which, for some time back, he has availed himself. It is permitted to this institution to be irresponsible in its exercise of power—a state of things without parallel in our modern life. The demands of logic and conventionality are alike thrown aside as hampering the movements of inspiration, and the cry emanates from the camel's hair of a stringent individuality. In the meantime, the reader of this particular article is left with the conviction that, if his uncle had been a woman, she would have been a scold, which fact perhaps accounts for his own rather battered mental condition when he reaches the end of the article, but does not provide wine and oil for his wounds. Of course we admit that we are hurt—that knock-down style of argument leaves no room for doubt, but it is, to say the least, a rather empathic way of conducting a medical examination for the purpose of finding out the patient's weak points. The current number of *The Atlantic* contains an

article very similar in purpose to this deliverance of Mr. Ruskin's, but far less aggressive in its attitude, hardly at all destructive in its tendencies, and with just enough of the caustic in its flavor to propitiate by reminding us of olives and Thanksgiving dinners. *The Romance of Modern Life* is a plea for more color among the neutral tints of our modern novelists, for freer strokes and bolder conceptions from our literary artists, in short, for a more hopeful view of life from us all. We are not the people and romance has not died. Providence is still capable of an occasional new combination, and it is not our business to declare ourselves bankrupt because we don't know the exact state of our credit at the Bank of the Future The writer in *The Atlantic* calls attention to the fact that perspective plays an important part in any estimate of a romantic episode or period, that, in one respect, at least, modern life has an advantage over the times which have been considered prëeminently those of romance. The variety of motives and influences to which the most common-place existence of our time is subject,gives opportunity for all those complications of plot and character which are the soul of the romantic. Adventure, he feels sure, will always follow in the wake of courage and strength, while time may be trusted to dignify newspaper items into legends. Again, emphasis is laid on the fact that strange things have not ceased to happen because we are scientific—romance is not the victim of the telegraph and telephone. Our past is still ours,or rather it is the property of the man who is poet enough to see it stripped of its motley disguises. Our present is dulled by the breathings of our own self-consciousness, dark with the twilight of eyes always looking inward. That even such a state of things is not without its encouraging side is shown by the microscopic power which these introspective lenses have attained. If we have heretofore been too exclusively occupied with the real in its most limited sense, if we have been afraid to declare our faith in the ideal, we have, at least, been able to accomplish

something in the work we have chosen. For ourselves, we are narrow-minded enough to console ourselves with the thought that we admirable Americans cannot reproduce ourselves too often, even if it is sometimes in tin-types at twenty-five cents for thirteen. Yes: we are self-conscious and self-occupied, our best achievements too often look coarse and faded in the high light of our young civilization, but the bold coast of our seaboard has its flotsam of restless adventure, our thickets their shreds of romance. To the chance observer the one may seem worthless, the other pitiful; but it was the power of interpretation and appreciation which made a Columbus or a Jason. The final contrast between Mr. Ruskin and *The Atlantic's* critic is to be found in the fact that the latter evidently feels very little doubt of the ultimate good result for literature and for humanity. With a truly American eye to the practical, he takes it for granted that the first thing a man in a bog does is to get out. It is sometimes said that faith in the existence of an ability will create it—if so, we may expect before long some vigorous efforts on the part of our literary representatives to introduce among us a healthier thought, a more energetic expression.

During the present century the Scandinavian race has produced two prominent representatives of its life and thought—Hans Christian Andersen and Hjalmor Hjorth Boyesen. These men, each possessing a powerful genius, stand as exponents of the opposite tendencies of a people. The one depicts a dreamy, idyllic life, and tells of the weird mystery which lurks around the fjords and mountains of the north; he seeks his theme amid the remotest regions of poetic fantasy and revels in the wonderlore of the past. The other, living in the practical activity of to-day, studies the character and tendencies of nations, and seeks the solution of one problem—his people's future.

Considered from a purely literary point of view, the writings of Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen are invested with a singular interest. The careful delineation of character and the intense realism which make up the *sine qua non* of modern novel writing are embodied in his works; while the peculiar imagination of his race supplies an element of interest which James and Howells cannot offer. That wonderful imagination which speaks through the awful mythology of the North lives fresh as ever in this Norseman of the nineteenth century. He excites an interest at once unique and legitimate.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's recent work, *Queen Titania*, shows the increasing influence of the leading school of modern fiction over its author's mind,—the imaginative element has lost much of its prominence and the interest centers more exclusively in the portrayal of character. The indications are that the author is losing much of his distinctively national spirit, and becoming in thought and expression a naturalized American citizen. This is a pity; the school of Henry James does not exhaust all that is excellent in literary style; its influence is quite powerful enough with the writers of to-day; and the presence of a foreign element in our literature is healthy and stimulating. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen is not a master of the art of character painting; as is often the case with writers who make literary excellence subordinate to scientific purpose, he depicts types rather than individuals. The hero of *Queen Titania* is high-bred; pure souled and valiant; inspired with the loftiest purposes, and trusting in the innate good of human nature. He is, in short, the ideal Norseman of to-day. He has the general characteristics which make him the representative of a class and a proper subject for scientific study; he lacks the special traits which differentiate the individual from his class and make him the object of literary interest. The same is true of Miss Dimpleton, and, in a less degree, of the heroine herself. Titania, indeed, is something more than a typical figure; but even with her the class is too

prominent, the individual too feebly developed to excite our deepest sympathy. As a literary production, *Queen Titania* possesses no very striking merit; in its relation to the previous works of the author and to his philosophic thought, it is not lacking in interest. One by one, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen sends his heroes forth into the world to seek the proper field for their energies; in America, "the great land of the future," there is a place for every active brain and every manly heart; amid its young and vigorous civilization the Norseman of to-day may find a fuller life. But the Scandinavian philosopher means something more, something deeper. He sees in his race great and untried capacities; but he looks into the past and finds a short record of things achieved. Something must be lacking; some fatal weakness cripples the strength of his countrymen. In mixture with an alien race he seeks the remedy; and again, with eager inquiry, he looks toward America. In the *Norseman's Pilgrimage*, in the *Tales of Two Hemispheres*, and in *Queen Titania* he asks the same question, but in each he suggests a different answer. In the "*Tales of Two Hemispheres*" the hero finds his ideal realized in American womanhood; but his love and hope are unavailing and he sinks beneath a fatal despair. In the *Norseman's Pilgrimage* the love of the dreamy Scandinavian is returned by the practical woman of America. But in *Queen Titania* a change in the author's views is manifest; the typical American woman is a mixture of the blue-stocking, and the æsthete; not without her excellent points, but by no means a fitting mate for the typical Norseman. Only in Titania does he find the proper object for his devotion; Titania, the child of unknown parents, reared in happy freedom from convention, at once practical and passionate, Titania completes and satisfies his nature.

We have often wondered, during the time of the preparation and celebration of the centennial at Yorktown, whether that somewhat diminutive and insignificant place ever realized its obligations to the Revolution and Cornwallis. We fear not. In fact, we know of only one thoroughly grateful locality in this country; but there the gratitude to the event which rescued it from oblivion is surpassing great. Before July 3, 1863, comparatively few persons had heard of Gettysburg: now, it has a place in history. And the reverence which the people feel for the battlefield and everything connected with it is in a direct ratio to the change it wrought in their destiny. In every low-roofed farm house and in every handsome residence hangs a plan of the battleground, and a picture of the central monument in the National Cemetery; every family, of whatever grade of society it may be, has its collection of relics from the battlefield, and its story of incidents of the time. We had seen numerous mementoes of the Gettysburg battlefield—violets, acorns, pine cones, pebbles, bullets, fragments of shell, splinters from gun-carriages—and had always viewed them with respect, if not with admiration. But we had yet to learn the extent to which this relic adoration could be carried. On the main street of Gettysburg stands a house which had the honor of being hit by one or two balls during the engagement, and in the front yard was a conspicious heap of what we supposed to be rubbish. "Why don't they clear away that stuff?" we asked. "Stuff! Relics from the battlefield!" was the response, given in a tone which implied that our companion had mentally uncovered her head in the presence. We looked again—yes, they were relics—an artistic pyramid of old shoes garnished with a couple of rusty and battered canteens. We passed on with a renewed sense of the devotion of which the human heart is capable.

It must be confessed, however, that this interest in relics is not always so purely a matter of sentiment. The Pensylvania Dutch have always a greater regard for the main chance than

for sentiment,—even, as the sequel may show, than for the sentiment of truth. One of the first men killed in the fight was a prominent officer—the bullet which killed him was, by some inexplicable means, singled out from among the thousands flying around, and, in course of time, the fortunate farmer's boy who possessed it, offered it for sale. That bullet has been for sale ever since,—you can buy it now, at any of the farmhouses near the battlefield. It has shown a power of self-reproduction only equalled by that of the chairs that came over in the Mayflower.

When the troops were collected at Gettysburg, and it became evident that a battle was imminent, Gen. Meade gave permission to all who wished to leave the town to do so, provided they went before a certain time. After that, no one was to be allowed to pass through the lines. "Our next door neighbor left," said our informant, as she selected a hot flat-iron and proceeded with her work. "It was a broiling hot day, but she wore all her furs—to save them, you know. My sister and I stayed, and they put one of the cannons right here in our front yard. Our soldiers"—that is, the Federals—"put it there first; but it was captured and recaptured several times during the day. First the rebels would have it, and then the Union soldiers would take it again. We went down in the cellar and stayed there to get out of the way of the balls and shells that were flying around. It was a pretty trying time, and it showed what people were made of. They do say, that those farmers out there at the battlefield sued the Government for the damage the battle did their crops."

Editors' Table.

Rumor has, for some time, whispered of an earlier Commencement; and the President has now officially announced the same. By an act of the trustees, Vassar will, in the future, have its Commencement on the second Wednesday of June, thus releasing the "worn and weary Senior" from all work after the last of May, and sparing the under classwomen several days of drudgery augmented by heat. Long before our College year closes, the heat becomes too oppressive for work; and this late change is looked upon as very welcome.

As for vacations, the Faculty have generously refrained from cutting them down, as we feared might be the case. For the sake of those who come after us, we hope that the vacations will never be shortened. At their present length, they just allow the Western and Southern students to spend their vacations at home; and it would seem hard to pay for our new blessing by forfeiting another so precious.

Altogether, the trustees' action has been gladly hailed. An occasional ultra—but how ultra—Senior mourns that she is to be deprived of a few days of Vassar joys!

Arguing from the consideration of trustees and Faculty, we fully expect that Vassar will presently open Oct. 31st., and close May 1st. Why not?

It is no less necessary in the calculations of everyday life than in those of Astronomy that allowance should be made for one's "personal equation." Every man has his hobbies, his prejudices, and his weaknesses; his opinions will be in-

correct by these, his personal equation. It is our business to discover what this equation is, and subtract it, algebraically, from his views of life and people. If we do not, we gain from him distorted ideas, which may be of appreciable harm to us. One man is a hypochondriac. Subtract a minus quantity for him. Another is unduly sanguine. His deduction has the plus sign. Is a man phlegmatic? impulsive? sceptical? credulous? matter-of-fact? visionary?—is he in any way unevenly balanced? his opinions are to be accepted only after due correction. This deduction needs to be made, not alone in the case of other people's views, but in that of our own as well. If we would look at things fairly and squarely, we must know our personal equation and allow for it. Apart from the equation which is the result of our peculiar characteristics, there are others dependent upon our mood, our health, and the weather. People who have bodies possessed of nerves and a digestive apparatus have a constantly varying personal equation in consequence thereof, and they need to be on the look-out to discover how its value and sign vary. Does the world seem a dreary wilderness? Are all our friends false? All our dolls stuffed with sawdust? Let us consider what is the state of our nervous organization, whether we slept well last night, how our dinner agreed with us. It seems sadly prosaic that our dear, poetical miseries, our fine, Byronic views of life and men, should have been caused only by the subtraction from the truth of a large personal equation due to bad air or pie-crust; but such is, alas, often the case. Before we can safely accept our own or another's estimate of anything, it is our business to determine our own or his personal equation at that moment, and correct accordingly.

In our study of metaphysics, we learn that "Repetition often excites and gratifies the interest of the soul in the objects

perceived, and thus arouses greater energy of attention." How "interested" and "attentive" will many of our guests be next Philalethean night!

In the past, we have noticed and at times deigned to be annoyed, because some metaphysician of tender years and sterner sex would insist that we of Vassar were each and all possessed of the same characteristics, peculiarities, and even features which mark the prep. he knew. But now, we must rejoice with him. He has his right to generalize liberally. As for "repetition," his soul will become so "excited and gratified" that he will never again be able to take his "attention" from Vassar. And the secret of all this?——"English Bangs."

How innocently did the alumna, fresh from the hands of a London "tonsor," return to visit her alma mater, little dreaming that she had come on a mission—that she was to introduce legitimate data for our aforesaid followers of Bacon.

Yes, the disease spread with fearful rapidity—22 were stricken down in one night, followed by a small number each succeeding day. To be sure, some have so far recovered that no sign of the malady remains, only the orthodox bang to suggest what has been. But others are still distressingly afflicted.

Strange to tell, the alumna is easily distinguishable from her cores of followers. Our climate does not seem to admit of the London phase. There is barely enough similarity between the the original and the copies, to show for what they are intended.

Philosophers, spare us when you come! Alumnæ, stay away.

Why don't more of the students play Tennis? The roll-call has increased greatly, but few of the members play, and there is not that enthusiasm about the game which it deserves. The intricacies of counting seem insurmountable to some, while a phenomenal lack of self-confidence deters others. And so they pursue their course shaking with the "elbow fever" around

the garden, or conscientiously plodding along, not a second less, not a minute more than the prescribed sixty. As you pass them you hear, "Well Prof.—— says," "Miss—— says" or bits of careful quantitative and qualittaive analyses of their friends. These monotonous constitutionals can not do the good that more active exercise would; and, if you can, why not flavor duty with pleasure? There is a well known proverb about the evil effects of uninteresting exercise, (we have forgotten it, but no doubt the gentle reader knows one, and it seems about the customary place to put in a quotation.)

Tennis is not frivolous. A racket cannot be defined as a deformed wicker spoon with a ball at one end and a fool at the other. It is a good game for mind and body. The games are so short there is always hope of better luck, and interest never flags. The excitement frees the mind from worry about lessons, and morbid introspection. All the muscles are exercised, and not one set at the expense of another.

We are having exceptionally fine weather for the game this fall, it is clear and just cool and crisp enough to make exercise comfortable. The courts are well attended to, there are plenty of new rackets, and though there are not enough balls, probably the energetic officer of the club will soon remedy that defect. Go to, let us play Tennis and forget the blues.

HOME MATTERS.

OCTOBER 14th, 1881.

A bright, clear, cold Friday,
A typical, good-Friday,
An amber and rosy
Tied-up-in-a-posy
Forget-me-not, Friday.

Thanks to Hon. Thomas P. Cornell and Mr. Samuel Coydendall, the day was all this to us; we may in the future forget

our Latin and our Greek, but the excursion up the Hudson to the Grand Hotel, never! "Why do we remember some things rather than others?" See Stewart's Philosophy, page—. That explanation will satisfy the metaphysician; but the matter-of-fact reason why we will never forget the Catskill excursion, is, because it was an excursion without a flaw.

We started from College at eight a. m., some in the horse cars, some in livery coaches; there was just enough October wine in the air to make us hilarious, and at eight-thirty the Poughkeepsie wharf presented quite the appearance of a "maddening crowd." After a short delay, the Cornell appeared in sight—what was that we heard—music? yes, a band! boys would have given a hip, hip; but we, being girls, acted in an immaculately lady-like and dignified manner. When we left the wharf, the forward deck was crowded with those who "*wouldn't* go inside; what an idea!" in just about ten minutes the wind became master of the situation, and was frolicking with empty camp stools. We danced, cracked jokes, and read letters—the mail was distributed on board the boat—till Rondout was reached, where we disembarked for the cars, now fairly on our way to the Grand Hotel.

The ride being on an up-grade was more jolly than fast, and a few *nos beatos* rode on the engine. We reached the Grand Hotel at dinner time, with a double edged appetite. The hotel is finely situated, and elegantly equipped with every convenience. After promenading the piazzas and dancing in the large parlors, lunch was announced, and we beat a precipitous, but, withal, elegant retreat to the dining room.

Dr. Caldwell made the *ante-coenam*, and Miss Stanton, President of the Student's Association, the *post-coenam* speech. The former was congratulatory that but few speeches were to be made, and the latter expressed the thanks of the students to "our generous hosts, Hon. Thomas P. Cornell, and Mr. Coykendall."

The lunch itself was a culinary triumph. We could only

look our pleasure, and, as each dish was brought on, exclaim in enraptured whispers, "oh, girls!" After lunch groups of six or more, walked back of the hotel to look for the head waters of the Delaware—apochryphal head waters, for they could not be discovered; but we viewed the scenery, and although it presented only studies in burnt umber, we had on rose colored glasses that day.

We left the hotel at four p. m., and fairly whizzed down to Rondout. On board the Cornell more dancing was in order, besides singing from the new Song Book.

The shades of College were reached in due season, and after a hot supper, we unanimously pronounced a benedicite on one of the happiest days of our College course.

The twenty-second of October was an epoch in the existence of the class of '85, for on that evening occurred an event dear to the Freshman heart. A few days before, the class of '84 had requested the pleasure of their company in Society Hall. On entering the tastefully decorated room, each Freshman was given, in addition to the programme, a very harmless pony for *De Amicitia.* The entertainment opened with the singing of the Sophomore Glee Club, to which the Freshman Glee Club responded. After a few dances, the company descended to the gymnasium, where a long table had been placed. Here a tempting collation was served. With a few well chosen words, Miss Hussey welcomed the Freshmen to the hospitality of the Sophomore's, and Miss McMillan made an appropriate reply in behalf of her class. On returning to the hall, dancing was resumed, and the festivities of the evening concluded with the Virginia Reel, which was the more interesting from the fact that many of the dignitaries took part. Although nothing was lacking, there was not that display which has heretofore characterized Vassar entertain-

ments of this nature. Each Freshman carried home her pony with the thought that the evening's entertainment had itself been the best translation of the "Amicitia," existing between '84 and '85.

"The opening of the Senior parlor." Words full of significance to Vassarites in general, and to some thirty-six in particular, words of momentous importance.

Whispers, borne on the wings of rumor, had excited curiosity even in the Senior mind, as to the result of the handiwork of the committee,—a result by no means disappointing.

Charming! Artistic! hackneyed phraseology, it is true, but very descriptive of the room into which we enter.

Its first effect is of soft, subdued light, made warm by rich tints and colors, harmoniously blended. Window and door of stained glass lend their inexpressible charm to ebony furniture of quaint design, to rugs, and curtains of Persian hue, and chairs of plush, too pretty to be hidden by occupants. On the right, hangs a bas-relief in brass, of beautiful design and workmanship, which represents the bringing of the head of John the Baptist in a charger to Herodias. On either side of this, there are oil paintings; one of Azaleas, recalling the gladsomeness of spring time, the other representing a young girl of sweet and fair mien reading the love letters written to her grand-mother in days gone by. Two water colors adorn the opposite wall, claiming as their artists Professor Van Ingen, and S. Colman. Pretty engravings, etchings, and two handsome placques, encased in velvet, claim also their share of attention. A mirror, with framework painted in Passion flowers, also several tiles, are the tasteful handiwork of Miss Buckland, while Miss Shailer's skill is represented by a graceful figure painted on a tambourine. A cabinet of ebony is filled with articles of *virtu* and statuettes of dainty Dresden ware. A handsome bookcase of ebony is provided with a

curtain of embossed crimson plush, which, when drawn aside, shows a choice collection of books. Near by stands a desk, at which the writing of letters will be no task, and home friends will be made happy, for no spirit but that of contented enjoyment can pervade letters written amid such surroundings. A beautiful album of carved wood is suggestive of pleasant faces which we are sure must be hidden within.

Last, but not least, by any means, is a "bird of wisdom," which, from its perch in the arch, looks down soberly upon the frivolities of life, with eyes of calm reproof. Grave and sedate,it demands the respect which we readily grant, believing the while that the Seniors were wise in choosing it as the abiding genius of their parlor. May their enjoyment of it be as great as the room justly deserves, and many happy hours may they spend within its attractive walls.

Beta, as usual, led off with the first hall meeting. As we knew that these meetings were to be even more purely musical and literary than last year, we entered Society Hall with a feeling of dread—essay after essay, enlivened with songs, was all we could possibly expect. But when we were presented with gorgeous sunflowers as programmes, we could not help feeling relieved. It was to be æsthetic evidently, and we waited patiently for the result. After a rhythmical critique by Miss Morrill, came a chorus from "Patience." This was received with applause, and was repeated. In fact, it was the cream of the entertainment, and would have come better later in the evening; for we expected more æsthetics, but they came not. Miss Warren's description of a tornado at Wallingford was vivid, but too harrowing for one's peace of mind; and we felt relieved when the last corpse was carried off the scene. In the scene from "Tom Sawyer," Misses Stevens and

Halliday were inimitable. Miss Mabury's rendering of the march from Tannhauser was very good.

Miss Hancock sang "When the Leaves begin to Turn," with much expression. Her voice has improved since last year, and we look forward with pleasure to hearing her in our concerts. Miss Page's essay on Miss Mulock's novels was written in a bright, racy style and was decidedly humorous. When Miss Fridenberg began to play Gottschalk's "Banjo," we feared some one had borrowed the Senior corridor banjo, but it proved to be a delightful fallacy.

The meeting closed with illustrated readings from "The Hanging of the Crane." The tableaux were well arranged, and very effective, but the reading was too low to be heard distinctly in all parts of the hall. As we think over the evening's entertainment, we can heartily say that it was a success, and that the committee deserve great praise for their work.

Although a few privileged outsiders were permitted an "artist's view" of the Senior parlor, it was not opened for members of the class until four o'clock, Nov. 4. The formal opening was between dinner and chapel, when '82 received '85 in her new parlor. After listening to a unique song of welcome from 82's Glee Club, the guests found ample occupation for the time in admiring the many beautiful things on all sides, and all felt aggrieved when the chapel bell called them away. The committee should feel fully rewarded for all their labor by the perfect taste and quaint beauty of their finished work. The large bronze over the chimney piece gives to the room, with its decorations of delicate china, warm colored plush, and bright paintings, a spice of antiquity, while the owl, looking down from his perch, puts on the finishing touch of wisdom and dignity. The entire conformity of the general

style of the parlor with æsthetic rules of decoration, and the complete correspondence of the chairs, curtains, rugs, and polished floor, forms a delightful contrast to anything hitherto seen.

We wish to make a plea for the *Song Book.* It seems to us that students and alumnæ are hardly loyal to the College in allowing a collection of Vassar's songs to prove a financial failure; but such a failure the book must be, of necessity, if no one but the committee takes any interest in it. The expenses of publication are, as yet, far from paid, and they cannot very well pay themselves. We hope that we need only state this fact to rouse every loyal daughter of Vassar to a feeling of personal responsibility in the success of this venture. We would mildly suggest that Christmas is near at hand, and that Vassar Song Books might not be objectionable presents to bestow upon some of one's friends.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Senior parlor, opened Nov. 4th.

The committee for Philalethean Day has been appointed. Miss Sanford is chairman.

Excursion to the Catskills, Oct. 14th.

'82 has elected Bogardus, of New York, for class photographer.

The Society of Religious Inquiry was addressed on Oct. 9th by the Rev. Mr. Braislin.

Senior, contemplating a picture in the room of one of her classmates: "What is that, anyway?" Second Senior:

"The Lion of Lucerne." First Senior, with an air of enlightenment: "Oh! Does he lie there all the time?"

Sophomore party, Oct. 22nd.

The Philalethean stage has been recarpeted.

The officers of the Freshman class are as follows:
President—Miss McMillan. Vice-President—Miss Williams.
Secretary—Miss Hancock. Treasurer—Miss Lowrie.

All the classes celebrated Hallow-e'en.

Miss Goodsell has fitted up one of her suite of rooms for a teachers' parlor.

Prof. Dwight and a number of the mineralogy class made an excursion to Silver Lake, Oct. 22nd.

Admiring group before a handsome bronze in the Senior parlor. Freshman, timidly: "What does that represent?" Senior, with an air of calm self-confidence. "Oh, that's Herodotus bringing in the head of John the Baptist on a charger."

By the action of the trustees, the time for the college commencement has been changed to the second Wednesday in June. This year it will be on June 14th.

Miss Swift has resigned her position on the MISCELLANY board, and Miss Sharpe has been elected to fill her place.

Chapter Beta had her Hall meeting on the evening of Nov. 5th.

82's class pins are to be made by C. A. W. Crosby, of Boston.

The Friday after Thanksgiving is to be a holiday.

The elocution classes have been organized. They meet in Society Hall for practice and recitation.

'82 received '85 in the Senior parlor on Nov. 4th, between dinner and chapel.

Senior, reading from Porter's *Elements of Intellectual Science:* "Condillac not only makes all sensations to be impressions imprinted upon the tabula rasa—what part of the brain is the *tabula rasa?*" Searches through Gray's *Anatomy*, and finally rushes off to consult the Resident Physician.

Prof. Backus lectured in town on Nov. 1st. Subject: The Philosophy of Collegiate Education.

Rev. Mr. Beckley, of Newburyport, Mass., preached in the Chapel on Sunday, Oct. 30th.

Dancing class meets on Saturday afternoons in the gymnasium.

Wanted, the Class Day books of '78 and '79. Anyone having copies which they would be willing to sell, will confer a favor by communicating with Editors VASSAR MISCELLANY.

PERSONALS.

'69.

Miss Emma L. Hubbard is teaching in the Latin Department of Wheaton Seminary at Norton, Mass.

'73.

Married, at Tremont, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1881, Miss M. A. Marcher to Dr. Heffron of Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. J. J. Hunker expects to go to China in December to join her husband.

'74.

Miss K. C. Price sails for Europe on Nov. 9th.

'76.

Married, at Cleveland, Oct. 6th, 1881, Dr. Cynthia H. Fisher to Dr. W. T. Miller.

Married, at Rockford, Illinois, Oct. 4th, 1881, Miss A. F. Penfield to Mr. C. R. Mower.

'77.

Miss L. M. Mangam sails for Europe on Nov. 9th.

'78.

Married, at Boston Highlands, Oct. 25th, 1881, Miss A. F. Banfield to Mr. William C. Davenport.

Miss M. T. Hubbard is teaching music in Bement, Illinois.

'79.

Miss Andrews is teaching music in Dayton, Ohio.

'80.

Miss Withey is studying Art in New York.

'81.

Miss Lloyd is teaching in a private family in New York.

Miss Stockwell is studying Art in New York.

Miss Hayes is teaching Mathematics in a private school in Boston.

Died, at Providence, R. I., Nov. 2nd, 1881, Mary R. Gardner, formerly of '80.

Misses M. G. Townsend, '73, Price '76, H. C. Putnam, '78, Braislin, Meeker, '81, L. R. Pratt, formerly of '80, and Mrs. Charlotte Brown Conger, have visited college this month.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The last number of the *Harvard Advocate* is particularly entertaining. It contains several bright articles whose only fault is their brevity. If it had but given a "Skeleton" Exchange Note, "Class C. Highly Commendatory," we would gladly fill the blanks with "Harvard Advocate." As it did not do so it must eke out our imperfections in Ex. writing with its own thoughts of itself.

After reading the *Princetonian* we feel profoundly grateful that Vassar has but one publication. If, in addition to the criticism which we receive from outsiders, we were in danger of such treatment at home as the *Nassau Lit.* receives from the *Princetonian*, we should resign our positions, and seek some peaceful obscurity in which to pass our days. The *Princetonian* itself is a well-ordered, well-edited magazine, and always contains entertaining reading matter. Our ignorance of athletics prevents us from appreciating all its contents, but such as come within the range of our comprehension we thoroughly enjoy.

The *Dartmouth* contains a very sensible editorial on "College Manners." We sympathize with the editor in his views on the subject, at the same time that our heart rejoices to see that some one else has found themselves "misrepresented" in the papers, and has become "exasperated" by it. We almost imagined that we of Vassar monopolized those little attentions on the part of the press.

The *Concordiensis* for October is a good number. Why must every exchange have something at least fair in the poetical line, and so remind us that Vassarites *will* not write poetry—for they can!

The several departments of our Union exchange are spirited and full of life.

CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

Amherst has adopted the novel plan of allowing the students to select from their number a committee, dubbed the *Senate*, to act as an advising council to the Faculty.—*Concordiensis.*

Student under examination in physics: "What planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir, there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the earth, but I'm not quite certain."—*The Portfolio.*

The News Letter mentions the following definition, as given by a student in æsthetics: "Beauty is the thingness of the utterly quite."

A Freshman, on receiving "Yale College Laws," asked the tutor how far the lesson would extend.—*Record.*

The tuition fees at various colleges are as follows: University of Pennsylvania, $150 to $170; Harvard, $150; Yale, $150; Amherst, $100; Williams, $90; Brown, $85; Dartmouth, $80; Wesleyan, $75; Cornell, $75; Bowdoin, $75; Rutgers, $75; Syracuse, $50.—*C. C. N. Y. Argus.*
And at Vassar, $100.

Fresh: "May I have the pleasure?"
Miss Society: "Oui."
Fresh: "What does 'we' mean?"
Miss S.: "O, U and I!"—*Trinity Tablet.*

Shine with irregular intermittent light, sparkle at intervals, diminutive luminous heavenly body.
How I conjecture with surprise, not unmixed with uncertainty, what you are.
Located apparently at such a remote distance from, and at a height so vastly superior to, this earth, the planet we inhabit,
Similar in general appearance and refractory powers to the precious primitive octahedron crystal of pure carbon, set in the aerial region surrounding the earth.—*Occident.*

Webster was an æsthete, because he enthusiastically says in his dictionary that the verb "speak" is too utter.—*Ex.*

The Boston young lady of culture does not call it the Irish Land Bill. She designates it as the Celtic Real Estate William. —*Yale News.*

Class in Political Economy: *Professor*—"Can you give an early instance where men were warned against the evils of paper currency?" *Student*—"Yes, sir. The disciples were warned to take no script for their journey."—*Williams Athenæum.*

There are four Egyptian students at Illinois College, and three Brazillians at Cornell.—*College Record.*

Freshman:—"Action and reaction are equal and opposite, as, for instance, when a cannon jumps as far backward as the ball goes forward."—*Yale Record.*

At a recent examination in a girls' school the question was put to a class of little ones: "Who makes the laws of our Government?" "Congress," was the ready reply. "How is Congress divided?" was the next question. A little girl in the class raised her hand. "Well," said the examiner, "Miss Sally, what do you say the answer is?" Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came: "Civilized, half-civilized, and savage."—*Ex.*

The loss involved in the burning of Swarthmore College in Philadelphia is $250,000. The fire originated from the explosion of chemicals.—*Exonian.*

Freshman: Waiter, what time is it, please?
Waiter: Je n' sais pas, M'sieur.
Freshman: Oh! is it as late as that? I promised to be home before ten.—*Columbia Spectator.*

Professor, (looking at his watch): "As we have a few minutes, I should like to have any one ask questions, if so disposed." Student: "What time is it, please?"—*Ex.*

Four is the æsthetic figure. It is too too.—*Ex.*

Dr. Porter, of New York, has given $150,000 to Yale College, Hon. Lafayette S. Foster $40,000 to the Law School, and the late Professor Smith $60,000 to the Medical School, all within the past year.—*Bowdbin Orient.*

Something like the Harvard annex has been organized at Yale College. A class of ladies has been formed to receive lectures and instruction from Professors Williams, Sumner, Brewer and others.—*Ex.*

Recently, one of our Freshmen in the chemistry class, after searching the shelves diligently for a bottle marked H_2O, finally gave up in despair, and going to the professor, asked, "What is H_2O, anyway, and where can I find some?" He was only a Freshman, anyway. The professor relishes the joke. —*Carletonia.*

A WOMAN'S COLLEGE YEAR.

A world of grass, and waving trees,
Of rippling water, cool and clear,
Of gay birds, singing to the breeze,
A College Year.

Of grave grey walls benign and stately
Of quiet nooks, and corners dear,
Of Proctors moving by sedately,
A College Year.

A world of music, soft and grand,
A taste of heaven for pilgrims here,
A wandering sailor's glimpse of land,
A College Year.

A world of books and sober thought,
The glorious past brought very near.
Young scholars by dead thinkers taught,
A College Year.

A world of students wise and good,
Of girlish laughter sweet and clear.
A world of budding womanhood,
A College Year.

A world of friends with loving faces,
And hearts all quick to soothe or cheer,
Of struggles, victories, and "Graces,"
A College Year.

What can we say in parting, meet
To show the world we hold you dear ?
"God bless the place that made so sweet
A College Year."

For all the help and all the care,
For memories fond of each dear face,
We say, and say it as a prayer.
"God bless the place !"

—*London Graphic.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Fate of Madame La Tour; A Story of Great Salt Lake. By Mrs. A. G. Paddock. For sale at Flagler's. This book, although in the form of a novel, deals with real characters and actual events. The author traces the rise and growth of the Mormon system; depicts the infamous character of its high-priests, the crimes which it encourages, and the sufferings to which it leads. Herself a resident for ten years in Salt Lake City, she derives her information from her own experience. Her trustworthiness is vouched for by the leading federal officials of Utah.

Aunt Serena. For sale by H. S. Wiltsie. The author of this bright little novel is known to us all, through One Summer. Aunt Serena has its scene laid chiefly in a German *pension*, and gives graphic descriptions of that sort of life. The book is larger than Miss Howard's first work, but does

not show an equal power. Nevertheless, with its bright fancies and turns of thought, it makes a pleasant and attractive novel.

We have received from Pach a couple of fine photographs of General Garfield and of the Francklyn cottage.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Acta Columbiana, Amherst Student, Archangel, Argo, Argus, Ariel, Athenæum, Atlantic Monthly, Bates Student, Beacon, Berkelyan, Boston Times, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Carletonia, Chronicle, Colby Echo, College Mercury, College Olio, College Rambler, College Record, College Speculum, Collegiate, Columbia Spectator, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Cornell Review, Cornell Sun, Crimson, Critic, Dartmouth, Denison Collegian, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Educational Visitor, Exonian, Good Times, Hamilton Lit., Harvard Advocate, Harvard Echo, Harvard Lampoon, Haverfordian, Hesperian Student, High School Tribune, Horæ Scholasticæ, Illini Institute Index, Lafayette College Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Madisonensis, Nassau Lit., News Letter, Northwestern, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Philadelphia Evening News, Philosophian, Review, Polytechnic, Poughkeepsie Daily News, Princetonian, Res Academicae, Round Table, Student Life, Sunbeam, Syracusan, Targum, The Old World, Transcript, Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University Herald, University Magazine, Wabash, Willistonian, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, Yale Lit., Yale News, Yale Record.

The Vassar Miscellany.

Editors from '82.
Elizabeth M. Howe, Mary B. King, Mary R. Sanford.

Editors from '83.
C. Lena Bostwick, Martha Sharpe.

Business Editor: Arbie M. Nickerson.

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THE STORY OF CHARLES GREENLEAF.

The practical Maine people among whom my hero lived, at the time when I knew him, had gradually ceased to think him remarkable, or, perhaps, they had rather ceased to comment upon his remarkableness. At any rate, he slipped in and out of the homes of a hundred different families with the familiarity of a shadow, and only strangers remarked upon the oddity of the little old man's ways. Only strangers marked the restless movements of his slight figure, with its crown of scanty gray hair; his small, bright eyes, the more noticeable because the face about them was clean-shaven, and, most of all, from their manner of glancing up and drooping so suddenly that it was about as easy for Mr. Greenleaf's acute Yankee benefactors to decide upon their color, as to name the precise shade of a trout gleam-

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ing in their swift-running brooks. The benefactors, aforesaid, used sometimes to say: "Well, yes, old Greenleaf is queer; but then he don't eat much and he buys his own tea." Thus, dwelling among people who tolerated him chiefly for the negative virtue of abstinence, and looked upon him with a pitying interest at best, lived the old man of whom I write.

He had, apparently, no means of supporting himself, except the scanty sums that he gained in teaching, whenever he stopped long enough in one place to organize what he called a "grammar school", but which might more properly have been termed a charity school, in which the benevolence was all on the side of the pupils.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Greenleaf dates from that childish period when facts are too closely mingled with dreams to be accurately stated. I am no more able to remember when I first saw him, than I am to name the day of the month on which I saw the sun rise for the first time. Indeed, Mr. Greenleaf had a habit, like the sun, of periodical appearance and disappearance. I have known him to stay so long at my father's house that we children had quite forgotten any other state of things, when, suddenly, he would steal away with Arabic stillness, leaving us uncertain whether we had ever entertained this fleeting guest or not. He might be said to have a habit of foot-journeys; for he indulged in them with a persistent irregularity that defied alike mathematical calculation or whimsical guessing. But, except when occupied thus, or in teaching, he devoted all the energies of his mind and body to the compilation of an English Grammar. For this his days and a great part of his nights were spent in writing; on this account he allowed himself no exercise except that condensed into the long walks which took him from place to place; and, although the strongest emotion that he had, except devotion to his work, was pride in keeping himself independent of charity, yet he sacrificed even this far enough to beg money for aid in publishing his beloved grammar. He

was usually chary of his words; but, once engaged in conversation on his favorite topic, he would talk with a fervor which made his eyes, usually faded and evasive, glowing and direct.

He made, as I have said, but a shadowy part of the family life through which he moved. He asked only a quiet corner for his work, and a certain studied secrecy in his ways of life repelled all attempts at acquaintance. But all the more did his energies, forbidden to expand naturally, obtrude themselves in many queer angles which were prominent enough for knowing ones to hang conjectures on. Reticent as he was, a question on the subject of his age would sting him to a sort of impotent fury. I remember hearing how one good man, perhaps more curious than kindly, determined, as he said, "to see ef Charles Greenleaf could not be made to give some account of his fore-gone career," and began by asking him how old he was. Old Greenleaf at once rose, walked in a stately way to his room, and bringing thence a grammar, placed it before his tormentor with his finger on the following example: "It is not polite to ask a person his age."

Like most fanatics who believe themselves raised by their enthusiasm above the trivialities of life, he occasionally evinced tastes comically at variance with the zeal of one whose object it was to make a new departure in English speech. Thus, at a New England dinner table, he was one day helped liberally to some baked beans, of which he was especially fond. These he had only half eaten, when, marking the decline of the dish in the center of the table, he said with an air of great gentility: "A little more of the beans, if you please; I see they are going very fast."

But the carnal and natural man most strongly asserted itself in Mr. Greenleaf in the matter of tea. He had a truly Chinese appreciation of that cheerful beverage, and, like a Chinaman, thought that nobody knew how to make it but himself. The process was simple enough when Mr. Greenleaf had "fair field," but in my mother's kitchen was wont to pre-

side a genius who made the concoction of his favorite drink a burden and a trial to Mr. Greenleaf's soul. With him the "time and the hour" were everything; but, unhappily, he always chose the hour which was also everything to Aurilla. Mr. Greenleaf, with an eye to brevity in the boiling of his tea, always wanted to make it at precisely five minutes before the dinner hour; Aurilla, with an eye to the nice preparation of vegetables, at that time in a critical stage of development, objected to this procedure with determination as invariable as Mr. Greenleaf's own. But whoever was victorious in the struggle thus involved whenever Mr. Greenleaf wanted to make tea scientifically, the contest itself was interesting to observe. Mr. Greenleaf was always deprecatory, silent, but persistent; Aurilla was tremendously aggressive, and inclined to offensive warfare. But, be it said to the credit of cunning, Mr. Greenleaf usually won the day, no, the stove,—while Aurilla and the vegetables came off very much overheated.

Our friend's itinerant ways had bred in him a habit of carrying all his possessions in bags, and these he refused to have made of any other material than green cambric. He also laid great stress on the point of uniformity; their shape must be oblong, though rather wide, and they must have a capacious mouth at the top. He would, I think, have challenged any person to single combat, who should have suggested a different plan. But one thing about them was indefinite, and that was their number. Every new possession demanded a fresh bag. He had a very large one for his overcoat, a moderate sized one for his vests, and a diminutive one for his thimble; for he made all his bags for himself, suffering the interference of no feminine hand. At first used as a convenient means of transportation, these cambric shapes came at last to be almost as much a mania with him as his grammar. Perhaps it was from carrying his manuscripts so much in bags that he came at last to regard the connection between them and his work as something vital. Certainly their number

would have warranted extreme opinions. I think, moreover, that he never knew where they all were at any one time, but dropped them here and there as he traveled, happy if his journey's end brought him to a previous deposit of his beloved green bags.

As for his grammar, it never seemed much nearer completion than at first; although now and then he published, in an abbreviated form, a sort of precursor of what would follow when his anxious labor should be at an end. Did he purposely delay their end, recognizing dimly that even possible fame would not take the place of the work for which he had sacrificed every other passion of his life? At any rate, he still wrote and traveled; was still a familiar, if exceptional figure in his circuit of a hundred miles or so. Years only added emphasis to the oddities of his nature, and numbers to his bags. He grew daily more sensitive to offers of charity, and more restlessly industrious in his pointless work. His personal aversions, always marked, were now often ludicrously prominent. But, strangely enough, as he approached the end of his life, the studied reserve, which had always made his nature a mystery, seemed threatening to desert him. He said sometimes that there was "something which, at the proper time, he should like to communicate," but too urgent responsiveness only provoked him to answer that, "at present his attention was occupied with other matters." And, as if this instinct of confession were a harbinger of the time when Old Greenleaf must make his own great confession, his restless life was, indeed, now drawing near its close. The household with whom he happened then to be staying, found, one winter morning, that Mr. Greenleaf had died quietly in his bed. Fortune favored his whim of independence to the last. In one of the pockets of his coat was found money enough to pay his funeral expenses, and in three days the only lasting impression which Charles Greenleaf had left on humanity was an uneasy sense, among his former benefactors, that something

ought to be done with his old papers and his pathetic old coats and hats. But his bags gradually took their places in neglected garrets, and were soon as dim and cob-webby there as the memory of their owner in the minds of those to whom he had once been familiar. However, revelation hangs upon a slender thread. My cousin Emily, a girl of large imagination, and, in this case, small store of facts to found it on, was one day rummaging in the garret of the house where Mr. Greenleaf had breathed his last. Suddenly her curiosity was roused by the sight of some queer green shapes in a musty corner, and she emptied one of the bags which, in the owner's lifetime, no strange hand had dared to touch. Disappointment! Nothing there but some old manuscripts, disagreeably suggestive of rats. Emily was about to turn away, when her eyes fell upon a package which soon realized all her dreams of concealed horror in the life of the departed Greenleaf. Written on a musty parcel were the words, "A curse on the one who shall open this." What could it mean? Had the hand of the dead been roused to sudden action, provoked by her desecrating touch? Or had Old Greenleaf committed this awful sentence to paper, foreseeing the sometime intrusion of her curious eyes? Too scared to answer these questions for herself, cousin Emily rushed down through the chambers to the parlor. The package was torn open in the hope of finding some clue to the old man's family, who, it was conceived, might be glad to hear tidings of an eccentric relative for whom they could grieve with the happy consciousness of a discharged responsibility.

Snugly wrapped in yellow paper, which was traced with delicate woman's writing, was a child's picture. Only a commonplace, chubby child whose baby face contrasted oddly with its faded surroundings; but what was its connection with the spare celibate? Only a faded letter worn with much handling, but could it have been touched by the old man's passionless hand?

It is only by their relations that facts are verified, and here was a possible combination that stirred the blood. The letter was dated at a remote country town, and this clue was followed up in the faint hope that it might unravel the mystery of the old man's life.

Strangely enough it did. In an obscure village the inquirers found a white-haired, sad-eyed old lady, whose daughter, a sorry-faced widow of forty, held in her arms the counterpart of the picture in Mr. Greenleaf's green bag. A grand-child had come to comfort the sad-eyed woman, Charles Greenleaf's wife, whom he had deserted thirty years before.

The story of this woman was brief, but tragic in its anxious sorrow. She had begun her married life happily, as the wife of the principal of the village school. For several months she had been uninterruptedly happy in the cares and affections of home, husband and child. Her husband was successful in his profession of teacher, and almost, as the young wife thought, too thoroughly devoted to his work. But this, she argued, was a happy fault, and would bring them fame sometime; for he had even then begun his work on the grammar. When their child was three months old, Mr. Greenleaf's first prolonged absence occurred. This, he explained to his wife, was wholly on account of his book, for which it was necessary to collect material. He stayed away some weeks, and after this the wife was often made anxious by his mysterious absences from home, each succeeding one longer than the last, his communications with her growing each time more irregular and uncertain. Two years passed in this way, when the trouble, which she had dreaded, came upon her. From one of his journeys Mr. Greenleaf did not return. She wrote and rewrote in vain to the last address which he had given her,—to any and every place which she knew, or fancied he had visited. Her poverty forbade the elaborate use of detective means which wealth secures, and she never saw or heard from the husband of her youth again, until she received from

strangers the history of his strange life and lonely death. But any fact, however sad, came as a relief to her, and her daughter had been too young at the time of her father's desertion to feel any but sympathetic sorrow.

As for Charles Greenleaf himself, who can explain the motives of a mind which prompted him to his strange and wandering life? How was it that the fond husband became the treacherous deserter? By what subtile processes were the forces of his conscience turned toward the accomplishment of an object whose fancied importance took him away from what he had once most loved? It is most probable that he, least of all, could solve the riddle, and that he, least of all, sorrowed when death closed the struggle between his natural instincts and the fantastic promptings of a perverted ambition.

M. F. H. '84.

THE RISE AND FALL OF WILLIAM BLACK.

For Mr. Black's literary career has indeed been a rise and fall—the rise, gradual and seemingly sure, the fall, sudden and persistent.

In the year '41, William Black was born at Glasgow, where he received a liberal education in several private schools. Having determined upon an artist's life, he accordingly studied art in the Government School of Glasgow; but, while little more than a boy, he entered the journalistic field and became a writer for the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen.* When scarcely nineteen, he married a very beautiful woman, who lived but a year or two; and, after her death, he spent three years in travelling quite extensively on the Continent. But, in '64, he returned to London and "began to contribute much to the magazines"—so say his biographers. Neither the *London Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, the *North British*, the *Edinburgh*, or *Blackwood's*, for the year '64, yield any traces of William

Black's pen. If he wrote, it was under some *nom de plume;* he was an obscure contributor. In '65, however, he obtained a position on the staff of *The Morning Star*, and acted as special correspondent for that paper during the Austro-Prussian War of '66. Such is the commonplace career of this well-known novelist; such, the introduction to his literary life.

In '66, he began to write in earnest—to write novels; and, in the past fifteen years, he has given us as many books. His first novel, *Love or Marriage*, was not a success. It contained neither ingenious plot nor skillful character-drawing; it seemed to have no marked characteristics, good or bad, save the attempt to forward the writer's somewhat peculiar views on a subject where he was sure of meeting with very little sympathy. He touched too roughly on a delicate social question; and this, from a man with no reputation, and in a book with no decided merits, was hardly tolerated by his critics. He waited a long time, for him, before his second venture, and then he offered *In Silk Attire* to the public. When it came, his first failure was almost forgotten. An insignificant plot, some pleasing bits of description, a faint, yet hopeful attempt at character-drawing, and, perhaps, here and there a touch of clear, though by no means profound thinking—all make up a book, quite acceptable, if not in any way remarkable. But there are also decided faults; such as coarse wit, and a decided tendency to verbal repetition and diffuseness. Black succeeded in getting readers: that was all. I doubt whether they looked with much impatience for another product of his pen. At all events, they did not have long to wait; and the following year brought out *Kilmeny*, demanding an attention which it received. *Blackwood's*, though wholly ignorant of the author, noticed the book and set aside, in its critical column, a place for the annual occupancy of its author, William Black. *Kilmeny* has an introduction, perhaps the most ingenious of all its fellows; but, before we have read far, we encounter a decided falling-off. Moreover, the character of its hero is found to be wholly inconsistent and

improbable; and, for the first one hundred pages, we stand in a prejudiced attitude towards the story. As if appreciating this, Mr. Black seems determined that we shall rescind our impatient adverse criticism; and, in the last half of the book, we are surprised into admiration of powers which he now shows for the first time,—a more careful analysis and description of character, a nearer approach to real humor, and some few hints of careful thinking. The book is also pleasing, by reason of its vivid discriptions; the author's artist nature shows itself here very decidedly. But, again, the wit is coarse enough to be positively vulgar—a fault whose repulsiveness makes itself the more annoying by its contrast with some most delicate touches.

Scarcely was *Kilmeny* out of the press, before *The Monarch of Mincing Lane* appeared. But this was soon lost sight of in a general enthusiasm over the beginning of the author's "high tide." *A Daughter of Heth* challenged admiration on every hand. It is—pleasing—just that. Little or no plot is given us, neither is there philosophic thinking; but, from the first page to the last, we have a heart full of pity for poor Coquette. And it is not that the book shows a power of real pathos in its writer. We do not find that which we are wont to call the pathetic element, as we find it, for instance, in Bret Harte. We merely have our attention called to an unhappy fellow-creature whom we pity—pity as we would any poor street waif, or neglected orphan. The power is in us, not in Black; the charm of the book lies entirely outside of it. But the author indicated that which we enjoy, and thus makes us all the more ready to acknowledge the positive merits of his work. At last he was doing a little pronounced character painting, and we were justified in looking for a book which should combine all of the author's powers. Professor Bascom says, "A true character contains and commands a plot, while a plot that runs before its characters leaves them all manikins." And we demanded of Mr. Black—perhaps from the very in-

dications of power in character-drawing which had just come to us—a story, where plot and character should be philosophically interdependent. But we were obliged to wait; for, about this time, Mr. Black once more connected himself with journalism, becoming an editor of the *London Review* and then of the *Examiner*. It was two years, before we heard of him again, in the field of story-writing. Then, our hoped for masterpiece was delayed a few months by a whim of the author's,—a breaking away from novel-writing, to give us an ingenious guidebook to the North Country. This book, abounding in faithful descriptions of a beautiful part of England, has had many and interested readers; but it has hardly any value as an indication of the author's development. In '73, the same year in which *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton* was published, came the masterpiece; and it was almost entirely satisfactory. *A Princess of Thule* is a book which one does not read and forget. The main interest is not in the story; but, like the best novels of our literature, it possesses thought, living characters, and polish of execution. It is powerful; and, if in 1873, Black had died or, for some other reason, put aside his pen, he would have left an enviable reputation.

But he began to decline, and he declined with incredible rapidity. *Three Feathers*, *Madcap Violet*, *Macleod of Dare*, *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*, and *White Wings* appeared in rapid succession. The first was an effort from Chapter I. to Finis—weak, inconsistent, uninteresting. In *Madcap Violet*, the author strove for interest by depicting the tragic; and the severe criticisms which met this book, on every side, were truly merited. These criticisms did not have a reformatory effect, for the tragic became the ghastly in *Macleod of Dare*. There are here some few illustrations of the author's best method; but the mad hero and his miserable end dim the feeble light, and that which Mr. Black's admirers thought a return to mastery was blotted into further failure. *Green Pastures and Piccadilly* is a very poor sequel to *The Strange*

Adventures of a Phæton. Instead of keeping to the guide-book style, there is an attempt—purely such—to weave in the novel. The same is true of *White Wings.* Not long after came *Sunrise.* And once more Mr. Black's followers felt hope. This book was favorably received. But wherein lies its power! Had it appeared three years ago, it would have been robbed of all the temporal interest, which so unjustly augments its present worth. The Nihilist, in his late exploits, paved the way for *Sunrise*, and it has pleased. As Mr. Black once depended, for interest, on the horrible, he has now turned to the sensational. His characters are weakly drawn. Perhaps the best point in the book is a negative one, and, moreover, concerns that which ought to be the mere framing,—the scenes in which the story is laid; for he has at last consented to leave the Hebrides, and we are delighted to leave with him. Like so many other mediocre novelists, he harps upon his best strings, until we are sick of the tune. *Sunrise* has but quickened his downward course.

Of this author's faults, perhaps the greater number are negative. He lacks much,—profound thought, close observation, strong imagination and a wide range of subjects. He does not possess the keen humor and true pathos which are so sure to go hand in hand, and he has not even the choice diction which covers such a multitude of sins. In the last respect, he is not glaringly defective; but neither has he the charm which makes so many otherwise weak writers fascinate and captivate us. How could he finely polish his diction, when he has written at the rate of a book a year! This inordinate haste seems to be the cause of many effects to which I have alluded; and it may be fairly set down as one of Mr. Black's worst faults—it makes him decidedly the penny-a-liner of modern novelists. It may also account for his very marked defect,—repetition of scenery, characters, and even of tricks of expression. Of his wearisome dwelling on scenery, I have spoken. He carries his vice even further. In

different books, he refers two or three times to Mozart's Symphony in A sharp, as if he knew of no other piece of classical music; he so frequently cites Marcus Aurelius, that we are left to suppose that his knowledge of philosophers began and ended with this wise Emperor. Though the heroines of his books, for example, have totally different surroundings and thus different courses of action, they are all nearly related in point of main characteristics—they are neither strongly marked individuals nor representatives of diverse types.

His repetition, when it extends to words and phrases, makes us exclaim, "Is there nothing unhackneyed in Black's books?" But the merits of the man are worthy of mention. The little plot which his books contain is varied for every yearly production—we are not bored by knowing, before we have fairly begun it, just how the book will "turn out." And some respect is due to his versatile knowledge—or perhaps rather the versatility of his knowledge. One might imagine, while reading his works, that the author was professional linguist, traveller, scientist, artist, or even sailor. Though he may be superficially informed, he makes the best use of every scrap of information which has ever come in his way. His is talent, not genius. In fact, I should rank Mr. Black as below the average novelist of our day. In the whole bent of his mind, he is a pretender to better things. Perhaps the secret of his literary success lies in the fact that he is a conscience-quieter to readers who want "trash" and are ashamed to own it.

Down in Thine arms, dear Lord, I lie,
  My face turned to the wall:
That is the only way I can live,
  I think, and bear it all.

Bear to lie still where the wave of life
  Has tossed me up on the strand;
Never again, perhaps, to be
  A part of the tumult grand.

Bear to be helped where I fain would help,
  To take where I long to give;
Endure to know that my dear ones strive
  For the strength whereby I live.

NEBSECHT AND RAPHAEL ABEN-EZRA.

In reading "Uarda" after "Hypatia," one is struck with the resemblance in the two books; not only the general one, striking and picturesque as it is, of the Egyptian scenery, but, more particularly, the likeness between the characters. This is especially marked in the heroes, Nebsecht and Raphael Aben-Ezra. Although they were separated by about two thousand years, the similarity of their climatic surroundings would, according to Mr. Buckle, make it fair to regard the two characters as standing out from the same background.

They belong to the same type of man, intellectual, earnestly desirous of truth, and too clear-sighted to accept as truth anything which does not appeal to the reason. Their points of contrast seem to be due to the difference in the authors—one, an English clergyman; the other, a German scientist. If training has anything to do with a man's ideas, we ought to find as little sympathy in the opinions of Canon Kingsley and Herr Ebers on the same subjects as is possible in men of culture. The purpose of "Hypatia" is to show the power of Christianity to satisfy all natures, especially an intellectual temperament as opposed to one of emotion. Consequently, the Englishman recognizes that Raphael is his strongest and best character and treats him as he deserves, or, rather, with poetical justice. One would expect that this restless, critical character would be the very one to interest a German. Herr Ebers' evident purpose in "Uarda" is to give the general reader an interesting account of ancient Egyptian life. Keeping this purpose in sight, the apparently careless treatment of Nebsecht shows neither a want of interest nor a pessimistic view of the probable outcome of such a character as his.

The Queen's chaplain makes his hero an English aristocrat. He has everything that wealth and taste can give. His surroundings are luxurious, his education as extensive and his taste as fine as possible. Still he is restless and dissatisfied

with himself and his surroundings. His rejection of the old Jewish doctrines has left him no fixed belief in accordance with which to plan his life. Having nothing with which to occupy himself, he falls a victim to *ennui* until caught by the fascination of Hypatia's philosophy, or rather by the beauty of Hypatia herself. Finding, at last, that her philosophy is, with all its subtle reasoning, delusive and unsatisfactory, and discovering that his love for the teacher increases as his confidence in the teaching decreases, he tries to avenge his angry disappointment by spoiling her life for her as far he can. He thinks that, if he can see her in a false position, it will kill the love which he considers unworthy of the very philosophy she has taught him. His departure from Alexandria is a last and practical trial of that philosophy. Leaving his possessions in the hands of the mob, he starts, with only a dog as comrade, to find out what life is without wealth. After some wandering, he arrives in Italy, where he encounters Victoria, her father, and brother. Silent communings with self have not helped him to the solution of life's problem—at least, if one is to judge by his declaration of belief just before this meeting. The declaration is, "No man, angel, or demon, can this day cast it in my teeth that I am weak enough to believe or disbelieve any phenomenon or theory, in or concerning heaven or earth; or even that any such heaven, earth, or phenomenon, or theories exist, or otherwise." Intercourse with these kindly, simple people does him good, not only by offering an object for the exercise of all his faculties in relieving them from their troubles, and so withdrawing his thoughts from himself; but also by proving to him the existence of a working belief. They make no pretensions to unusual wisdom; yet they have an unfailing faith in a pure and gentle creed, and live up to that creed honestly. What makes him wish to believe is partly love for Victoria and partly their firm faith, whose fixity seems a refuge to him from his own uncertainty. He is more than half won over to that creed by

watching them, even before he has met, argued with, and been conquered by that most powerful of Christian logicians, Augustine. Mr. Kingsley has wisely omitted those convincing arguments by which the wiliest brain in Alexandria was convinced. It may have been because he felt his inability to invent such a line of proof; but let us credit him with thinking the subject too abstruse for the purposes of an artistic novel.

Herr Ebers' hero, Nebsecht, is a priest; but, in addition to his priestly duties, he devotes himself to independent study and research with an eagerness and patience known only to Germans. He, like Raphael, lives in an atmosphere of subtle thinking, although the range of subjects is limited. He is irked by the restrictions which his religion impose. He is disgusted with the selfishness of a creed which denies full knowledge of its mysteries to all, and keeps its deepest secrets for the ear of the initiated priest alone; disgusted with the bigotry of a creed which will not allow him, a physician, to examine the heart of a brute beast. For fear that one poor brute should be deprived of life hereafter by the loss of its heart, the priest refused him permission to make an examination which might have benefited countless human beings. For with what uncertainty must he administer remedies for an organ of whose structure he knows nothing! In spite of prohibitions, he procured the organs he wanted, and made his examinations. Like Raphael, he has a philosophic disregard for wealth and position. Like him, too, this disregard is due partly to love for a woman and partly to necessity. He falls in love with the daughter of people of low rank, and resolves to give up, for her sake, his priestly position with its wealth and distinction. Besides, he has been away from the temple for several days, and in that time his arrangements for the vivisection of animals must have been discovered—a discovery which will, he knows, cause his immediate expulsion from the college of priests. Unfortunately, the young woman proves to be in love with another person; so, unsatisfied in his religious

longings, balked in his attempt at scientific investigation, and unappreciated in love, he dies an unhappy but not unworthy death in rescuing Uarda from a burning building.

The greatness of Nebsecht's mind is shown by his efforts to free himself from the tyranny of minute details in religion, and to gain more freedom of thought and action. Raphael shows his strength in trying to free himself from the tyranny of irresponsible theorizing and in endeavoring to attach himself to some fixed belief. In the mind of each, religion was the source of doubt and disturbances; but each takes the other's starting point for his goal.

In the difference between the religious troubles of their two heroes one can clearly see the nature of the authors. One, a conservative Church of England clergyman, naturally makes his hero at last embrace Christianity; the other, bred in the midst of the sceptical and liberal spirit of the German universities, makes his hero break free from old traditions and demand liberty as the highest good. How different is the conduct of the two men in their loves! Nebsecht is willing to give up wealth and position for the sake of Uarda. Raphael here too, plays the egotistical aristocrat. He chooses exile and poverty rather than falling in love with a woman too nearly his intellectual equal. Her superiority he will not acknowledge, even after he is happily settled with submissive Victoria.

In short, in portraying a man of restless and powerful mind, the English author has drawn a gentlemanly egoist, the German, a devoted student.

I see the flickering motion of the trees,
  Gold-lighted dove-tints of the evening skies,
I know the damp, soft touches of the breeze,
  The twitter of the bird that homeward flies,

And thou art in them all; I know not how
  I make my world all thine, apart from thee!
Some day I may be lonely, only now
  My love seems near—in the same world with me.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

In Othello, we find a character, wholly suggestive of bigness,—bigness of mind, bigness of body, a heart and soul, indeed, so big that he can not even interpret meanness. The Moor is a man schooled in war and personal adventure, and represents what is grandest and best in a noble southern nature, with all its daring and chivalry. The modest narration of his hardships and brave deeds wins for him the heart of a true and gentle woman. Finding an object upon which to lavish his affections, he cherishes her as he would a flower, until convinced of her infidelity, when he turns and tramples her under foot. The passionateness of his former love is now surpassed by the sense of outraged honor and trust. He earnestly loves Desdemona, but he loves honor more. He is slow to receive impressions; but, when once convinced, he is correspondingly determined. A creature so open, trusting, and resolute gives ample play to the wily deceits of a villain. The guileless Moor does not even suspect the wicked vengeance of Iago until he falls into his merciless grasp. When Othello once realizes the duplicity of his friend and the enormity of his own crime, then comes the awful spectacle of a powerful man's grief and remorse.

Frankness and honesty can not well be counterfeited. Therefore, for an actor to correctly interpret Othello, he must for the time, be Othello, in all his manliness, probity and grandeur. Almost every element of great acting is requisite for a correct portrayal of this character; but, first of all, the

actor must secure complete mastery over the delineation of the human passions. Few, even of the great actors, are perfectly adapted to the rôles they assume; yet the advantages of personal appearance can hardly be overestimated in rendering such a part. The two actors, in question, are unusually gifted in this respect.

Booth is a man tall of stature, whose figure is moulded with surprising symmetry. The limbs are tapering and well set, while each step and gesture reveal fresh grace and beauty. His shoulders are broad, giving an air of stateliness to his otherwise too slender figure. His head is comely, and over its Grecian shapeliness falls his dark brown hair. The face is oblong and the profile well defined. The mouth is flexible, but the habitual expression somewhat scornful. His broad, intellectual forehead and keen, searching eyes plainly mark the careful analyzer of character.

Salvini presents a picture of even more attractiveness. What is simple grace and beauty in one, in the other becomes boldness and majesty. Strong and muscular in development, tall, well proportioned and massive, he stands before us a perfect model of a Roman athlete. His very step is indicative of power. His face is large, full, and singularly expressive. The features are not sharply outlined, but their exceeding mobility gives play to every variety of emotion. At a glance he suggests the typical Moor of Venice.

Mere contrast in the rendition of a part can not always be criticised as a fault either in the one actor or the other; for it may arise from the difference of two equally good schools of acting or from comparison of physical advantages alone. Just so, in this instance, each interpretation merits especial attention and the real question becomes, the comparative excellence of two good actors with different ideals of their art, different conceptions of the same rôle, and with rare but opposite qualifications.

Neither the physique nor the education of Booth favor him

in rendering the part of Othello, while both nature and experience conspire to aid Salvini. Salvini, like the Moor, is acquainted with war and adventure, and this accident, together with his free and unhampered life, may have given him greater sympathy with the character. His voice even is of that deep, rich coloring peculiar to the warm climate in which Othello lived. Such is its rare quality, that some critics have ascribed to it more than to his dramatic power the wonderful spell in which he holds an audience. The two representations are in every way dissimilar. Booth's voice is smaller in compass, and exceedingly penetrating, yet in no degree harsh or unpleasant, showing, however, that its pleasing quality is greatly due to cultivation. Indeed, his whole deportment seems the refined product of long study. Even as an actor, he is never rash or impulsive, but always thoughtful and self-possessed. From the cradle, he has lived in the atmosphere of the stage, and, therefore, with living actors for models, he is the unconscious blending of the excellence of many good artists, rather than the development of a new and original ideal of acting. In consequence, Booth excels in parts where the action is carefully and methodically framed, rather than in such a passionate rôle as that of Othello. He may well be called the "princeliest Hamlet," for this character is admirably fitted to bring out the highest capacity of his intellectual and dramatic ability.

Booth's excellence lies in his studious mastery of detail and in the exquisite finish of his acting, varied by occasional flashes of powerful, nervous effort. Thus, being eminently an intellectual actor, he falls short of Salvini, who carries us along by the impetus of his great emotional force. Mere conscientiousness in observing stage directions can not alone secure success to an actor. Mechanically, a part may be rendered with the utmost nicety, and yet the effect prove inadequate. Intellectuality exercises its more potent influence upon the stage, but its full power is never felt unless accompanied by a strong development of feeling. Picture a simply

polished Romeo suing the warm, impulsive Juliet; or an unimpassioned Othello, striding back and forth across the stage to manifest all the terror of his would-be anguish. Let him assume any posture, however tragical, or resort to any expression, however pathetic, we secretly feel the absurdity of his wild ravings. For it is not grief at all, it is simply acting. But the higher grade of actors seem possessed of all the varied emotions which they portray with such delicacy and fineness. It is safe to say that, for the time-being, they are part and parcel of the people whom they characterize; though certainly not all, and, we sincerely hope, few actors endure trials comparable to the tragedies they delineate to the public. In order to accomplish this perfect identity, it follows that a person must possess strong sympathy, keen perception, and great depth of feeling. To this latter class of actors belong the illustrious names of Edwin Booth and Tommaso Salvini. Booth can never climb to that pinnacle of fame which Salvini has already reached. This disparity of position arises from no mental, moral or physical incapacity of the former, so much as from the overpowering magnetism with which Salvini is gifted. This quality is important to the highest success of an actor, and is more identified with the feelings than with the intellect. So the chief difference in the respective merits of these two actors lies in the comparative intensity of the possession of this trait. Booth possesses it to a far greater extent than most good actors, but in the same degree that he is removed from the generality of excellent artists, so far is Salvini removed from him. When Booth falls short of a part in natural adaptability, he supplies the deficiency with artificial and studied effects. T is, however, is accomplished with such consummate art, that the impression upon the mind is pleasing and delusive. Yet its artificial quality is readily perceived when brought into contrast with the powerful effects wrought by the same part under the masterly skill of Salvini, whose intenser sympathy renders it more possible for him to attain the

author's ideal. Indeed, his wonderful power of divination often enables him to render a character more true to nature than the dramatist himself.

While Booth's exquisite grace, studied almost to naturalness, never escapes one, with Salvini we forget to examine the artistic fineness of each new pasture and yield entirely to the will of the actor. Therefore his is the power of naturalness. Booth's display of æsthetic sensibility in contrast to the majesty and reality of Salvini's acting must oftentimes seem effeminate. But it is only the contrast that makes it so. Though the lighter quality of Booth's genius must exclude him from claiming the highest meed of praise, it secures to him greater facility in assuming parts. Where Salvini loses in extension he gains in intensity. So while one excels in versatility, the other more nearly approaches perfection in histrionic art.

Within the past fortnight, doubtless many scores of rather astute novel-readers have turned the pages of the *Atlantic*, to look, again, with something of surprise and doubt, at a certain publisher's announcement at the back. Our fourteen months' pleasures of hope are ended—and not altogether to our satisfaction. The public is officially given to understand that *The Portrait of a Lady* has received its finishing touches, and still the public is incredulous. But on second thought, one may well believe that no feature of this most artistically conceived and executed work implies more deliberate forethought than its seemingly abrupt conclusion. Mr. James was not bound to falsify his title because we forgot it. He has kept his promise in elaborating his heroine's likeness with the utmost degree of delicate care which was consistent with freedom of touch. He has left her story before our minds in a phase of development just short of its climax; and towards that climax of high tragic action, our imaginations hasten to carry it. His literary

conscience has not always withheld him from bringing a *deus ex machina* to bear on otherwise hopeless situations. The denouement of *Confidence*, for instance, is undeniably more theatrical than dramatic. But, in this instance, we cannot reject his conclusions. Madame de Cintré was not more hopelessly entombed in the Carmelite convent,—Roderick Hudson's last wild plunge into ruin, was not more irrevocable, than is Isabel Osmond's self-decreed immolation on the altar of her self-chosen fate.

Several years ago Mr. James gave us his first conception of this latest work in a graceful, deeply pathetic novelette. *Madame des Mauves* is merely a study; its heroine an Isabel Archer, more unformed, less aspiring, more at the mercy of circumstances. Her unworthy husband fills the rôle of a Gilbert Osmond, holding to conventions of greater antiquity and more obvious corruption; with sensuality instead of super-refined sensibility; with French volatility in lieu of that grim persistence which is Osmond's inevitable American birthright, and which links itself oddly enough with his acquired indolence and studied listlessness. The rather too impressible and detached young American, whose affections split on the rock of Madame des Mauves' invincible conscience, is in the *Portrait of a Lady* developed into three strongly-marked individuals,—Ralph Touchett, Lord Warburton and Caspar Goodwood. But it is interesting to note James' consistency to his ideal. The field of the later work is enlarged, the variety of its minor characters made greater, seemingly with the chief purpose of giving the heroine abundant scope to reveal herself. An American woman of the most exquisite type—not less typical because exceptional—at once refined and rich of nature, of audacious yet delicate impulses, generous, spontaneous, and with all the treasures of a new continent imaged in her boundless ideality, Isabel Archer, like Bessie Alden, is a new refutation to those cavillers, who saw in poor little Daisy Miller only an affront to the Star Spangled Banner.

The perfectness of this one figure would alone have raised the novel to the plane of James' best works. In other respects, however, it may safely challenge comparison with them. Judged by the standard of *Roderick Hudson* and *The American*, we find it, perhaps, less original in its theme, but no less thrilling in dramatic suspense; not commanding that popular sympathy which follows the suicide of genius, or the irrepressible conflict between race traditions, but unsurpassed by either in the effectiveness of its detail and the breadth of its humanity. The fine appreciation with which Mr. James took the measure of our most original American novelist, is here borne out by the subtlety of his own psychological studies. Not Hawthorne himself could have succeeded better in fusing his backgrounds with his *dramatis personæ*. The mild calm of the English manor; the brilliant Florentine sunshine; the stately chill of the Palazzo Roccanera,—each in its turn throws the atmosphere of very reality about the grouped figures of the plot. And since the days of the *Scarlet Letter* we have had no such Mephistophelean creation as Gilbert Osmond,—the nineteenth century embodiment of the spirit of negation, a man without country as without heart and soul, all-potent for evil in his contemptible weakness. However, carried beyond a certain limit, comparisons are always odious. Hawthorne was no less recluse than poet; Henry James is as much a man of the world as an artist. So, although there is still a thought of Hawthorne in the central yet occult value given to the guilty secret between Osmond and Madame Merle, the same Madame Merle is a personage to whom only James himself could do justice. As much may be said of Ralph Touchett and his father, and of the English characters. These last are not new; we cannot fail to see that Lord Warburton is only Lord Lambeth, grown up and come into his estate; but they are agreeable enough to bring their own welcome back with them. Finally, if we criticise the *Portrait of a Lady* as one of the "International Series," which Mr. James has had

the honor of founding, though we may be somewhat shaken in the worship of our national emblem, we must still own that the author does ample justice to the variety, the versatility, and the complexity of the American character.

The faults of a work are often in direct ratio to its power; in this case they are strongly felt, though not so easily expressed. He who sets the fashions follows them, perforce; Mr. James is subject after his degree to the prevalent contagions of our modern thought. Hence we have to regret his participation in that "æsthetic craze," which men like his heroine's husband have helped to bring about. It is significant that his vocabulary is so largely recruited from the nomenclature of the arts of design. Not only in the apartments of Osmond and Madame Merle, is the light judiciously tempered to accord with the sheen of faded silk and tarnished bronze. As Isabel dreads her own "possible grossness of perception" in inspecting the *bibelots* of her future husband, the reader is likewise constrained to doubt the value of his own impressions; he repels his half-formed desire for swifter action and more highly-wrought situations, in the fear of revealing himself as "crude" or "provincial." This is what the *Nation* has called a "studied lowness of tone." It is to be deplored because it is mannerism, not manner. In brief time it must overlay the author's creations with the mold of antiquity, which has long since fallen on *Tom Jones*, *Frankenstein*, and a host of brilliant compeers. Again, Mr. James has lived too long among the monuments of classic art. Under their influence he makes a mistake highly inconsistent with his love of genre-painting, and strives to compass the ends of the modern novel by the ways and means of the Greek drama. We recognize the office of the chorus in his long supplementary disquisitions on the mental processes of his personages, as in their judgments of each other. Our imaginations would have been more stimulated, had less explicit and frequent reference been made to Isabel's; our intelligence resents the implied necessity of revealing Os-

mond to us through Isabel's and Ralph's self-communings. Even the most powerfully-sketched motive of the catastrophe, —Isabel's gradual, unconscious approach to discovery of the ignoble scheme which has wrought her ruin—is often imperilled by the author's too expressive danger-signals. We could wish, too, that the Countess Gemini's erratic free agency might have been shared in a somewhat higher degree by others among the minor characters. Pansy and Mrs. Touchett, Caspar Goodwood and Henrietta Stackpole, are sometimes consistent with themselves to the point of a truly classical monotony. May we not, on the whole, conclude the author himself to have suffered, like his readers, from the slow rate of progress and lack of perspective, incident to a serial story? If not, how can we explain the fact that he forgets the baptismal name of the exquisitely appointed Madame Merle within the space of twenty chapters?

But, when we have entered a protest against all its faults, and admitted all its deficiencies, we must still confess that for our nation and our generation, the *Portrait of a Lady* takes rank among great novels. The author has not caught from the ancient Romans the secret of always successfully draping the *toga virilis*; but from their modern descendants, he has learned in perfection the art of gem-carving.

"The Front Door of the Adirondacks!" And as you pause on the threshold there comes the echo of tally-ho horns, the rumble of stages and the crash of boughs in the still forests; a vision of secret society-pinned young men in flannel shirts, of collarless belles in every variety of masculine hat, of deep forests where the dusty sunbeams, struggling through the dense foliage, cast flickering shadows on the rough trunks, and, diving down, ferret out the little trout-streams which creep cautiously along under the low brush-wood. A fresh breeze,

an odor of pine, and the soft, complaining sound of the leaves act on one's senses like some necromantic potion. It is enough to draw a long breath; to live, to exist is perfect happiness. We have a dream-like idea of what lies beyond; the slow jogging up and down hill through the upper end of the Elysian Fields of Keene Valley, on through the bleak barren country around Elba, past the grave of John Brown, its head-stone covered with a dry goods box which will be removed for you for twenty-five cents, on to Lake Placid, Paul Smith's and the Saranac Lakes, and then into the wilderness itself. We have been over it, on the map, a dozen times, we want to go, we expect to go ultimately but time slips away and we are still in Elizabethtown. The mountains have become old friends; we would no more omit our "good morning" to them than to our friends. The hills become our friend; we look every morning to see if "Hurricane" is visible as naturally as we look around the dining-room for our particular friend. Cobble, which looks like a big potato with a little one sprouting out on top, and Raven, singed with recent fires, become familiar objects in the landscape. The more distant peaks have their own fascination in the infinite variety of their forms and color; one day they are deep blue, then a pale misty blue, their crests scarcely distinguishable from the sky, again a warm, dusky tan color, then cold, gray, repellent, then a deep purple and so through the whole color-scale. When the first effects of their fascination wears off and we can be happy without spending the whole day gazing at the Delectable Mountains, the two-fold character of Elizabethtown strikes us. The more modern part is situated on a sandy plateau, well-intentioned, though not umbrageous; maples have been planted along the streets; here hotels and cottages have sprung up with fungus-like rapidity; here are the churches, the school-house, the Court House, and the cemetery, the favorite place for a Sunday afternoon walk. Here on the plateau we see the fashionable world in undress uniform; invalids whose general air suggests

lacto-pepsin and lungs, or lack of lungs, invalids who trudge off to the woods and if there be a solitary pine tree spend the day under it, perfectly confident that it is the proper place to pitch their tent. The faith they pin to those pines, their absolute trust on balsam, resin and turpentine is absolutely touching. Towards evening they return with branches of pine with which they decorate their rooms. "Camp Lou" is their gospel, and their faith in "Nature's alchemy" can not be shaken. They always come to the Adirondacks as a last resort, and the contrast between the two classes of visitors is pathetic; those who are not invalids are strong, young and happy; they have come to rough it and enjoy themselves to the utmost. The two streams go their own way, each self-absorbed and quite distinct from the other.

The old town lies at the lower side of the plateau; the main street is crowded between the Boquette River, which runs along the foot of the plateau, and a little creek which flows along the base of the mountains. Old elms overarch the street, and the side-walk winds around to accommodate the trees. The lots are shallow and broad. Some of the dwellings are of the typical New England style; others are long, straggling structures, which have added a wing or a bay-window from time to time. The houses are near the street and the lot is usually all lawn, with clumps of ancient willows: at one side there is always a flower-garden, the plan of which rarely varies; in the centre is a vase, around it the flower-beds are arranged in circles; four narrow paths form radii from the vase to the outer circle, and there cease, giving the impression that this floral target was dropped from the heavens above into the midst of the lawn, and was never approached by mortals. The lawns melt into the light, feathery mass of osiers which border the streams, over which bend more old elms and gnarled willows. An air of ancient, deep-rooted gentility pervades the place; you feel sure that they judge people by their grandfathers. The semi-circular windows over the

front doors seem to be on the *qui vive* as to the social standing of those who enter. You associate these places with stately calls and elaborate festivities on week-days, and cold dinners and the Westminster catechism on Sundays.

There are no manufactories nor any particular business in the place, so there is no part of the town devoted to goats, broken crockery, and children. Where the road from the plateau comes into the main street, is the largest public building in the place; this belongs to "Charley Williams," the store-keeper, post-master, and village gossip. He keeps store for pleasure, apparently, and plays whist for business. Here the youth of the village congregate at twilight and pass happy evenings with tobacco and pleasant dishes of scandal. Men all think "Charley Williams" extremely witty, though, judging from all the examples I ever heard, I should say that his wit consists chiefly in his profanity and rudeness. Elizabethtown is the county seat, so most of the masculine element of society are devoted to law; and here, again, we have still another stream of life, totally different from either kind of the summer visitors, and the three pursue the even tenor of their way undisturbed.

About a quarter of a mile down the road, leading out of Elizabethtown to Westport, the road crosses the river. Just under the bridge the stream widens into a pool, where a flock of ducks are usually standing on their heads, their yellow feet beating the water, and a few tail feathers alone appearing on the surface of the pond, like some strange and animated kind of water-lily. With their bills fastened to the stones below, they gyrate in dizzy circles, until duck-weed palls on their taste, and then they complacently shake their tails, fold their wings, give a backward flirt of their yellow feet, and float down the stream. Long festoons of wild grape-vines, swaying from the overarching elms, dip into the amber water. At one side is a blacksmith's shop covered with highly colored posters, announcing the advent of the circus. Beyond, some women are

washing, and their shrill voices and the monotonous swish of their work, float up, breaking the strain, which grows oppressive in perfect stillness. And you stay on, lulled into dream-land, till the fat, swaying, Concord stage rumbles round the curve and over the bridge, reminding you that it is twelve o'clock, and that it behooves you to hurry home for dinner.

In spite of modern sources of information, most Americans seem to have the vaguest idea about the political or the social condition of the Island Empire. Anyone who knows anything about Japanese art will tell you in a moment the exact difference between the Kiyoto and the Satzuma wares; but, if you ask him to explain to you the relative positions of the Mikado and the Taikun, his answer will be vague and inaccurate enough. Some optimists who have rather peculiar views in regard to all Eastern affairs believe that Japan has made such wonderful progress within the last twenty years that it is fast becoming a republic. In fact, they confidently expect to see a democratic form of government in an Oriental soil within the present generation. Nothing could be more erroneous: Japan cannot become a republic for a century to come. Perhaps, in order to understand her present peculiar condition, it is needful to glance at the history of that recent revolution which wrought such a vast change in her society, religion, and politics.

Until the Imperial Restoration in 1868 and the subsequent disorganization of affairs the country was ruled by *daimios* or feudal lords. But the peculiar feature of this feudalism arose out of the dual form of government. The Mikado was the nominal head, while the Taikun exercised power to such an extent that he was supposed by the English to have been the actual sovereign of the Empire, and in 1853 a treaty was consequently negotiated with him by her Majesty's government. This dualism was the natural outgrowth of the

warlike spirit of the daimios, on one side, and the weak, indolent character of the imperial princes, on the other. In the early ages of the Empire, the Mikado, confined in his secluded palace and steeped in luxurious and effeminate pleasures, became every year more helpless, while the bold daimios were growing more powerful. Finally, in 1192, one daimio, stronger than his peers, fearlessly usurped the supreme power and constituted himself the head of secular affairs; but, at the same time, from fear of the people who would have been horrified at the idea of deposing an emperor, he proclaimed the Mikado the head of spiritual affairs. Thus duarchy was firmly established, side by side with feudalism. Under the Taikun were over sixty daimios, who ruled over as many provinces with unlimited power. Next to them stood the *samurai* or the military class, who also supported their retainers. What could royalty do, shut up in his palace closely as in a prison, against such a firmly established power? The farmers and merchants, who made a comparatively small proportion of the population, were under complete subjection to the daimios, and, even had they wished to restore the lawful sovereign to his power, they were too ignorant and too weak to contend against the feudal lords. Under these conditions, peace could never reign over the entire island. It was but natural that each noble should wish to obtain superior power, especially as it could be acquired by mere exercise of arms. The country was kept in a state of perpetual strife by the petty jealousies and unlimited avarice of the daimios. Not seldom it happened that one of them declared war against the Taikun and other daimios: if he conquered his former master, he assumed the power, and he and his heirs became the rulers of the country. This order of things held sway for many centuries and numbered firm adherents until about 1850, when the people began to feel that the institutions which could exist very well in mediæval darkness did not bear the light of modern civilization. The daimios themselves perceived that the national

development was stunted in the growth of clan spirit. All classes were wearied with perpetual strife and oppression, and they earnestly wished for a change. Added to this feeling was the foreign influence which was beginning to make itself felt all over the country. The result was the bold stroke of some four or five daimios, who declared the Taikun to be a usurper and expressed their intention of restoring the lawful sovereign. The country was then divided in civil strife. Some nobles still adhered to their feudal lords, while others were independent enough to desert their former masters. After many defeats and victories, the party of the Taikun was vanquished and the next work to be done was to obliterate all traces of feudalism. This the daimios undertook to do first by renouncing their claim on the provinces over which they had hitherto exercised unbounded authority, and then by establishing the general government on a firm basis. They also dismissed their sammai and became private nobleman. Some of the most able statesmen now in the government are those very ones who in 1868 declared that feudalism should no longer exist in Japan, and that their native land should take her place among the enlightened nations of the world.

At present, the government of Japan is nothing more than an oligarchy; for the Mikado has but little authority, and the chief power is vested in the cabinet ministers. Although there is no national assembly, there are *kens* and *chos* which regulate local affairs. The Mikado has pledged himself to call a national assembly in 1890; but whether such a step will succeed in the present unsettled state of the country, remains to be seen. The political condition of Japan is not unlike that of Russia. The vast number of sammai, who were formerly attached to daimios, suddenly found themselves, after the Restoration of 1868, without occupation. It is true that many entered the regular army, and that others are in the government employ; but still there are not a few who have nothing to do but to sow the seeds of discontent among the

oyal citizens. They are not satisfied with the new regime nor ıre they willing to return to the old state of affairs. Socialistic ɔamphlets are freely circulated among the people, who are ɔnly too readily imbued with the spirit of lawlessness and are ıs much devoted to their revolutionary scheme as the Russians ;o their Nihilism. What will be the end of these agitations ıo one ventures to predict. In fact, the people of Japan could ɔe divided into three most diverse parties: first, those who ıre conservative, who believe in the ancient regime and who ;trenuously oppose the introduction of any new principle or :oreign civilization; the second class are those who advocate :eform but believe in slow and sure progress; the third class ıre thoroughly discontented with the past and present and lesire a change at any cost. Which of these is strong enough to overcome the other two, can not yet be decided.

Editors' Table.

The charge of extravagance which is so frequently brought against Vassar College is one which has its foundation largely in the imaginations of those who make it. We do not deny that there are here some extravagant girls—it would be phenomenal if, among three hundred, there were not—but we do emphatically deny that it is necessary for a Vassarite's good and happiness that she should spend a great deal of money. The art studies are the only extras; it is possible to keep one's bones moderately well covered without contracting stewards bills; and wardrobe requirements are simple in the extreme. Those uninitiated who fondly imagine that we daily disport ourselves in silks and satins might have some of their little theories concerning us rudely dissipated, should they come here in working time and see the number of plain short blue flannels and green flannels which figure on all occasions short of Phil. or Founders. Except upon two or three gala-days of this kind, it is no exaggeration to say that, but for the unfortunate predilection of elbows for fresh air, a girl could wear her blue flannel from "morn till dewy eve" on every day from November till April, and not once feel that she was conspicious from being underdressed. That elegant dresses are not a necessity, and that a girl does not feel out of place because she does not have them even on our most festive occasions, are facts to which more than one student of Vassar can testify. People who come here on state

occasions, and form their estimate of the drain upon our fathers' pocketbooks by the satin and velvet which some girl is trailing along the corridor, would do well to modify their opinions by a consideration of the cost of the simple dress behind her. A girl, if she chooses, can, without being or seeming mean, meet all the expenses of her college course—possibly excepting those of her senior year—with six hundred dollars per annum—"all her expenses" including college bills, books, and wardrobe replenishings. It does not strike us that, in view of this fact, Vassar ought to be considered such a hot-bed of extravagance.

In one particular, there is certainly room for improvement; but even in that we are "not so black as we're painted." We refer to the class entertainments. Of course, it is very delightful, on such occasions, to have everything done up in the most elegant and sumptuous manner; but we are quite certain that we could manage to be moderately happy with a little less style and a great deal less expense. We are glad that the faculty are cutting down the costs of such entertainments, and we think that the students generally are reasonable enough to see the wisdom of such a course. Since the college officials are exhibiting such a tender consideration for our pocketbooks in the matter of our own personal and class festivities, we should like to suggest to them a means of lessening the pecuniary tax upon us for Philalethean day, which is not our own personal or class festivity. On that day the college is brought before the public in a way which, we think, is not at all prejudicial to its interests, and between one and two hundred college guests are entertained. The members of the society make all the arrangements, take all the responsibility, foot all the bills, present the college with all the invitations for its guests, and pay extra for all their own. It seems no more than just that now, when economy is being so forcibly and so wisely preached to us in reference to our own expenditures, the college authorities should take practical measures to

lessen our expenses for Philalethean day. We cannot give our guests much less than we do in the way of entertainment; but we could, with the greatest ease, accept from the college the means of partially defraying the costs of such entertainment.

Only a few days more to the Christmas Holidays! The thought is energy to the weary, balm to the home-sick, bliss to the lover of society. The nineteen short days of rest and enjoyment stretch out into an endless vista of delight, and in anticipating coming pleasures we forget their inevitable end. It is, however, the end which demands our especial attention. The Christmas Vacation, delightful in itself, is first of all a preparation. The months which intervene between the Winter Holidays and the Spring Vacation, contain the hardest and most unbroken work of the College year,—work whose accomplishment demands the best possible physical and mental health. This indisputable fact is too often lost sight of, and the life during vacation brings exhaustion rather than recreation. Social pleasure and excitement, indulged in to excess, renders impossible all steady and successful work; enjoyed in moderation, it is an excellent preparation for the routine of College life and study.

If we were called upon to give advice to a young woman just about to enter Vassar, we should advise her, for the sake of her own comfort, to supply herself with a moderate amount of self-possession,—commonly called "cheek"—and with some slight bodily ailment, which will be available in case of need, and never in the way when not wanted. The amount of committee work that young woman will be saved, is worth the endurance of some physical suffering. And the claim she has

upon extra meal-orders, outside rooms, and general indulgence, is enough to make her healthier sisters grow weak from envy. It is but fair to state that most girls learn the value of this possession, and cultivate it assiduously. There are but few who have not some physical weakness to fall back upon in time of need, though they seem in robust health during the rest of the year. The wave of invalidism which sweeps over the college every year at the time for assigning the rooms, has been often noted as a curious physiological fact; a similar phenomenon was wont to occur at the time of the organization of the gymnastic classes. This year, strange to say, it has not appeared. We will not say that there were not some indications of it, but its course was arrested. The majority of us found ourselves very well, and those who did not came cheerfully, and of their accord, to the conclusion that a course of gymnastics was the one thing necessary to restore them to perfect health. We are very glad to see this interest in physical culture springing up in the college. The gymnastic classes this year are unusually large, and the girls take an interest in the work which promises well. Indeed, many students who returned to college with the intention of not taking gymnastics this year, have since changed their minds, sent for their gym. suits, and entered into the exercise with great spirit and energy. As we remarked before, we are glad to see this spirit among the students. This promises to be an unusually healthy year in college, and if the students will but keep on in the way they have begun, courageously conquer their various ailments and demand a vigorous course of gymnastics, we are sure it will be provided.

The law of equivalents seems to hold good no longer. A semester of French does not equal a semester of Latin; having Trig. does not make up for not having Livy; if you are a Se-

nior in one thing and a Prep. in another, you can't split the difference and become a Freshman. Then, too, under the old regime, out-door exercise in place of gyms. was allowed, and apparently regarded with favor. Gyms. we endured as a necessary evil on days when it was too cold or too stormy to exercise in the open air. That a time might come when Tennis, or coasting, or skating would not be considered as equivalents for gymnastics, never dawned on our intellects. But lo, it is even so. No matter how fine the weather or how much you long to use your gym. period out of doors, at a certain time every afternoon you must get ready for gymnastics, go over and, first extending your right arm, claw the circumambient air with your right hand, then, recovering that arm, convulsively attempt to grasp the unattainable with the left; these five finger exercises, varied with a wriggling your head around like a Chinese mandarin, are the most interesting of the performances. Wildly exciting as they are, we long for milder exercise in the fresh air, and there seems no reason for our being penned up in the Gymnasium when we might as well enjoy ourselves out-doors.

We would call attention to the advertisement of the Grand Union Hotel, which appears in this issue. Great improvements have recently been made in this hotel, and its nearness to the Grand Central Depot, make it a convenient stopping-place for students passing through the city, or going down for a day's shopping.

HOME MATTERS.

Everybody knew, from the way the Seniors lurked around Society Hall, that something grand was going to happen. But they kept their plans so quiet that when '83 and '84

actually received invitations to a "Theatre Party" the startling news quite took their breath away. But what a Theatre Party was, no one seemed to know. Finally such words as "English Style"—"light evening dresses" "powdered hair"—"gloves"—"half to dress as gentlemen"—and "tickets" began to fly around and then settle in their minds, until, by the time it was announced that Theatre tickets were to be had in Room H., every girl thought she had quite a definite idea of what she was to expect in the evening.

At about half past seven the doors were opened, and the guests, while being conducted to their seats by most gentlemanly ushers, noticed with delight the æsthetic boxes where the titled guests had the honor to sit.

Every one soon joined in conversation and earnestly discussed the state of the weather, Lord B's party next day, and so on.

Suddenly the room became quiet as Miss Brittan stood before the audience, and for a few moments they were recalled to Vassar; for surely no English theatre can ever boast such a prologue or such a speaker as was theirs that evening. But when the play began, all left themselves and their surroundings behind them.

Miss Glenn, as Peg Woffington, was such a captivating actress that it did not seem strange that Ernest was fascinated by her,—until Mrs. Vane arrived. Mabel's unaffected loveliness made it seem impossible for Ernest to ever admire any one else.

Pomander was certainly a most finished villain, and every one was as delighted as Peg Woffington when she succeeded in coming out ahead of him.

Mr. Triplet was truly possessed of universal genius.

The whole play was so entertaining and fascinating that the guests lost themselves entirely, and, at the end of the evening, drew a long breath and came slowly and regretfully back to America—Vassar—and the last bell.

Under the new régime of literary entertainments, the chapter meeting first in order had the best chance of distinguishing itself in point of originality; but Alpha's pleasant meeting, following close upon that of Beta, proved conclusively that, although second in point of time, Alpha was not so in point of successful literary effort.

Miss Harker's critique opened the meeting, and it departed cleverly from the ordinary style of criticism. Miss Brittan's music, always delightful, was especially so at Alpha's meeting, and was followed by a dish of "College Gossip," agreeably served by Miss Semple, though presumably concocted by that indefinite body of people known as "the committee." The song by Miss Curtiss made us sorry that it could not fill a larger part of the evening; but the pretty tableaux which followed, including A Nun at Her Devotions, Ophelia, etc., put an end to our disappointment.

A recitation is unusual enough in our chapter meetings to make it, in any case, a pleasant variety, but Miss Bostwick's rendering of "The Rhyme of the Duchess May" made any dependence on the rarity of such an effort unnecessary. "The Food of the Faculties'," seen on the programme, gave a very indefinite idea of what an "Olympian Dialogue" would be; but it proved a most original conversation between the powers of Olympus and the mortals of earth, complaining of their "fare." Miss Cecil's essay gave us a delightful sketch of Southern life, and proved the wisdom and feasibility of making our chapter meetings more strictly literary. "The Tale of the Silver Churn" concluded a programme which seemed to give much pleasure.

On Wednesday afternoon the two usual accompaniments of Thanksgiving day began to arrive, namely—boxes and snow. We had expected our box but had only dared hope for snow;

ıequently we were delighted when the eventful Thursday
ned cold and clear, with the ground all white.
t nine o'clock we met in the chapel, where Dr. Caldwell
› us a brief resumé of the blessings for which we should be
ıkful, the brevity of the address itself being, to our minds,
ıo means one of the least. From chapel until dinner our
ı was at our own disposal; but, in spite of the afore-men-
ed boxes, three o'clock found us all ready to partake of
good things prepared. On entering the dining-room, each
found at her plate a card bearing her name, and a taste-
r printed menu.
t seven o'clock we all filed over to Society Hall, where we
been informed our presence would be desirable. Contrary
ıe usual custom, the entertainment was arranged by the
r Principal instead of by the Seniors, and consisted largely
ıadings by Miss Brace. To give our candid opinion, we
ld say the applause seemed rather overdone.
iss Bliss played delightfully, and kindly responded to the
ty encore given.
iss Hancock sang in her usual pleasing manner.
ter the programme had been completed, Miss Goodsell re-
ted that all those who could sing would gather about the
› and give some of the songs from the college song-book.
ere were three books" went pretty well,—its vivacity
charming, but as for the rest, the less said the better. We
by no means sorry when the last doleful ditty was fin-
, and the motion to return to the college was in order.
ɔn we had all congregated in the parlors, where games
the order of the day. All joined in them, except the in-
igable dancers, who found Room J. set apart for their
ɔancy. Our grave instructors threw aside their dignity,
aculty and students, president and preps. became but as
and brothers. But we must own to being somewhat as-
ıed when the staid-looking relative of one of our profes-
ell to playing Jacob and Rachel, with the gusto of fifteen.

About nine o'clock the information was rapidly circulated that we were to adjourn to the dining-room for refreshments. Here an agreeable surprise awaited us. Was it, or wasn't it Phil? Certainly the tables, so prettily arranged, looked very much like it. To such length did we prolong our collation, that the customary Virginia Reel had to be omitted. We retired to our rooms feeling that we owed the heartiest thanks to those who had done so much for us, and that we had had a most enjoyable Thanksgiving.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Philalethean Day, Dec. 2nd.

Chapter Alpha had her hall meeting, Nov. 12.

The gymnastic classes have been organized. Two divisions meet in the evening, after eight o'clock.

Prof. Backus read a paper on the "Philosophy of Collegiate Education" before the Philalethean Society, Nov. 18th.

The Freshmen have chosen for their motto, "Dabunt aspera rosas." Their class color is silver-gray.

'82 entertained '83 and '84 at a "theatre party", Nov. 11th.

The Senior chemistry class has finished laboratory work. The class is now having lectures on Organic Chemistry.

The Juniors who have been studying Mineralogy have finished it, and taken up Geology in its place.

Room G. was fitted up as an Art Room, on Philalethean night. The corridor teacher's room on the second south was arranged as a coffee room.

The alumnæ in college and in Poughkeepsie, have organized a history class. They are to study modern history, the subjects to be taken up topically. Dr. Caldwell will supervise the work.

A valuable collection of Polar birds has been sent to the Museum.

The Society of Religious Inquiry held its monthly meeting, Nov. 20th. The society was addressed by Mrs. Pruyn, of Albany.

The usual address on Philalethean night was omitted, as the speaker whom the committed had engaged disappointed them at the last moment.

The entertainment for Thanksgiving Day was arranged by Miss Goodsell, instead of by a committee from the Senior class.

The Natural History Society no longer exists.

On the evening of the "Theatre party" '83 presented '82 with a handsome placque, which was placed in the Senior parlor.

The class of '81 sent a handsome bouquet of flowers to Dr. Caldwell on his birthday.

Prof. Dwight preached in the college chapel, Dec. 4th.

One of the rooms on the first floor formerly used as a recitation room, has been fitted up as a kitchen, for the use of those who wish to exercise their skill in candy-making, etc.

Wanted, the programme of Founder's Day for '76. Please send it to the MISCELLANY.

Among the books added to the library since Sept. are the following:

Taine's Revolution, Vol. II.
Dixwell's Premises of Free Trade examined.
Holden's Sir William Herschel,
Lodge's English Colonies in America.
Lange's History of Materialism, Vol. III.

Cook's Commentary.
O. W. Holmes' Poems.
Morley's English Men of Letters.
Lawson's Life of Laura Bridgman.
Carpenter's Mental Physiology.
Wuttke's Christian Ethics.
Johnson's Lives of the Poets, edited by Matthew Arnold.
Carll's Calculus of Variations.
Gardiner's English History for Students.
Merriam's Phaecians of Homer.
Veitch's Greek Verbs.
Roscoe and Schorlemmer's Treatise on Chemistry, 2 Vols.
Mayor's Juvenal, 2 Vols.

PERSONALS.

'76.

Miss N. A. Large, is staying in Oakland, California, for her health.

Miss M. A. Johnson is first assistant in the High School in Burlington, Vt.

'77.

Miss L. D. Watson sailed in October for Europe. She is to spend the winter on the Nile, and a year or two in study in Germany.

Died, October 31st, in Cleveland, Mrs. Fannie Rhodes McCurdy, formerly of '76.

Married, Nov. 29th, Miss Lillie H. Shotwell to Mr. William W. Beebe.

Misses Kirby, '72, Weed, '73, Cushing, '80, Bryan, Meeker, '81, Tinker, '84, Cleveland, Ames, Welsh, Nichols, and Cooley were in college on Philalethean Day.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The Cornell Review for December contains a well-written article entitled "Jottings on Browning's Poetry," the first of a series of papers on that subject. The literary ability manifested in this magazine is always of a high order; its editors and contributors have something to say and know how to say it. Its chief fault is that it is too purely literary in its tone, and expresses but little of the social life and spirit of its college.

The Willistonian, The Phillipian, The Exonian and other representatives of "Our Boys' " schools may seem too small for great praise, but they certainly deserve it. The articles are written in good, vigorous English on every-day topics and the tone is sincere and healthy. The athletic training received at these schools has always made their graduates soon become noted when they entered college, but this journalistic training will be of inestimable value to college editors.

The editoral department of the *Williams Athenaeum* for Nov. 9 is well filled. The fearless yet respectful tone of its protest to the faculty against the present method of teaching mathematics at Williams we like. The editorial upon the narrowing tendency of an early choice of one's "future vocation" is worthy of careful thought. "Viola's Vassar Venture" is ended. The chapter upon the MISCELLANY we enjoyed heartily. It was excellent, and showed that, if the writer had, in the other cases, been in the possession of facts to work upon, he might have produced something very readable. If we had only known that he was contemplating any effusion of this kind, we should have been most happy to furnish him with desired information. We think that his literary talent would display itself better in the realm of fact than of fiction, and if, hereafter, he should desire to improve his style by writing up Vassar College as it is, the MISCELLANY board would gladly give him statistics and

look over his manuscripts before they go to the press, to correct the inaccuracies into which he seems liable to fall.

The late issue of *The Round Table* occupies itself with a plea for Inter-Oratorical Contest, and with a full account of Beloit's founders. It cuts up several of its exchanges with relentless hand, and closes with several pages of locals and personals, tending to make it very valuable to Alumnae.

The last number of *Thz Syracusan* is much better in its local articles than in its literary department. The editorials are especially bright, and the clippings are the newest and best we have seen. With this number a supplement is issued, and an account is given of a board meeting at which a dividend was declared. What prosperity!

The first number of the *Lehigh Burr* promises well for the future of the magazine. It is above the average of first numbers showing none of the crudeness which is usually so painfully apparent in Vol. I, No. I. It is well printed, well edited and thoroughly imbued with the college spirit.

CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

Harvard wants a Garfield window for Memorial Hall.

The Faculty at Dartmouth subscribed $51 last year for the support of the base ball club.—*Colby Echo.*

Lessons in Political Economy: "Is time money?" "Yes sir, it is." "Prove it by an illustration." "Well, if you give twenty-five cents to a couple of tramps it is a quarter to two."
Trinity Tablet.

Our poet says that the best time to study the book of nature is "when autumn turns the leaves."—*Argo.*

College prayers at Harvard are voluntary, and will be conducted during October by Edward Everett Hale, during November by Phillips Brooks.—*Ex.*

According to the statistican of Yale class of '81 the average expenses of its members for the four successive years were $933, $959, $952, $981; total, $3,825.—*Trinity Tablet.*

Prof. (to Fresh. in geometry)—"What is a circle?" *Fresh.* (after reflecting)—"A round straight line with a hole in the middle."—*Ex.*

The Marquis of Lorne has offered a gold and silver medal for competition by the third and second year students, respectively, of Toronto University. The prizes are for general and not for special proficiency.—*Haverfordian.*

The Oxford cap is now worn at Princeton, Williams, Amherst, Trinity, University of the City of New York, and Brown University.—*Ariel.*

Prof. in Philology, in a jocular mood—"When were there only two vowels?" Five Sophs murmur "Not prepared," whereupon the Professor makes answer: "In the days of Noah, when you and I were not."—*Athenæum.*

Harvard's boating last year cost her over $4000; Yale's cost her $4432.52.—*Nassau Lit.*

The average age at which students enter American colleges is seventeen; a century ago it was fourteen.—*Colby Echo.*

The last year has been a notable one in respect to the number of bequests that various colleges have received. Within that time $19,000,000 have been given by private individuals in this country to the cause of education.—*Ex.*

The oldest educational institution in the country is the Boston Latin School.—*Critic.*

Why is every Boston boy sure to make a noise in the world? Because he is a little hubbub in himself.—*Occident.*

How to make a Maltese cross—"Step on its tail."—*Ex*

Professor (to student who has conjugated *mourir* with the wrong auxiliary)—"If a man was dead would he say *J'ai mort* or *Je suis mort?*"—*Bates Student*

STRAIGHT ON.

Methought I saw a pilgrim journeying slow
Along a dusty road. On either side
Lay wood, and stream, and meadows spreading wide
With wind-swept rows of blossoms all aglow.
Kingly his bearing, and his face, although
Scarred with past pain, broad-browed and noble-eyed;
And thus he spake: "Here would I fain abide,
And walk in peace the pleasant fields below.
Yet must I move straight on, for though my soul
See not the distant Canaan I shall tread,
Clear as of old from youth's high mountains, still,
That end once seen, all lower good is ill.
Yes, onward straight, in all ways limited,
Except in the direction of my goal!"

—*Harvard Advocate.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Roget's Thesaurus, a Treasury of English words and phrases. For sale of J. P. Ambler.

This is a dictionary arranged in reversed order,—given the idea to find words to express it in. It is a valuable reference book, and would be especially useful to students and youthful essayists. The lists of synomyms are carefully arranged, and include not only single words, but phrases.

The Decorative Sisters: A modern Ballad by Josephine Pollard, with illustrations by Walter Satterlee—for sale by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

This attractive little book is a clever hit on the æsthetic craze. The verses are in Patience meter, and the colored illustrations teem with sunflowers, "faint lilies," deformed storks, etc. The book is well worth adding to one's library, as an exponent of the "unutterably utter."

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Acta Victoriana, Amherst Student, Archangel, Argo, Argus, Ariel, Athenaeum, Atlantic Monthly, Bates Student, Beacon, Berkleyan, Boston Times, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Carletonia, Chronicle, Colby Echo, College Mercury, College Olio, College Rambler, College Record, Columbia Spectator, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Cornell Review, Cornell Sun, Crimson, Critic, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Educational Review, Exonian, Hamilton College Monthly, Hamilton Lit., Harvard Advocate, Harvard Echo, Harvard Lampoon, Haverfordian, Hellmuth World, Hesperian Student, Horae Scholasticæ, Illini, Kansas Review, Lafayette College Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Madisonensis, Nassau Lit., News Letter, Morning News, Northwestern, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Oracle, Philadelphia Evening News, Phillipian, Polytechnic, Poughkeepsie Daily News, Princetonian, Rockford Sem. Magazine, Round Table, Spectator, Students Journal, Student Life, Syracusan, Targum, Tech, Transcript, Trinity Tablet, Tuftonian, Undergraduate, University Herald, Wabash, Willistonian, Woman's Journal, Wyoming Lit, Yale Courant, Yale Lit., Yale News, Yale Record.

The Vassar Miscellany.

Editors from '82.
ELIZABETH M. HOWE. MARY B. KING, MARY R. SANFORD.

Editors from '83.
C. LENA BOSTWICK. MARTHA SHARPE.

Business Editor: ABBIE M. NICKERSON.

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THE NOVELIST, THE REFORMER.

Among our modern writers is one who, though entitled to a place in the front rank of the world's novelists, is not as widely read, or as highly appreciated as he deserves to be. His nationality is sufficient reason for this comparative obscurity; and, although the foremost among Russian prose writers, Ivan Sergheïovitch Turgénieff has a comparatively small number of readers and admirers. But even after the power of his books is diluted by a double translation from Russian into French, and from French into English, they show a power of psychological analysis and description, a satire so subtile, a philosophy so broad and an observation so minute, as to place his claim to prëeminence beyond question. In his kindly cynicism, occa-

sionally deepening into bitterness, his knowledge of human nature and his love for it, he shows a spiritual kinship to Thackeray.

But Turgénieff's writings have a distinctive power of their own. Cable alone, among living novelists, equals him in earnestness and fire; he is unsurpassed in his breadth of thought, and in the magnitude and scope of his subjects. For Turgénieff is, first of all, a patriot. He is a Russian, writing for Russians; a reformer, intent upon benefiting his people. To the possibility of such aims as those which he presents to them, the Russian people are just awakening. Ever since it emerged from the rulership of the Khans of Tartary and took rank as a European nation, Russia has presented the singular spectacle of a nation making every attempt to get rid of its nationality. The manner of administering the government has always been, indeed, distinctively its own, but society, education, literature, were but weak imitations of foreign models. From the time of Peter the Great, the contempt for everything of native growth has been so great, that many well-born Russians have not been taught their native tongue. Many land-owners were unable to talk with their serfs because of their ignorance of the Russian language. French was the language, *par excellence*, and France the idol which Russia had set up to worship. Later, German ideas held sway, exerting an influence quite as powerful and no more advantageous. The rise of the Russian universities has, indeed, offered a substitute for those of Germany, of which many students have availed themselves; but even in these the ruling ideas and the methods of instruction are all foreign. The only distinctively Russian influence which is felt by Russians is that of Nihilism. In addition to this lack of originating power, the educated classes of Russia are essentially unpractical. The mental difference which separated the Eastern from the Western church in the early history of Christianity still exists, and gives rise to one of the most characteristic tendencies of Russian character.

The Russian philosophizes a great deal, and acts very little, is very fond of theorizing, and utterly incapable of putting his theories into effective action.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, Russia finds a counter-balancing weight for the social see-saw in her laboring classes. The greatest stretch of imagination could not accuse the Russian peasant of exercising too much philosophy, or possessing too great an interest in the theories concerning the advancement of the race. He is desperately, almost hopelessly indifferent to everything but the chance of Siberia and the enjoyment of *vodka*. He is patient, slow, unenterprising, and a slave to drink. And he is utterly and essentially dishonest. The system upon which the Russian government is conducted encourages thieving among the officials, and the officials do not stand in need of much encouragement. Finding themselves plundered, the people retaliate in kind; and their moral sense is soon so blunted that it can hardly be sharpened again. So long as the conditions of a comfortable animal existence are supplied, contentment prevails. "Clasping between its five fingers a bottle of brandy, its head toward the North Pole, its feet toward the Caucasus, sleeps, in an eternal sleep, Russia, the holy country."

It was twenty years ago that Turgénieff published his novel *Fathers and Sons*. Before this, he had written only a series of short sketches, and this, his first continued work, made the reputation of the author. It deals with the two great social problems of Russia,—Nihilism and the readjustment of those class lines which have been so disturbed by the abolition of serfdom. There is little that is pleasant in the book. Grave almost to gloominess in its character, the picture which it draws is not a cheerful one for a patriotic Russian to look upon. The easy-going, sensual nature of the one father, the pitiable narrowness and superstition of the other, are only less repulsive than the coarse materialism of the sons. It is hard for a nation to struggle up from a condition of serfdom;

harder for the masters than for the serfs. The conditions of slave-holding are more pernicious for the slaveholders than for the slave. The standard of morality falls where slavery enters; the habits of self-indulgence, of cruelty, of moral laxity which it engenders are what make it chiefly dangerous to individual and state. To the integrity of the individual character the state must look for the preservation of society and of law. What lowers the one, endangers the other. Weakened by centuries of serfdom, Russia had to adapt herself as best she might, to the new relations brought about by emancipation. The generation which witnessed the change did not show many signs of the power which Russia needed to help her. The rising generation bore the taint of Nihilism; could it supply the need? Kirsanoff and Fedoushka stand as types of the characters produced by the social conditions existing under serfdom. Fedoushka claims for herself no rights, social, intellectual, or moral. The idea that she has any has never entered her head; she only claims her soul as her own, under permission from Nicholas Kirsanoff. Kirsanoff himself is little more than a good-natured, affectionate animal. His intellect is as mild as his morals are lax. So far as Nihilism showed symptoms of intellectual activity, it was promising. Bazaroff, the Nihilist, declares himself to be "a man who bows before no authority, who accepts no principle without examination, no matter what credit the principle has." If his examination led to any decision, and if he refused to bow before authority until he saw that it was just and legal, he might hold in his hand a power which should regenerate Russia. But, unfortunately, it is not unjust, illegal authority to which he refuses to bow, but all authority. Nihilism is a universal negation. In it lay not Russia's hope, but her greatest danger.

The Nihilists, as they acquired political significance, gave evidence of the fatal defect of all Socialism in general, and of Russian Socialism in particular. They were unable to find an effective mode of action. Turgénieff's *Dimitri Roudine* is

the embodiment of the speculative, impractical nature of the Russian people. The hero is a fluent talker, a man, apparently, of wide information, elevated thoughts, and ability proportionate to his ideals. But at the end of his life he confesses himself a failure. He has done nothing—he is nothing. His ideals, his aspirations, his life, have passed off as "Smoke! smoke! Smoke and vapor, nothing more!"

Smoke, a later and more powerful work, is an impatient, an angry, almost a despairing protest against this same spirit. Here Litvinoff, the practical young land-owner, in search of advanced ideas by which to manage his estate, seeks for them among their supposed representatives. He finds himself in a Babel of tongues, whose meaning he is unable to interpret. The philanthropists either declaim furiously against the present order of things without suggesting anything to take their place, or they present a new plan upon which to model the world, without giving any definite directions about carrying it out. The whole is summed up as before, "Smoke and vapor, nothing more!"

But it is especially in his relation to Nihilism that Turgénieff's discernment and his patriotism are most apparent. His humanity appreciates its pathos and its power, his practical sense recognizes its weaknesses, his satire ridicules its futility. He analyzes it, derides it, condemns it, and, after all, sympathizes with it. The materials of which the party of Nihilism has been made up were the usual components of such an organization,—malcontents of all degrees and all shades of disgust with the prevailing order of things. The original Nihilists were a congregation of men discontented, they hardly knew with what, and seeking to improve their condition, they hardly knew how. There is scarcely a more pathetic figure in fiction than Neshdanoff, one of the heroes in *Virgin Soil*, the type of a class which largely recruits the ranks of the Nihilists. An aristocrat in everything but birth, his surroundings grate upon him, his enforced companionships disgust him. He

joins the Nihilists, trying to persuade himself that their cause is his. He does violence to his every sensibility in complying with their demands. He plunges into their work to find in it, if possible, a vent for the blind rage against Fate which possesses him, and, finally, wearied out with the hopeless struggle, he puts an end to his life with a pistol-shot. His last message to Nihilism is "I do not believe in it. I tried to persuade myself that I did, but I failed. I have never believed in it." Markeloff, his companion, is a sincere believer in something, but, so far as the narrative goes, neither he nor any of his friends knows just what that something is There is something ludicrous in the zeal of these reformers. They pant and sweat and toil to turn what the small boy of to-day would call "a machine for grinding smoke." Their work avails nothing. They are impotent before their own lack of definite aim and the indifference of the masses upon whom they attempt to work. After a survey of their methods, Turgénieff cries despairingly, "You say Russia is to be regenerated. But where are the men who are to do the work?" And yet after all, our strongest impression is that of Turgénieff's sympathy for these revolutionists, a sympathy born of his appreciation of their peculiar circumstances and aims. Nihilism in Russia has a more legitimate cause for existence than Nihilism, or its corresponding form of social agitation, in any other country. It has become intensely political in its nature, and its immediate aim is certainly not left in doubt. The conditions of Russian life are such that sedition and attempted revolution are inevitable, and the only way to obtain peace is to open the safety-valve so that the steam can escape harmlessly, or to transport the entire population to Siberia. The Czar seems to prefer the latter method. Agitation is better than stagnation, and, since the agitation cannot expend itself in any legitimate way, the only remaining means are used. And it is not likely that such an acute thinker as Turgénieff would be blind to anything of real and vital force in the movement. He hints at the solution

of the problem in *Virgin Soil;* the philosophers fail to accomplish their purpose of revolution, and the matter finally falls into the hands of those who alone can successfully work out the solution—the vast middle class of working men. It is reported that Turgénieff is now at work on a novel whose purpose is to show the difference between the Nihilism of Russia and the Socialism of other countries. Unless we mistake greatly, it will confirm our impression of his attitude,—will show that Russia is awakening from her sleep, and that the force which now convulses it has in it the germs of usefulness. Rightfully directed and controlled, it may be the force which is to "regenerate Holy Russia."

THE FORTUNE OF THE TUDORS AND THE FATE OF THE STUARTS.

In all English history, no two names have a deeper significance than those of Tudor and Stuart. The one name suggests brilliant and uninterrupted success, the other, disheartening failure. "A cruel race were the Tudors," says history, "often cruel, often unjust; overstepping the bounds of royal authority, but seldom passing the limits of popular submission; forgetful of kingly dignity, but never losing kingly power; unrighteously great and undeservedly successful."

The reign of Henry VII. is one story of extortion. The crimes of Empson and Dudley, the very existence of the Court of the Star Chamber, were an open infringement of the rights of a nation which, almost three centuries before, had asserted itself so successfully at Runnymede. Yet Englishmen were submissive, and Henry VII. died with the great object of his life fulfilled; his coffers were overflowing with treasure won by forced loans and illegal taxation. The succeeding reign is dark with scenes of ruthless cruelty and lawless passion. The

divorce of Katharine, the murder of Anne Boleyn are crimes which cannot be forgotten or forgiven; the assumption of religious supremacy is without a parallel in the annals of kingly audacity. Yet England rendered fealty to Henry VIII., faithful ministers served him, and, dying, he was allowed to exceed his prerogative and appoint a successor. Elizabeth, the greatest of the Tudor monarchs, was passionate and despotic, very strong, but also very weak, receiving from her subjects a more unmixed homage than was her due.

Turning now to that other royal dynasty we read a far different story. The first Stuart who figures in English history appears there not as sovereign, but as fugitive and prisoner, wearing out a long twenty years in sorrow and loneliness, perishing helplessly by the order of her invincible rival, and memorable to future ages as a type of romantic, fascinating, pitiable failure. Under King James I., arises a widespread discontent, which grows ever stronger, until in his successor's reign, it matures into revolt, desperate and successful, and for the first time in history an English king meets death upon the scaffold. After eleven years of democratic rule, the Stuarts are again called to the throne; and again reactionary loyalty gives place to discontent, ripening into mutiny through two uneasy reigns, until James II. is driven from his throne and his country, and the Stuart line becomes a phantom of the past.

What power gave prosperity to the house of Tudor? What fatal weakness made failure the portion of the Stuarts?

For the first and most obvious answer to this question, we must look to that force which so often in the lives of men and nations has turned the scale between defeat and victory—the force of the will. This will, potent in the Tudors, imparted its vigor to their actions, asserted itself in their intercourse with their subjects, and enabled them to sacrifice momentary impulse to steady policy. The Tudors were strong and fearless as the infant Hercules to crush and annihilate hostile forces; the Stuarts were like Phæton, whose trembling fingers

could not guide the chariot of Apollo among the constellations.

A further solution of the problem is found in the foreign policy of the two houses. Glory won abroad goes far to compensate for tyranny practiced at home; special indulgence was due to the kings who raised England to a higher rank among European powers, to the queen whose strategy laid low the invincible Armada.

But deeper and mightier than any other force which wrought the weal or woe of these two dynasties, we find one essential political principle which the Tudors knew as by instinct, and recognized in their most passionate moments, which neither exile nor opposition nor bereavement could teach the Stuarts. In the unfolding civilization of every people, certain questions arise which it must answer independently, certain new ideas whose inspiration moves it uncontrollably; these are the forces which every king must recognize or be impotent, these the final authorities which he must obey or he cannot rule. The Tudors, careless of precedent, regardless of constituted authorities, were ever obedient to the supreme mandate of an intense popular sentiment. The Stuarts turned a deaf ear to this most imperial voice.

When the Wars of the Roses ended and the kingdom fell to Henry VII., the best energy of the nation had expended itself in war and bloodshed, and but little strength remained with which to combat tyranny; wearied with anarchy, the people endured despotism with a most un English meekness. Twenty years of almost unbroken peace gave opportunity for a new development of the national energies, and the accession of Henry VIII. was hailed by a more vigorous, less pliable people. Now the nation spoke unfalteringly, unanswerably, demanding the cessation of his father's tyranny and the punishment of its agents. Tudor-like he obeyed the divine voice, and the blood of Empson and Dudley was a pledge of liberty restored. While Henry VIII. ruled over England the inspired words of Martin Luther were awakening the people of Ger-

many to new truths, sowing the seeds of revolution throughout Western Europe, and bringing terror to the innermost souls of Pope and Cardinals. Then it was that Henry VIII., mad, perhaps, with love for Anne Boleyn, but with a wonderful method in his madness, threw off the Papal yoke and declared himself the supreme head of the Church. His indomitable will and immense influence were, doubtless, efficient for success and necessary to its attainment, but they could not have availed had not the growing distrust of Papal authority prepared the way for such a measure. The progressive thought of the nation was beginning to qualify the idea of religion with the attributes Catholic, and not-Catholic; and "Not-Catholic" was the response of the deepest popular sentiment to the question involved. Further than this the process of analysis had not been carried, and the non-Papal party saw no alternative except in the acknowledgement of royal supremacy.

The brief reign of Edward VI. is in no way remarkable, or significant; that of Mary is memorable chiefly for the religious persecutions which characterized it. No real Tudor was she, but a true daughter of Spanish ancestors, struggling desperately to stem the advancing tide of the Reformation.

The accession of Elizabeth found the problem of Catholicism or Protestantism still unsolved; but still the vital, progressive sentiment of the people was answering "No Popery," and "No Popery," replied their far-sighted sovereign. Elizabeth was the head of the church, Elizabeth rather than Gregory.

Turning to the general political character of Elizabeth's reign, we find that her subjects are never too submissive to her authority to insist on their constitutional rights, while a tacit acknowledgement of those rights is always evident in her conduct, haughty and despotic though it be. When the session of Parliament closed in 1566, Onslow, the Speaker of the House of Commons, boldly pointed out to the Queen the limits of the royal prerogative. "By our common law, although there be for the prince provided many princely prerogatives and royal-

ties, yet it is not such as the prince can take money or other things, or do as he will at his own pleasure, without order, but quietly to suffer his subjects to enjoy their own, without wrongful oppressions; wherein other princes by their liberty, do take as pleaseth them." Elizabeth's ready compliance with the imperative demands of the age, is shown by her behavior in regard to the granting of monopolies. The degree to which this custom prevailed during the early part of Elizabeth's reign was naturally, and from the very beginning, distasteful to the majority of her subjects. As long as it was only distasteful no change was effected. But when the abuse was carried to such an extent that it appeared to threaten the commercial interests of the kingdom, a voice from the people spoke in accents not to be misunderstood, demanding reform; and Elizabeth, strong enough to yield gracefully, acknowledged the justice of the popular demand, and in future granted monopolies more sparingly and less openly.

At the time of Elizabeth's death in 1603, we find three elements grown potent in the thought and feeling of the nation. First, an intense patriotic pride, nurtured by the military renown, domestic prosperity, and intellectual prominence of England during the preceding half-century; second, an increasing desire for political liberty, coupled with a growing belief in popular rights, and, third, an irreconcilable discord in matters of religious belief, with a strong predominance of the Protestant element and a marked tendency toward Puritanism. Here are three powerful forces active in the minds of an enlightened people; forces not to be disregarded, and not to be resisted. Into the midst of this English, English-worshipping people comes a foreign monarch bringing in his train hosts of foreign courtiers; these he makes his favorites, the recipients of honor and power. No wonder that he failed, from the first, to win the confidence and affection of his subjects. No wonder that a zealous band of Catholic gentlemen, almost immediately after his accession, began their excavations

below the House of Lords. "What made you use so much gunpowder?" said one of James' Scottish favorites to Guy Fawkes. "To blow Scotchmen back where they came from," replied the would-be regicide. James, like his predecessor, countenanced only the Church of England; but a measure which, in the time of Elizabeth, had been in harmony with the advancing thought of the age, involved, with James, a total disregard of an important phase of the national development. The sect of Puritans, arising during Elizabeth's reign, and then too feeble to be very dangerous, bore in itself the germs of power. Its influence steadily increased, and under King James it began to demand recognition as an element of English society. But more fatal than anything else to the success of this unhappy monarch was his ill-timed idea of Divine Right, the Alpha and Omega of his political creed. In a country where royal authority was becoming daily more restricted by Constitutional Law, where homage paid to preceding monarchs had been tendered rather to commanding personal power than to official position, a foreign monarch proclaimed the doctrine of kingly authority, descending from father to son through all generations, independent of personal fitness, and supremely sacred as the direct gift of God. Too childish a doctrine this to win the assent of the mature Englishmen of the seventeenth century. James died in 1625, and his mantle descended upon a worthy successor. Charles I. could not see that the idea of Divine Right was an anachronism, no less dangerous than absurd: could not see that the political and religious doctrines of the Puritans embodied what was most vital in English thought. His blindness cost him his crown and his life. After eleven years of Republican government, a reaction in popular sentiment placed Charles II. upon the throne. The people, tired of democratic rule, and glad to escape from danger of anarchy, received him with acclamation. But their satisfaction was short-lived; like all his royal ancestors, Charles misread the signs of times, and found in the submissive attitude of

the people a sanction to tyranny. An Act of Uniformity, taking away religious freedom, a repeal of the Triennial Act, and an ejection of Presbyterian clergymen, awoke the slumbering love of liberty in the hearts of the people, recalled the despotism of the earlier Stuarts, and paved the way for a new revolution. The milder policy of the latter part of his reign could not repair the evil done; no practical acknowledgement of popular rights could excuse the inordinate theoretic claims which he would not abandon.

His death and the accession of James II. hastened the approaching end. The sword of Damocles was hanging over the throne as he mounted it, and he unhesitatingly cut the thread by which it hung. He strove to re-establish the out-worn Popish creed, and transferred civil and religious authority to the Catholics. Communication with the Pope was treason, according to English law, but James gave a public reception to the Papal nuncio. He transacted secular business without regard to the advice of Parliament or the demands of the law. The outraged popular sentiment demanded only a second Cromwell, and the nation found its deliverer in William of Orange. With James II. ended the line of Stuart kings; his stormy reign and inglorious flight ended their tragic story. Such failure comes to all, who, like Canute of old, would stand beside the unresting ocean of thought and check its on-flowing current.

M. B. K., '82.

THE STANDARD DRAMA AND THE MODERN THEATRE.

Art that most truly represents nature is the most perfect. The art of the dramatist is that which enables him to draw life and character as it exists. The characters of dramatic fiction must live and move, and not only do things but think

thoughts. As in real life, it is not the deeds one does, but the controlling principles, motives, and thoughts that make a man a man—for these give him his position in life, and keep green his memory for his children after the man is gone; so is it with literature. The mere fact that a work is printed does not insure any literary merit in that work. The value of the thought expressed in its pages determines its place in literature. If this place be high it is standard, if very low it is trashy. Books are as short-lived as men, unless they have that vital element that defies death. Then a standard drama is one in which life is real, in which there are minds as well as figures, in which there is something to study, in which there is a lasting power. There are no more complete representations of standard drama than Shakespeare's plays. They possess all its requirements. With Shakespeare, incidents are always subservient to thought. We do not read simply that Lady Macbeth walked in her sleep, or that a devoted wife was murdered in the night by a jealous husband. Lady Macbeth's walking in her sleep was not merely an exciting scene of history. It is as real to-day as it ever was. Having had the opportunity of closely observing her mind up to this point in the play, we know that this is not a piece of sensational acting. It is the revealing of a mind harassed and torn to pieces by ambition, fear, and remorse. In her unconscious moments she lays bare a mind hitherto unknown to the world, hardly known to herself. It is the mind that interests us, not the "little hand" she holds out.

When one considers the number of theatres of the present time, one is astonished to notice how seldom Shakespeare's plays are presented. The demand is for the sensational, sentimental, or society plays, as they are called. There is no development of character in these light plays, and often very little character to develop. Many are simply a succession of facts joined together by faints, slang, or jokes, or anything that may strike the writer as "taking." The object of these

plays seems to be to stimulate the nerves rather than the intellect. Inasmuch as the effect produced is of such a superficial and transitory nature, they will not bear repeating. Having seen a play once, you do not care to see it again, for you know exactly what is going to happen next; and the happenings are too often all there is. Many of these light plays are interesting, sprightly, and incapable of doing any real harm, but they fulfill in no particular the demands of the standard drama. Their worth depends upon stage settings and actors quite as much as on the conceptions themselves. Such being the condition of the stage, the question arises immediately, "what are the causes which produced it?" There are many reasons which can be given for the indifference to the standard drama and the growing favor of the popular drama. Three hundred years ago, the popularity of a play stood or fell on its intrinsic merit. Stage effects could not be relied on, actors were not then schooled in the minute details and technicalities of their profession; their reputations depended entirely upon their conception of their roles, the play had to earn its own hearing.

The stage of to-day is prëeminently an institution of modern times. It is making desperate efforts to satisfy the modern æsthetic craze; it succumbs to the critical spirit, which fiercely attacks all details of the art in its sweep over fields of modern activity; it well represents our American society life, its free and easy manners, its abundance of small talk, its superficiality. Scenery, lights, music, and such additions have become of so much importance that many companies take their scenery with them as they travel, and it is said that one man is paid ten thousand dollars a year for simply managing the lights at Booth's Theatre, New York. To such distracting influences, and to the production of such effects, the character of the drama itself owes its decline. Actors are the centre of the modern dramas. They give the play its name and place, but it is seldom that more than one actor is allotted to each play. This custom of starring has become so general that it does not

pay a man, if he is writing for money, to spend his time a
ingenuity on more than one character in a play. The cor
quence is that as a whole they are worthless and take no r
in literature. In this decline the province has been divid
and the ability of the actor claims quite as much attentior
the play. But where, indeed, some play is put upon the st
worthy a talented actor, fine in itself, it is almost ruined b
poor troupe. Our star is the only "bright and shining ligl
Take Shakespeare's plays, perfect as they are as specimens
literature, they are anything but perfect as they are put
the stage. A fine actor or actress takes the principal p
Finished as are the subordinate characters in the drama, tl
walk upon the stage, coarse, dull, and affected, so entirely
of time that it is with impatience that we hear them throu
their parts. To be able to act one of Shakespeare's charact
requires more than muscle and more than grace, a mind wh
can comprehend the character. A frown and terrible vo
will not give us an idea of Lear's anger; a hunchback, wi
and shrug of the shoulders will not take us into Richard's c
ning mind; streaming hair, a basket of flowers, and a host
wild gestures will not make us sympathize with poor Ophe
Every character of Shakespeare's, his fools no less than his p
osophers, must be understood to be justly represented. Th
ubordinate characters are given to persons, it seems, w
will take least pay for their services, and who will detract le
rom the star's fame. They pretend to address their speech
o a fellow actor, but it is a poor pretense, as they often qui
vidently address them to the audience. Most actors are u
ducated and unappreciative, having perhaps a spark of geni
or stage mimicry. This little spark they magnify into
ame, and by its light see the general character of the p
hey are to assume, go through it much to their own satisf
ion, while in reality they have no conception of the charact
stic details which make the individual. So the actor have
ne form and attractive ways, "It does not matter, if it's or
lle chatter."

It is because of this weak and farcical presentation that many people prefer reading a play to seeing it. They cannot have their perfect ideals brought down to common flesh and blood before their eyes. In this way the standard drama has lost much of the intellectual support of its audience; meantime the mass of humanity call for "Davy Crockett," "Col. Sellers," "The Two Orphans," or "Hazel Kirke."

With the changing audience the theatre has changed. The stage of to-day in a way reflects our time. The standard drama, with its slow action, stately movement and expression, its soliloquizing and philosophizing does not draw the large audiences of the rapid moving, playful and entertaining popular drama; I have heard that Barrett said his "Rosedale" attracted larger houses than his "Hamlet." This does not necessarily mean that public taste has degenerated, for as time has advanced the object in going to the theatre has changed. The purpose now is simply to be amused. The masses never have clamored for the best of anything, why should they for the standard drama? But now no impulse is given by the more intellectual people, not because they have fallen, but because the theatre is no longer a necessity to their intellectual advancement, and they have become indifferent to its welfare. It does show, however, certain points in the characters of modern dramatist, actors and the stage itself.

Does this theatre of to-day, then, promise any revival of the standard drama? I should say that it does not. The desire of the public now is to be amused and not elevated. When the stage ceased to be an elevating power it became simply an entertainment.

Modern dramatists, as a class, are men of no superior intellects. They write for money, therefore they pander to the popular taste, and every society play they produce is so much dead weight on one who would raise the standard drama into public favor. It would seem that the accessories of the modern stage ought to afford inspiration to a dramatist, but they

appear rather as paintand powder to hide his true complexion.

The custom of starring is certainly a drawback, as all the interest is concentrated in the actor, and the drama becomes of secondary or of no consideration.

Intellectual people have become seemingly indifferent to this decline and demand nothing better. The field of study and knowledge has widened so that the drama to many is not necessary to their wants, and to others is so unsatisfactory that it is ignored. The public voice does not call for its reinstatement, and this alone will bring it again into favor.

M. C.

MT. LEBANON AND THE SHAKERS.

AS SEEN ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

Close to the Massachusetts boundary of the State of New York, upon a branch of the Taghkanic Mountains, is Mt. Lebanon, the home of one band of Mother Ann Lee's followers. Verily they live in a hill country, these strange ascetics, you think as you toil up the steep road from Lebanon Springs to their village; and truly they are fortunate in doing so, is your next thought, as you turn to look at the scene around you. Mountains are on every side—not lofty enough to overpower you with their sublimity, but strong and protecting, piled up hills, at which you gaze with a quiet, restful satisfaction in their shaded hollows and luxuriant greenness. They tower above the Shaker village, thickly wooded from the base; they sweep away to the west, bearing only a crown of pines, and checkered on their sides with green and gold; they slope off to the north, cultivated to their very top; piled one above the other to the east, they cut off everything but the sky.

In the valley below you the white church-spire and cottages of New Lebanon gleam through the trees; and you see Lebanon Springs with Columbia Hall, its big hotel, perched upon a hill—a structure whose piazzas and pillars make it, from your point of observation, look like the inside view of post-office

letter-boxes. Between the houses and Mt. Lebanon is a stretch of meadow land, in which you catch stray gleams from a willow-fringed brook, and see moving specks which you guess to be fat, comfortable-looking cows. Just before you reach the top of the hill, the overarching trees shut you into a world of coolness and greenness, where flickering lights and shadows fall upon a tangle of vines and grasses and ferns and daisies, and where nothing can be seen beyond or behind except quiet "depths of pillared shade."

You wax poetical. You begin to murmur:

> "To him who, in the love of nature
> Holds communion with her visible forms, she—"

When presto! change. A big barn looms in sight, and you defer your quotation. This great stone structure, said to be the most perfect of its kind in the country, is the first of the Shaker buildings which greets you. It is not on the main thoroughfare of the village, but on the one side-street, if street it can be called. bordered by meadows upon one side, and with only three or four houses upon the other. Still, even with this little glimpse of Shaker land, you catch something of the spirit which seems to brood over the settlement. The immaculate cleanness of the flagging, the staring, blank squareness of the tall, shutterless houses, the perfect uprightness and regularity of every fence-post, and seemingly of every grass blade, the quiet, the absence of hurry, prepare you for what you are to find in the principal street. There you see a broad, perfectly-kept road, bordered with the greenest of grass, a few straggling shade trees, and, on either side, large, square wooden buildings, upon which the sun glares mercilessly. Four, five, and six stories high, without shutters, without piazzas or vines, without one touch of grace or beauty, they stand on the hill-top, a fit emblem of the lives within them. Fortunately, however, for whatever æsthetic sense the Shakers may retain, the grass grows richly, and every house has its bit of verdure. Fortunately again, sandwiched in between these enor-

mous boxes, are smaller structures of a story and a half or two stories in height, with gable-roofs, and three or four broad stone door-steps, which, anywhere else, would be suggestive of twilight lounging and chatting. These smaller houses really outnumber the large ones; but the large ones so stare and glare and obtrude themselves upon you, that you carry away the impression that everything in the village is big and square and bare. You cannot fancy that within those houses people ever indulge in the luxury of loving or lounging, or that rollicking children ever tumble upon that irreproachable grass.

If you have heard anything about Mt. Lebanon before your visit, you know that some of the buildings are workshops, some, seed establishments, and one a laboratory; but you would never be able to divine which is which, or be able to distinguish a chair factory from a dwelling house. One of the lower oblong buildings has kindly labeled itself, however, and the single word "*Store*" placed above the entrance informs you of what you would never have guessed from any of its external characteristics.

As you continue your journey along the street—which is half a mile or more long—you are struck by the appearance of a great red brick edifice, apparently new, and the finest in the village. Though devoid of architectural pretensions, it is not so painfully square and glaring as the other large buildings, is furnished with blinds, and is the one bright spot of color in Shaker land. This is the residence of the church family, some one tells you—the family to which belong the chief dignitaries and specially holy of the community.

Not far from the brick house you see, tied to every stationary object along the road, vehicles of all kinds and descriptions, an old-fashioned stage, labeled "Columbia Hall," cozy phætons and buggies, lumbering two-seated, three-seated, four-seated wagons, coupés, and barouches. They are collected in largest numbers directly in front of a plain, rectangular, wooden structure with a gable roof. It has its greatest length in the

direction of the street, is light-colored and shutterless, and over one of its two doors is written "Males," over the other "Females." You choose your means of entrance according to your sex, and enter to find yourself in a large, high, well-lighted, and well-ventilated room, the immaculate cleanness of whose uncarpeted floor shows you why the Shakers open their meeting-house only upon pleasant Sundays. Upon the front side of the room are the world's people, whose vehicles you saw outside. They are seated upon elevated wooden benches —the men on one side, the women on the other. These seats, with the single row of benches lining the other three sides of the room, and two piles of backless benches, supposably for the accommodation of the Shakers when they are ready to seat themselves, constitute the only furniture.

The Shakers are dancing now—if dancing it can be called. A circle of men and women are standing in the center of the room, singing a peculiar jerky melody with strongly marked rhythm, and about them, in devious circles, are moving the rest of the Shaker congregation—the men and boys in one line, the women and girls in another. The motion consists in a moderately slow walk, accompanied by a slight upward spring and a horizontal waving of the arms at the accented beats of the music. It is by no means devoid of picturesqueness, this quaintly dressed body, with the slow, sinuous movement, especially when the women are in the foreground. So exquisitely neat and harmonious is everything about the dress of these women! They have removed the Shaker bonnets, and over their hair, bangless and crimpless, they wear an almost transparent cap, a closely fitting frame of wire covered with white illusion. Over the shoulders is a white neckerchief, crossed upon the breast and nearly covering the plain dress waist. The skirt is full and plaited, the plaits hanging loosely from the waist. They wear only the daintiest colors, soft grays and creams, very pale blues and greens; and, as you turn from them to the crimped and flounced and bejeweled world's people, their many-hued fineries look tawdry, almost vulgar.

Yes: taken as a whole, these dancing Shakers form a very etty sight, and, for a time, you look at them as a whole and joy the view. But when you begin to notice individuals, to utinize faces, and to think what the Shaker life means, it is infinitely pathetic sight, and you turn from it with a dull artache.

Those men! such stupid, hopeless, lifeless looking creatures they are! To be sure a handsome man would look hideous th his hair cropped straight around his ears; but, still, that not account for all the ugliness of those faces. Yet ugliss is hardly the word—utter inanity comes nearer. If their es do not belie them, they are beings who merely exist. hether they have life enough even to despair may be doubted. rubber automaton would put as much soul into that dance their act of religious devotion—as they are doing. Only e, tall, ungainly, but with happy, animated looks, springs d throws out his arms as if he really believed in the saving icacy of his vigorous gymnastics. The others drag themves about, apparently caring little whether there is any such ing as eternal salvation. This is a thing which has to be got rough with, so is potato-digging: one might as well do one the other. Nothing makes any difference, so long as one s enough to eat. You cannot conceive of their growing thusiastic even over their dinner. They probably shovel potatoes and peaches without discrimination They em like men who, in despair at ever making a place for emselves in the world, have come here to be put into a place. ou wonder how much they struggled before they gave up the ght. You wonder whether any one of them sees in any of ose Shaker sisters the woman who was once his wife, and hether the sight of her stirs one heart-throb of regret. You ll into all sorts of fancies concerning the misfortunes or desions which brought them here, until you rouse yourself to an the faces of the women.

Of these a few are glowing with the inspiration of fanatism. With a woman's propensity to believe intensely in

something, they have thrown themselves into this religion of Mother Ann Lee, and are happy in it. You can see from those calm, contented faces, from the light in those earnest eyes, that their faith glorifies and transfigures the bareness of their lives. You can feel how, with that spirit, the smallest every-day denial is transmuted into the gold of a hallowed sacrifice. They walk upon serene heights, those women. They do not know the beating of storms and the scorching of the sun; they feel no need of human sympathy. You almost envy them, in spite of the bare, square houses.

Here and there in the circle, especially near the children and young girls, are women who look as if they might have planned all the angles in that angular village. Thin, sharp-featured, their lips mere threads, their eyes cold and keen, they walk briskly through the dance, and energetically wave their bony hands, with much the same air with which they might scrub or annihilate spider webs. You can think of them as feeling no lack in the midst of the Shaker bareness and coldness, as asking nothing of life except that it should give them what is clean and wholesome. You judge, by the way in which they eye the children, that those little ones are to them only "young 'uns" who "have to have clothes and victuals, and be made to behave."

But here comes a tall, rosy-cheeked girl, a bright spot of color in this gray Shakerdom. She is evidently taking her Shaker devotional exercises very much as most healthy, happy young girls among the world's people take their praying and church-going—as a matter-of-course. From the red, full lips, and the dark, sparkling eyes, you form your own conclusions, however, as to the probability of her continuing to take Shakerism as a matter-of-course. She is a strange anomaly here, this girl who might be the belle of a husking-bee or a country dance, and you cannot imagine her growing into a calm, prim sister. In fact, you are of the opinion that, if once she realizes the superior attractions of the world, she will snap

her fingers at Mt. Lebanon and take her departure for more alluring regions.

The children are at the end of the line of dancers—the little boys with their cropped hair and their long-tailed coats, and the little girls in their caps and plaited skirts, miniature men and women. They are in perfect training, not a single sly prank, not one roguish twinkle of the eye, do you see. Prim, stupid, altogether unchildlike, they make you wish you could turn them loose into a field for a good noisy game of tag or horse, or ball—anything which would limber them up and put the sparkle into them, You wonder whether anyone ever kisses and pets them. It makes you heart-sick to think of them growing up starved, dwarfed, stony.

You have seen enough, and you go out into the sunshine again. The plain, square houses on which it glares look all the plainer and squarer now that you have seen their inmates. You hurry through the village to the shaded road beyond. The same sunlight there falls softened through the leaves in dancing gleams upon flowers and verdure. The fields around you are white with daisies; the mountains are in soft green curves above you; the birds are piping and trilling in an ecstacy of happiness. Up in the Shaker village was bareness and ugliness and repression; here in nature's temple are greenness and flowers and rollicking birds. Can Mt. Lebanon learn nothing by the contrast?

We have read Oscar Wilde's poems, and we feel as if we had spent the day in a boudoir furnished with daisies and cat-tails in Kensington, alternately looking at one of Titian's Venuses and poring over the Song of Solomon and the Lamentations of Ezekiel. A popular novelist, in commenting on the dearth of conversation between two rustic lovers, remarks: "As Nature was hardly invented at this early point of the century, Bob's

Matilda could not say much about the glamour of the hills or the shimmering of the foliage." Oscar Wilde has the advantage of this tongue-tied heroine. Nature was invented some years ago, and is now sufficiently well-known to justify his frequent allusions to her. Indeed, he belongs to the school of English poetry which may be said to have tried conscientiously to make Nature the fashion. Its various members have taken different ways to bring about this result, one by idealizing the buxom goddess for the over-nice, a second by humanizing the woodland divinity for the matter-of-fact, some have laid great stress on beauty of expression, others have depended upon the vigor of their imagination, and each has failed rather through what he did not attempt than through what he accomplished. Oscar Wilde's little book seems, consciously or unconsciously, to have tried to meet this difficulty, by using the favorite theme and method of each of the best representatives of this school. Tennyson, Rossetti, and Morris are his avowed models; nor is the time beyond the memory of man when these gentlemen were sneered at by the critics as affected or unintelligible. Every year or two, however, has brought new recruits to the ranks of these clever enthusiasts, who, in spite of the flings of the critics, have gone on writing poetry good enough to keep the parody-makers in excellent practice. Oscar Wilde could hardly expect to escape the criticism which the faults and virtues of his theory of poetry inspire; but it is just possible that the ridicule he has received is as unfair to him as it may be supposed to be irritating. It is only just to a man, who has gone to the trouble of printing his verses, to take it for granted that he is something more than a dandy posing for his portrait with his forefinger between the leaves of "Original Productions." There seems to be a kind of universal negative in the profession of literature whenever a rich boy or man of fashion claims admittance. The ways of Providence never seem so easy of justification, as when it is to be clearly proved that the law of compensation

demands that, inasmuch as most poets are poor, and have bad manners, a man who is rich and knows how to make a bow cannot be a poet. Some such prejudice as this, perhaps, inspired our feeling before reading Mr. Wilde's poems. We judged him as we do a clever school-boy, who hands up better verses than we can make ourselves, but who is supposed to have done his best, while we have reached those heights of pedagogic superiority where we have thrown off any such obligation, and rest content with the theoretic possibilities of what we might do if our duties would let us apply ourselves in any one direction. Such condescension is quite out of place. Mr. Wilde does not plead any prerogative of station or good clothes, and his work is to be judged by the ordinary standard of truth and beauty. The fact that he belongs to a school that has been called hard names, does not put him outside the pale of criticism, nor are the principles of that school unworthy of study because they happen to be held by many men who waste the midnight oil in dancing rather than in study. And this brings us to the first characteristic of Mr. Wilde's genius. With all his ardor, with all his adjectives, in spite of his strong language, his poetry is not natural. There is a vast amount of *nature* in it, but it is nature conventionalized. The kindly goddess whose laughter gives solitude a voice, and whose footsteps, faintly rustling the heaped-up leaves, lure the wanderer further and further from the prison of himself, appears as a professional beauty, surrounded by all the *bric à brac* of a modern drawing-room. Her almond eyes have a knowing look that makes a New Yorker thank heaven that his hat came from Dunlap's, while her slow smile encourages an Englishman to quote languid impertinences to her in Greek. The gaiety, the pathos, the abandon, the heart-break of Bohemia are exchanged for the *good form*, the beauty, the passion and the culture of Belgravia. In such an atmosphere, it is hard to write an epic, sonnets and rhyming introspection would be easier. Such a muse would not inspire an oratorio, but a

study of five-finger exercises, with an occasional melody headed *Souvenirs de mon enfance* might be rationally expected. With such a model, an artist might work up some very effective *still-life*, but he could never paint a Madonna. And so these poems, headed with Greek and bristling with classical allusions, give us not the serene nature of things, but that attenuated conventionality—the nature of the nineteenth century. Mr. Wilde is not to blame for the inherent contradiction of his two-fold aim: on the contrary, his courage in undertaking such a task demands commendation. Moreover, as the representative of a reaction in poetry, he shows us how far our modern society is astray, when so much emphasis of the real and the natural does not succeed in giving the impression of genuineness. We are not inclined to find fault with Mr. Wilde's language and figures so much for being occasionally indecent, as for being so frequently unnecessary—they sometimes afford suspicion of poverty of ideas and weakness of impression. We might forgive the description of a naked goddess, but the use of a horse-jockey's terms to do it—never. This part of his work, upon which he seems to depend for an appearance of uncontrollable power, is really that in which he seems to be least at ease. His passion seems the predetermined enthusiasm of a man who hates to admit that he is bored, while the beauty smacks so of the classical dictionary that we are tempted to waste some pity on the author, if it took him half as long to say what he meant as it did us to find it out afterwards. Oscar Wilde has the faults of his school, his country and his century; he is afflicted with a self-consciousness so pervasive that it obtrudes itself everywhere, until it becomes a satire of itself, and is as much a matter-of-course as the masque of comedy in an ancient theatre. The opening sonnet, *To Liberty*, is a fair example of this quality in his work. If ever a man might be expected to be enthusiastic and to forget himself, it would surely be for such a subject. But Mr. Wilde's enthusiam seems to have lasted just long enough t

carry him through Jupiter's Greek name, after that he may be said to be sure of nothing: he begins with a limitation of his views, ends with a concession, and supports the reader through the middle by an assurance of his soul's discretion. (Later the said reader has reason to wish that this guarantee had extended to the poet's manners.) The question may arise in some practical minds as to why he wrote the sonnet at all. The poet gives his own explanation, showing that the same thought had occurred to him.

> "Thy reigns of Terror, thy great Anarchies,
> Mirror my wildest passions like the sea,—
> And give my rage a brother——!"

The pause for meditation indicated by this dash, evidently assured him that the sentiment was a sufficiently extraordinary one to justify him in using an exclamation point, thus carrying out his promise of discretion at the earliest possible opportunity. The very next poem, however, contains some exquisite description "The spears of crimson-suited war," "The yellow leopards strained and lean" are picturesque and forcible expression. There is an echo of *In Memoriam* in the following stanzas:

> "And some in Russian waters lie,
> And others in the seas which are
> The portals to the East, or by
> The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.
> O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
> O silence of the sunless day!
> O still ravine! O stormy deep!
> Give up your prey! Give up your prey!"

But Oscar Wilde has too few experiences in common with the mass of humanity to make it possible for him to give voice to a wide range of their passion. When he can do it, he is a poet of rare beauty of expression, but he frequently lapses into the most *utter* prose on comparatively slight provocation.

> "Spirit of Beauty! * * tarry still, there are a few
> Who for thy sake would give their manlihood,
> And consecrate their being, I at least

Have done so, made thy lips my daily food,
And in thy temples found a goodlier feast
Than this starved age can give me, spite of all,
Its new-found creeds so sceptical and so dogmatical."

Is the man a cannibal? But even a cannibal is supposed to have some taste. Not allegory itself will justify a man in telling a woman that he adores her because she gives him better things to eat than her rival offers. In the description of personal experiences of other than a psychological nature, Mr. Wilde is very successful. The common-place becomes romantic under his hand, and the lounging hours of a bookish student are significant when he says:

"——— how oft * * *
Have I lain poring on the dreamy tales his fancy weaves,
And through the unreal woes and mimic pains
Wept for myself and so was purified,
And in their simple mirth grew glad again;
For as I sailed upon that pictured tide,
The strength and splendour of the storm was mine
Without the storm's red ruin, for the singer is divine."

Mr. Wilde has tried to do literature a service in taking firm hold of the ideas that underlie the classical culture of Greece and Rome; this service he shares with all the members of his school, but some of them do not, like him, go on to apply the same analysis to religion. There is something very revolting in the community of things which he establishes—Rome, the Sistine Chapel, religious observances, the man's own soul, have become not simply possibilities of sensation but of culture. From the shadows of his spiritual experience, out of the depths of a disappointed and discouraged heart, gradually according to the best accredited laws of chiaro-scuro, is elaborated an æsthetic contrast that soothes by its artistic perfection. Not even extraordinary and rather unintelligible adjectives, like "unvintageable," will reconcile us to being fooled by any such inexpensive process. Neither is Mr. Wilde. Through all the affectation of his classicism, far below the assumption of his

passionate interest in the mere fact of life for its own sake, is a very troublesome individuality, which keeps urging the solution of its problems. It is as unwearying in its reappearances as a Jack-in-the-box, and whatever may be the opinion as to the good taste of letting it appear before the public so often, and in such complete undress, there can be little doubt that Mr. Wilde, with all his assumption of airy indifference, is really more worn-out with it than he cares to say. It spoils his poetry with metaphysics, and lowers the intensity of his coloring by the shadow of its distrust. Nevertheless, it is just here that the poet proves his birth-right, the utter listlessness of such poems as *Les Silhouettes* and *La Fuite de la Lune* would be impossible to a man who had not spoken his mind with the fierce candor of

> "But we oppress our natures. God or Fate
> Is our enemy, we starve and feed
> On vain repentance—O we are born too late!
> * * * * * *
> O we are wearied of this sense of guilt,
> * * * * * *
> Wearied of every temple we have built,
> Wearied of every right unanswered prayer."

Who of us does not know the mood in which aimless self-reproach and vague remorse have left every nerve overstrained, and every muscle relaxed, when body and mind sink into a quiet, hopeless but delicious? Then rock, field, and sky seem akin, though remote, and a subtle comfort steals over the tired brain, making us acquainted with a thousand of nature's secrets that were never within our ken until we were thankful to be only a part of her serenity. We all know the feeling, but Mr. Wilde is poet enough to put it into words. The problem he has to solve in poetry is thus dependent upon another in life, doubt and confusion find tragic expression in a cry of pain, but only strength and harmony make music. When Mr. Wilde has outgrown the affectations and weaknesses of his youth, if he is a great man it may be safely predicted that he will be a great poet.

In a quiet corner of the French quarter in New Orleans stands a weather-beaten old house, a plaintive suggestion of better days. The balconies sag downwards, as if they were tired of supporting nothing but their own weight, and the honey-suckle vines that clamber over them are untrained and torn by every storm. The dusty, perpetually closed shutters, the heap of broken wine bottles in one corner of the yard, the straggling shrubbery in the garden, the rough, unpainted brick wall around it, all are evidences of decay. But, in spite of this, there is something languid, dreary, even romantic, in the scene that makes one forget the ruin; the sun shines so warmly and cheerily upon it, the vines, although neglected, put forth their fragrant blossoms so lavishly, and the few attempts at repair here and there, as the new brick court and the fresh paint on the wire fence across the front, touch one as he guesses at the little scrimping behind the scenes needful to the keeping up of appearances. No; as one looks again at the picturesque whole, the sunshine, the flowers, the negro leaning idly against the wall, listlessly fanning himself, and hears the faint echo of the ever present hand organ in the distance, he does not wish it changed in the slightest detail.

Within the house there is a sleepy, half-solemn stillness. Over every window heavy, faded curtains are drawn to exclude the light, and from the moment one rings the bell at the gate, ascends the balcony, and crosses the threshold of the front door, he feels a languid spell creep over him. The stiff, high-backed, patrician chairs in the vestibule, the quaint old piano in the corner of the parlor, the queer French clock on the mantel shelf, the heavy mahogany furniture, black with age, the strange family portraits of the turbaned women and long-nosed men on the walls, even the suspicion of a threadbare gloss in *madame's* dress, all tell of decaying aristocracy. There is a faint, faded odor in the atmosphere, suggestive of musk and lavender. Everything seems but a remnant of the past, like a dream with a link gone here and there from

the chain of events. In a massive wardrobe, in the largest bedroom, the ancestral treasures are stored, from great-great-grand-mamma's solid silver spoon to great-great-great-grand-papa's gold snuff-box set in diamonds. The time-yellowed prayer-book out of which *madame* reads her mass; the crucifix over her little private bed-chamber altar, before which she kneels night and morning, and the ivory beads on which she says her *pater nosters*, *Ave Marias*, and *confiteors*, are hallowed by the touch of mother and grand-mother. Passing through the drawing-room and mounting a rickety flight of stairs, you come to the remains of the family library in two small, low chambers, in which you might easily imagine the ghosts of former generations carousing at midnight. The sun flickers but dimly through the little, cobwebbed, diamond-shaped panes of the window, and the odor from the magnolia and orange trees outside seems to make the air stifling in its sweetness. On the floor stand piles of books, some of them valuable, even rare, falling to pieces for the lack of an occasional dusting and a new binding here and there. Only the rats and spiders seem to use them. A dingy book-mark in this volume and a faded letter in that, are the only signs that human hands ever have touched them. Toinette, the maid of all work, has no time to spend in these two forlorn little rooms, and Heléne, the ancient family nurse, is too decrepit to do any thing but make the coffee, sit in the sun all day, and mumble her strange creole patois.

In this picturesque, half-tumble-down southern house, live three sisters, the last of a once wealthy and influential French family of New Orleans. The war swept away their money and lands; and, heart broken at the defeat of the South, the father died. This took away their last means of support, and since then they have been obliged to teach in order to keep their old home. The oldest sister, a widow, has a small French school, the next gives lessons in music, and the third teaches languages in the American quarter. It is hard for these

women, once petted and spoiled by society, to have to soil their little white patrician hands by sordid work, and many times they beat against the bars of their cage of poverty. Still, despite misfortune, *madame* carries herself with the air of a duchess. Tall, thin, dark, trailing her long, black weeds behind her, she yet looks like the daughter of a proud Southern general, and, with imposing condescension, she stoops to instruct the children of her creole friends, bright, black-haired, black-eyed girls, who struggle nobly with the English tongue, in listening, reading and spelling, and with a sigh of relief fall back into their own native language, when school is over.

The second sister, Angéle, is a small, clinging creature, with sweet, winning ways, fair hair, and blue eyes, which she has a way of raising appealingly to your face, as if asking for protection. She is twenty-eight, looks twenty, and is petted and spoiled like a child. She has always been looked upon as the one of the sisters who was to make the rich match, and thus redeem the fortune of the family. It is strange that she should have lived so long without succeeding, for, pretty and accomplished as she is, she certainly must be attractive to the sterner sex. Marguerite, the youngest of the group, is also the most interesting. Homely, awkward, sinister, morbid, she is a man-hater, a woman-hater, a world-hater, in fact, a pessimist through and through. Her two redeeming points are her unselfishness and her brains. She is bright, well educated, well read, and a very clever writer, having collected quite a library by reviewing books, which were afterwards given her as remuneration. Since she was ten years old, she has kept an extensive journal in which she writes her impressions and original thoughts, rather than the every day occurrences of her life. To an American it would be extremely entertaining; for the flowery language, the mild flights of the imagination, and the exaggerated ideas are purely French. Although quite a liberal Catholic, she has several times almost made up her mind to enter a convent and give up the endless struggle to

piece together the remains of family greatness; but her natural independence always deters her. However, the Lady Superior of the Notre Dame sisterhood has great influence over her, and may yet draw her into the fold. It is to be hoped not, for, as a nun, she would be a miserable failure.

The lives of the three sisters are simple and quiet, for they still mourn the death of their father. Every day in the week they go through the same round of duties, teaching, eating, and sleeping, with now and then a visit from their married brother, who is perfection in their eyes, to break the monotony. Sunday is their only gala day. After mass they call on some of their numerous relatives, make excursions out to the Bayou to see a boat-race, or up or down the river, and in the evening they so far break through their seclusive habits as to chaperone their nieces to a dance or the opera.

Up here in the North, such a routine would be oppressive; but in the bright, sunny, languid, sonthern climate mere existence is a pleasure. Nature is gay for every one; there is no necessity for gayety and energy in the people.

Editors' Table.

Much has been said in regard to the abuse of our library; but many and gross annoyances occur constantly, and we wish to make one more appeal.

No other College in the land gives to its students such free use of a valuable library, as does Vassar; and common decency requires of us a more practical appreciation of our blessings.

All the trouble seems to arise from a failure to recognize the great principle of mine and thine. A student seems to fancy that the book which she particularly wishes to read or take references from thereby becomes her private property. On an average of once or twice a week, notices are read in the dining-hall to the effect that this book or that is missing from the library and is to be returned. Now, it is a very easy matter to renew a book, when the time for holding it has expired.

Reference books, we all know, are never to be taken from the library. If they are appropriated by any student, she must do it by stealth. She takes the book without the knowledge of the proper authorities, no record is made of its whereabouts, and many a valuable book is thus missing for months. To insure the selfish use of books, without actually stealing them from the library, there has arisen the meanest possible trick. A reference book is tucked into the drawer of a table or behind other books on the shelf, to remain successfully hidden from ten or a dozen students who need this particular volume, in order that one young lady may find convenient to her hand

the book which she had to leave when called to a recitation. What name would best apply to this sort of thing?

The lawless habit of defacing books with pencil marks becomes vulgar, when these defacements are the embodiment of the reader's valuable opinion. Scores of "How sweet," "Too sad," "Horrid," "Splendid story," &c., &c., are not at all necessary to the common appreciation of *Katrina*, *Misunderstood*, or *Adam Bede*.

As for the habit of making foot-stools of the shelves, or of eating fruit and candy, while sitting at a reference table full of busy workers, both are too unladylike to seem possible among our number. But alas, both are very frequently seen. Let us have a little more pride and much more thoughtfulness in this matter.

"Students who wish positions on the editorial board next year will please remember that we judge of their fitness for the position by the contributions which are handed us during the year."

Suppose the system of electing editors here indicated was established at Vassar, and the MISCELLANY inserted such a notice. Weshould hardly be obliged to have an addition built to the sanctum in order to accomodate the voluntary contribbutions offered us. In fact, we are inclined to believe that the number would be so small as not to furnish a very satisfactory basis for selecting a corps of editors. We doubt whether there would be found three girls who would conquer their own habit of mind, and brave public sentiment to the extent of declaring themselves candidates for any office. The "independent candidate" is a thing unknown: one must not be self-assertive in the slightest degree, but modestly wait to be nominated by a party. Modesty is a charming trait of character, and its worth is fully appreciated here. For, if any

young woman so far forgets herself as to let her desire for any particular office appear, her classmates will, in all probability, suggest the desirability of her cultivating the forgotten virtue, by assigning her a modest position in the background instead of the conspicuous one she covets. But it is possible to carry such attentions too far; and one is occasionally led to wonder why the fact that a girl recognizes her own ability should be considered a reason for forbidding her to exercise it Self-conceit is certainly objectionable—especially to a person who differs considerably from the conceited one in the estimate put upon her mental powers—but it is objectionable only when present in undue proportion. Self-appreciation is an element of success, and if any one thinks he can do a given thing, it is a pretty reliable indication that he can. But the instances are few and far between of any student here rising to such a high estimate of her powers. Whatever her private opinion may be, she must, in public, persistently claim that she can do nothing. Public opinion frowns down any young woman who dares say, "I can write a good essay" or "I am good in mathematics," though she and all the world know it to be true. It is reasonable to suppose that she recognizes her own ability, and its seems rather unreasonable that she should be condemned for saying what every one believes she thinks. We are not advocating an indiscriminate blowing of one's own trumpet—a kind of music which is seldom agreeable to any but the performer herself—nor are we trying to encourage the growth of self-conceit: we are merely protesting against the sentiment which compels self-depreciation, and the folly and injustice of depriving a girl of an office for which every one would think she was suited, if she did not commit the unpardonable sin of thinking so too.

There is nothing to prevent the existence of a Vassar College Glee Club, and we need one. The first business

of every Freshman Class is to appoint a Glee Club leader. She soon has under training ten or a dozen voices; and thus there are four creditable glee clubs. But let there be any public occasion—Philalethean Day, Founder's Day—and what appearance do we make? About forty singers are collected from one class and another, they meet twice a day for a week, and then sing—fully as well as could be expected. On the programme, they appear as "Glee Club," and the natural inference is drawn that they are what every College possesses, —a carefully trained organization, meeting for regular instruction under a competent director. Just this we ought to have. An hour once a week or once a fortnight is surely not much time to give up, nor much strain on the most delicate voice. Both those students who are taking singing lessons and those singers who are not so aspiring would receive incalculable benefit from regular practice in part singing; and then we might always be able to do ourselves credit, when occasion for chorus singing arose. Let us push this matter and see it an accomplished fact.

What sort of a woman wrote *Cape Cod Folks?* was the question which constantly presented itself to us in reading the book. Was her honesty the result of stupidity? or of an exquisite sensibility which forced her to write the book for the sake of showing herself as she was? Was she unconscious of her petty vanities, her hardness, and selfishness? or was she so keenly alive to them that she pitilessly laid them bare for herself and others to gaze at? The glimpses which the author gives of the one who is writing the book—whether intended as revelations of her own character or that of a creature of her brain—were, to us, far more interesting than the pictures which she drew of others, because of this constant problem which they presented. If, as we have reason—perhaps, only slight

—to think, the book was the growth partly of a desire to be honest with herself and others, the author was giving expression to a feeling which many of us must have felt. The hardness and selfishness which, with perfect frankness, she pictures as dominant in her heart at times when all that was noblest and most womanly should have asserted itself are what most of us have probably been conscious of as obtruding themselves for moments even when we were at our best. We have banished them with horror at their fiendishness; but we have despised ourselves so much for even their temporary lodgement that the trail of their slime seems to be over all our good. They make us feel as if we ought to label every decent thing we do, "Done by a hypocrite." It is a question sometimes whether, for honesty's sake, we oughtn't to be as bad as we feel. Doubtless many of the world are hypocrites, intentional hypocrites, but many more are haunted with such an omnipresent desire to be honest, to seem neither more nor better than they are, that it would be a relief to them sometimes, if they had been made with a window over their hearts. Was the author of *Cape Cod Folks* one of this latter class? and did she use the press as her confessional? or was she a woman too shallow to know that she was unwomanly?

We have been hunting for a wail, and the "Hunting of the Snark" was child's-play, compared with our search. We have been brought up on the belief that a wail is the chief ingredient of an editorial; and as the dreaded hour has come to produce three pages' worth of editorial, and we were in a most unprogressively contented state, we longed for a real downright grievance. We had already caught our hair, torn it out by the roots in true literary frenzy: the wail proved a more "gamey" fish, but we caught him at last and hasten to serve him hot, though sauce piquant be lacking. Last fall the Eng-

lish department was ignominiously turned ont of Room J. and relegated to the bleak and howling wilderness of the Lecture Room. The reason assigned for the exile was that Room J. was the students' parlor and ought to be devoted to their use alone; that it ought to be at their disposal whenever they wished to use it. The theory is very pretty; but the room is never used in the morning, and as we pass its hospitably open door of an afternoon, its deserted air always sends us on with not the faintest desire to drop in. We have heard that the piano can be used only between dinner and chapel, and if that be so, the room is of little use, excepting for chapter meetings or some large entertainment. Yet, even if the room were much used, we think that no student would mind giving it up for an hour and a half the five recitation-mornings of the week. The fact is, the English classes have not taken kindly to their new soil: they droop and languish, the recitations lack their old briliancy and spontaneity. The class and the Professor seem alike to miss the familiarity and homelikeness of Room J. The Lecture Room is very badly ventilated, and before the period is over the room is most unpleasantly hot and close. The damage to the carpet in Room J. has been raised as an objection to its use as a recitation room; but on noting the marks of wear and tear they seem to follow the curved line around the pillars in which the dancers always gyrate between dinner and chapel. We do not think there breathes a student with soul so dead that she would be unwilling to give up the third and fifth periods of wild gayety in Room J. for the eternal good of the English Department.

HOME MATTERS.

Philalethea celebrated her sixteenth birthday Dec. 2d. Like all maidens of sweet sixteen, she made her debut with "éclat and debris," the "éclat" in this case predominating to such an

extent that the "debris" was unrecognizable save to the eyes of the disappointed committee-women. We were prepared to be disappointed, and were, therefore, agreeably surprised when we found that the entertainment, though shorter than usual, gave as much general satisfaction as any given in the past.

The decorations were not elaborate, but were unusually tasteful. Besides trimming the corridor and parlors, the committee opened Room G. and the corridor room on the Second South for the entertainment of guests. The former was arranged as an Art Room, and its warm crimson curtains, rugs, easy chairs, and portfolios of pictures made it so cosy, that none but the initiated would have recognized it as the dread abode of the spirits of Messrs. Olney and Chauvenet. The spherical ungulas and rectangular parallelopipeds which generally grace the festive scene were replaced by cherubic connoiseurs of art, who gazed at the guests through mild orbs of blue crayon, as if they fully appreciated the effect produced by themselves and their flowery background.

The guests enjoyed a promenade concert from half past seven until eight, and at about a quarter past eight the procession, led by the marshal, Miss Cutler, entered the chapel. After the opening prayer by Dr. Caldwell, Miss Yamakawa, as president of the society, made a short address of welcome, and then announced the following programme:

Aria—"Ah fors' è liu," (Traviata) . . . Verdi.
Miss Hattie Schell.
Piano Solo, ... Miss Fridenberg.
Swiss Echo Song, ... Eckert.
Miss Hattie Schell.

Miss Schell fulfilled the expectations of those who heard her in Poughkeepsie a short time ago, and was especially pleasing in the Swiss Echo Song, for which she was recalled, and gave as an encore "Ich bin ein Vogel im Wald."

When we think of the almost professional pride which Miss Fridenberg must take in her finely finished work, we appreci-

ate her sacrifice in consenting to play for us on such short notice. The pleasure with which we always listen to her playing is only marred by the thought—what shall we ever do without her next year?

After the exercises in the chapel a collation was served in the dining-room, and about an hour later the same room was cleared for dancing.

During the evening the glee club gave the following selections:

Felice Donzella, ...	Bonoldi.
College Glee, ...	Adapted.
Serenade, ...	Harvard Song Book.

The Serenade was given by the glee club quartette, and the rendering was excellent; though the size of the corridor and the noise of the promenading made it appreciable only to those in the immediate neighborhood.

Too much praise cannot be given to the hard-working committee, who, in spite of disappointments such as no previous committee have ever experienced, offered us an entertainment which gave satisfaction to every one.

Mr. George M. Towle gave a lecture on Gambetta, in the chapel, Friday evening, Dec. 10th. Although the lecture must have been a disappointment to the few who labored under the delusion that Gambetta himself was to speak, to the majority of his hearers Mr. Towle gave great pleasure and satisfaction. The lecture itself was fine, and the speaker's voice and style of delivery were alike extremely pleasant. The lecturer began with a general reference to Gambetta as the foremost of living French orators and statesmen. He then referred to the coup d' état of Louis Napoleon on the night of December 2d, 1851, and made special mention of Bandin. He regarded the heroism of the "grave, country doctor" as the possible

inspiration of Gambetta, then a boy of thirteen, living in a sunny and romantic valley in the central part of France.

Then followed a rapid sketch of Gambetta's boyhood, of which little is known, and we next saw Gambetta in Paris, where he went to study law before he was out of his teens. There he led the indulgent, rollicking life which has delighted the French student for many years. The future Dictator of France was threadbare and needy. Admitted to the bar, he was long obscure. In appearance he was rather stoutish, with a devil-may-care air about him, in conversation he was magnetic, jovial, and eloquent. Like many eminent Frenchmen he had his favorite café, and in it his theme was ever the usurper and the empire. He poured out an endless torrent of scorn and vituperation upon Napoleon III. and the imperialists. Neither military force nor the cautions of friends could restrain him. He thus gradually came to be known and encouraged by prominent Republicans. He came into general notice on the occasion of his first speech before the imperial court. The shabby Bohemian held the crowded court-room spellbound. The imperial judges trembled, and the crowd was fascinated and charmed. In twenty-four hours he was the hope of his party, and his name was ringing through France.

We were next presented to Gambetta at Tours, whither he had escaped after the overthrow of the empire, and while Paris was in a state of siege. All that mortal could do, Gambetta did. He kept alive the flame of patriotism and saved France from committing suicide in the agony of her desperation.

He did not, as he might have done, erect his own throne on the ruin of the empire, but, as soon as he thought the Republic safe, voluntarily sought the obscurity of private life. He re-entered public life in 1879, and in uniting the interests of the Republic, severed at that time, he evinced great tact, stern self-control, politic and cautious action. His practical genius, unrivalled eloquence, resource of action in critical moments,

have many a time turned imminent defeat into brilliant victory.

Since he has been President of the Chamber of Deputies, we have had another evidence of the versatility of his talent. The Chamber of Deputies is, of all assemblies, the most unruly and turbulent. Its President has need of an iron will, quick resolve, and lungs of brass. Gambetta has, on every occasion, controlled its most violent storms.

The lecturer then spoke of the force, method, and style of Gambetta's eloquence. No man ever looked less like a great orator. But his voice is clear, sonorous and flexible. It rings through the wildest charges, and is heard as distinctly in its softest whispers. His gestures are few, but strong and telling. His rhetoric is tropical in its exuberance and imagery. His speeches are replete with solid and powerful reasoning. He is an earnest advocate of law and liberty, urging at all times self-restraint upon his restless and excitable countrymen.

The address closed with a brief sketch of Gambetta's character. Though the most powerful man in France, he is still as modest and unpretending as when he was a briefless barrister. Unlike King Hal, the friends of his youth are his friends still. He is a graceful and genial host. He is careless in money matters, free with everybody.

One of the secrets of his influence is his real kindliness of heart. Instead of stamping out revolt he has, rather, smiled it away. This simple kindliness quite as much as his infectious eloquence has won his success. It may be said of him that power has passed through his hands, blood under his eyes, and calumny over his head. He stands to-day the chosen leader and hope of the Republic of France.

Dr. Ritter's artistic way of wishing us a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year far outstripped even Prang's first-

prize card, and we were sent home with his good wishes ringing in our ears to the melodies of Chopin, Vieuxtemps, Tours, Gounod, and the heartfelt "God-speed" that sounded in the rich themes of Beethoven's great trio seemed for the moment to lift us out of ourselves and to transport us to our respective home independent of such earthly necessities as steam engines and railroads.

What we thought at first to be a mere accident of circumstances—having a concert the night before we leave for the holidays,—has developed into a custom, and we cannot but express our gratitude for the thoughtfulness thus displayed. The last week is always a hard one, its work more wearing, the tired, pale face looks if anything a trifle paler, and the time it takes our obstinate brains to grasp and retain six pages of Rhetoric, or Mental Philosophy is appalling. Wednesday night comes, even a concert has no charms after a busy afternoon of packing, and with unwilling hearts we go to those uncomfortable seats in the chapel to be bored. Bored? If you watched the students as they came to their rooms from the entertainment on December 14th, you would see how much they were bored. Every face was radiant. We go home with some of this pleasure brightening our eyes and removing all traces of fatigue, and our friends remark, "How well you are looking," "How Vassar agrees with you," never thinking to attribute the regeneration to Dr. Ritter's cheery farewell.

Never have we had a more charming concert in the College than the one to which we were treated on the Wednesday before vacation. There was a magic something about it that made us feel as if we could sit and listen forever without tiring. We were sorry when each selection ended and yet we were eager for another. The performers should feel complimented by the marked enthusiasm manifested, for it is very seldom that a Vassar audience is willing to prolong a musical entertainment by the voluntary addition of four encores.

Dr. Ritter showed wisdom in placing the Beethoven trio first on the programme. It gave a tone to the whole, showed us immediately the capabilities of the performers, and gave us a chance, while we were yet fresh, to fully appreciate the grandest feature of the evening.

It must have been a novel experience for Mr. Rietzel to be confronted by so many young ladies as he stepped upon the platform; however, if he was embarrassed, he effectually concealed it, and from the moment he struck the first note of the trio, he was a musician lost in his art. He seemed throughout, even in the grandeur of the *Andante*, to be in sympathy with the composer, and his rendering of the whole seemed to unite the dignity and thoughtfulness of an older artist with the refreshing enthusiasm of youth.

In Joseffy's arrangement of Chopin's *Etude*, op. 10, No. 5, we sat in dumb amazement that mortal fingers could master such intricacies with such accuracy. No one who has not studied the original *Etude* can appreciate the difficulties of the composition. I think that the simple arrangement is more beautiful, but the power of execution that the other calls for is wonderful, and on that account it is a good concert piece. Mr. Rietzel's firm touch was especially exhibited in Moszkowski's *Serenata*, a charming little composition. If he can do so much now when he is so young, our imagination fails us in trying to picture him after ten more years of study. As he rises in the musical world, as rise he must, he can ever be sure of the warmest interest of Vassar in his career.

We always look forward to a performance of Mr. Bergner's as we would to a chat with an old friend. The powerful, sympathetic tones that he draws from his violincello seem to take all our petty cares and troubles and to dissolve them into thin air. To hear him play Chopin's Nocturne op. 5. No. 2, as he did on Wednesday evening, is as good as two weeks' rest.

Mr. Brandt is not as well known to us as Mr. Bergner, but we are fast growing to love his violin as we now love Mr.

Bergner's 'cello. His performance of Vieuxtemp's *Ballade* and *Polonaise*, so beautiful in themselves, made them even more beautiful, and his accuracy on an instrument so difficult of manipulation as the violin showed the touch of a true artist. The audience manifested their appreciation by the well deserved applause they give him.

Miss McIlvaine! What use to write of her for a Vassar public! She had won our hearts long before she sang for us. Still, for the benefit of outsiders, who do not know our lovely little singer, I shall say a few words. The selection from Gounod's *Faust* was admirably rendered. To sing any part of this opera well requires an unusually good voice and a fine execution, and Miss McIlvaine certainly showed herself equal to it. In her *encore* she was simply irresistible. We could almost imagine her the little shepherdess; but if she had come up the chimney and out into the big world, I am sure the world would never have let her go back again—they would have grown too fond of her.

We Vassar students should consider ourselves wonderfully fortunate, for now we have a series of concerts that cannot but educate our musical taste to the utmost. The recitals at the College, combined with those in Poughkeepsie, offer us advantages that none of us should cast aside. We have just enough music to make us love it, and not enough to let us grow *blasé*. Dr. Ritter should be highly praised for the good work he is doing for his art.

Would those girls never get their trunks packed, and would they never stop talking about going home, and what they expected to have for Christmas dinner? But, at last, the final "Good by, I hope you will have a good time," and "Yes, I know I shall, but—I am so sorry for you, staying in this gloomy, old place," were said, and we remaining twenty stood

behind the closed door, busily twirling our thumbs and trying to look as though we did not mind "staying in this gloomy, old place" one bit. Of course it was more sociable having such a small number, and then, you know, vacation was intended for rest, not for dissipation, so we wondered that these poor, tired students, passing out into the giddy world, did not envy us—but they didn't. Some one immediately suggested that this was a good opportunity for making Christmas presents, so we willingly devoted our energies to slippers, afghans, purses, and similar articles, all to be finished by December twenty-fifth. Time to grow lonesome—we had hardly time to breathe!

The following Friday evening we were all invited to Miss Goodsell's parlor, and we went, conscientiously lugging along our Christmas fancy-work. But, alas, for our good intentions! Somebody asked, "Do you know how to play rabbit?" Afghans, purses and slippers were dropped in a miscellaneous mass, and we were soon occupied in learning how to play rabbit—a most interesting and complicated performance. Then other games followed, interrupted by nuts and raisins. How the philopena conquerors' eyes began to glisten! They sat there, grim and unrelenting, until the last poor victim had torn herself away.

Was there any one who did not enjoy the Saturday morning's ride? Away down the South Road, past the country residences, looking grand but desolate in their winter surroundings—the blue, snow-topped hills across the Hudson, showing every now and then above and through the trees.

It was nice to have Christmas come on Sunday, since we could celebrate both Saturday and Monday, doubtful as to which was the better day. Christmas eve, Mrs. De Saussure treated us to cream and cake. There came to us that night a note, full of kind wishes and good cheer from Miss Goodsell, to the "girls she left behind her." A good many un-mouse-like sort of animals were stirring around until late. Some of

us were looking at the presents received that day, others were reading Christmas letters, and some were anxiously hanging up stockings in the most expectant and pathetic attitudes.

By the appearance of the dining-room Sunday morning, we judged that Santa Claus, contrary to his usual custom, had been up before breakfast, for there in front of every plate was a huge, well-filled paper bag. Soon from out of the depths we dragged Christmas cakes, nuts and fruit, and then followed excited comparisons and admiring remarks. Monday night tea was served in Room I, where tables were prettily arranged. There were roses and ménu cards for all, welcome remembrances from Miss Goodsell. After tea we went into Room J and the parlors, where games and conversation were indulged in until quite late, when the evening closed with the Virginia Reel.

The rest of the week passed pleasantly. One evening we played hide and seek, and scampered through the corridors. Then at another time we tried our skill in candy-making. The candy was made, but while it was cooling, some evil spirit ran off with two of the choicest dishes. New Year's eve came, and during the early part of the evening there was dancing and refreshments. At ten o'clock eighteen girls assembled in a darkened room, and straightway the ghastliest of ghost stories were invented and related until the shadows danced frightfully and chairs and tables took the shapes of gnomes and goblins. So the old year passed away with eighteen pairs of frightened eyes looking wistfully and awefully into the familiar face, and the new year was an hour old before the girls could gather courage to seek their rooms.

Monday was the last day of vacation, and we did much to make it the jolliest. In the morning our Christmas cake was cut and partly eaten. Then everyone was presented with a piece to sleep on or to keep as a memento. But early Tuesday morning our ears were greeted with—

A terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the girls were back once more,
And our jolly vacation, alas, was o'er.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Christmas holidays began Dec. 16 and ended Jan. 3d.

Mr. George M. Towle, of Boston, lectured at the college on Gambetta, Dec. 10th.

The Seniors have petitioned for a class in Political Economy next semester. The petition has been refused.

Two handsome screens of painted plush, framed in ebony, were sent by the students to Mr. Cornell and Mr. Coykendall during the vacation, as a mark of appreciation of the kindness of these gentlemen to them last fall. The screens were painted by Miss Buckland and Miss De Saussure.

A concert was given in the college chapel on the evening of Dec. 14th.

The elections of studies for next semester have been handed in.

The elocution classes will not meet again this semester.

'84 has appointed her committee for the Trig. exercises.

Prof. Backus preached in the college chapel Sunday, Jan. 8.

One of the Seniors complains that she has injured her tendon Hercules in skating.

Prof. Backus lectured in Poughkeepsie Jan. 6th. Subject, Alexander Hamilton.

Dr. Caldwell delivered a lecture before the Literary Society of the Vassar Bros. Institute, Jan. 10th. His subject was "What Poetry does for Nature."

Thirty students remained in college during the vacation.

1st Senior, "What is a Sybarite?"
Senior, "A native of Siberia."

Miss Haskell has returned from Europe. She will not be at the college, however, until the beginning of the second semester.

Seven new students have entered the college since the vacation.

The gymnastic classes did not meet during the week after the vacation.

Miss Hubbard has returned to college.

Four new banjos have appeared on the Senior corridor. The non-musical members of the class are feeling very happy in consequence.

During the holidays a reception was given to Prof. Mitchell by the New England Woman's Club, in Boston. At the close of the evening it was voted to hold such a reception yearly, some time between Christmas and New Year's, the day to be called "Maria Mitchell's Day."

The following books have been added to the library since our last issue:

Selected proofs from Scribner's Monthly and St. Nicholas.
Jowett's Thucydides.
Freeman's Subject and Neighboring Lands of Venice.
Mayor's Ancient Philosophy.
Sully's Illusions.
Bascom's Science of Mind.
J. L. Diman's Theistic Argument.

We are requested to publish the following notice: "A meeting of the New York Alumnæ Association is to be held at 12 M., at Delmonico's, cor. 26th street and Fifth Avenue, on Feb. 4th, 1882. All in this vicinity at the time, are cordially invited to attend, irrespective of postal card invitations.

Wanted, the Catalogues of '69 and '70. Anyone having them for sale, will confer a favor by communicating with the Editors of VASSAR MISCELLANY.

PERSONALS.

'72.

Miss Brace has left the College for the rest of this semester.

'73.

Married, at Detroit, Mich., Dec. 19th, 1881, Frances C. Leggett to Mr. Henry B. Weg.

'74.

Died, in Oakland, California, Dec. 13, 1881, Mrs. A. M. Eldridge.

'79.

Married, in St. Paul, Minnesota, Dec. 7th, 1881, Nannie Braden to Mr. James H. Whiteman.

'80.

Married, in Lansing, Mich., Jan. 12th, Mariette A. Barnes to Mr. George W. Knight.

'81.

Miss Braislin is teaching Latin in Miss Porter's school, Farmington, Conn.

Married, Jan. 4th, 1882, Carrie E. Andrews, formerly of '77, to Master Frank J. Milligan, U. S. N.

Died, at the College, Dec. 15th, 1881, Mary L. Magness, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

"That awfully sweet and too exquisitely charming publication, THE VASSAR MISCELLANY" is much flattered by the very complimentary notice which the *Nassau Lit.* accords to it.

But we of "fair Vassar" are very sorry that our "claims upon the affections" of the *Lit.* prevent a fair criticism of our publication. We have always looked upon the *Lit.* as a first class college magazine, and we are sorry to see the "tender passion" so taking possession of it.

That lack of discrimination which attributes to "love" for its foe our siding against the *Princetonian*, results in an exceedingly premature announcement of the residence of our affections. We would beg leave to make such announcements or ourselves.

The *Undergraduate* for December has thoughtful, well written articles under the titles "Shelley," "Christopher Marlowe," and "How to treat Pauperism." Two or three editorials are followed by exhaustive reviews of the *Atlantic*, *Century* and *St. Nicholas*. The column of Personals has nearly forty items. Would that Vassar Alumnæ were more careful to keep THE MISCELLANY posted on items of alumnæ interest.

The *Amherst Student* we like. It is sensible, makes no very desperate attempts to be profound or funny, and is free from coarse jokes and slang. The Dec. 10 issue is essentially—and rightly, too, we think, considering the character of the paper —a publication for the Amherst students. It treats almost exclusively of college matters, and hence, fails to make its full impression upon outsiders. *The Amherst-Dartmouth Game* is quite cleverly done, which is more than we can say of the other two so-called poems. The last stanza of *The Girl that is waiting for Me* is so harrowing that it quite mars the effect of the tranquil beauty of what precedes. Strange that *The Student* did not take a somewhat more public and unsentimental way of thanking Smith for her floral offering. It isa little idiosyncrasy of *The Student's*, which we have noticed before; e. g. when it acknowledged the receipt of a valentine from Vassar.

The popular mania for serials seems to have strongly afflicted the *Columbia Spectator*. Its December issue contains two, one of which, *Bilkin's Christmas*, though not strikingly original in what it satirizes, promises better than the majority of like college productions. Its *Lines* on a tuberose are—"very tender, very yearning, very precious," and all that sort of thing, you know.

Among our exchanges there is not one which we have read with deeper interest or more unmingled pleasure than the Hamilton College Monthly for November. It opens with a poem entitled "Life and Death," a poem bearing on the creation of the world and the fall of our first parents, a poem which would make the shade of Milton tremble—with envy. It is of such uniform excellence that we were in doubt as to what portion we should present to the admiration of our readers, but we finally decided upon the following lines as, perhaps, most truly representative of the genial spirit of the poem.

> "But still the grand work was, as yet, incomplete,
> And Deity, speaking, the great want to meet,
> Said, "Let us make man," and to him give control,
> For he, of them all, we'll endow with a soul——
> A soul that is deathless, and ever shall be,
> Throughout the long ages of eternity;
> But made, it was found that so lonesome was he,
> That it was decreed that he should have company."

Dear H. C. M., you are young. It needs not the Vol. II., No. 3, printed on your cover, to tell us that. Take, we beg of you, the advice of age and experience. You have touched on a theme too deep for the apprehension, even of college students, too vast to be adequately treated even in a poem one hundred and forty-four lines long, too solemn to be fitly treated in the anapæstic tetrameter acatalectic. Don't attempt it again, we pray you; a second effort will probably have but little value either as a monument of human genius, or as an element of your individual glory. On your last page we saw

a number of short poems, whose terse expression and intense realism has won our deepest approval. Their position in the advertising column has led us to infer that they are not the products of the editorial brain. In case we are mistaken, we tender our most humble apologies. The concluding stanza of the first poem struck us as being especially felicitous; study it, imitate it, and desert the abstract for the concrete.

> "Rose up the old man with a terrible sneer,
> And led the youth out to the street by the ear,
> And lifting his foot, not in kindness was it,
> Gave vent to the curt monosylable "Git"
> Your engagement ring from Otis W. Snyder, the Kentucky jeweler."

CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

At the University of California, in the mathematical classes, each student is allowed to assign his own lesson; the only requirements being that he shall report his progress each day for recitation, and be ready for an examination at a certain time.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Durant, wife of the founder, recently deceased, has been elected treasurer of Wellesley college.—*Brunonian.*

A Wellesley College girl heard her father criticised severely across a dinner-table. The critic paused a minute to say, "I hope he is no relative of yours, Miss?" Quick as thought she replied, with the utmost nonchalance, "Only a connection of my mother's by marriage."—*Varsity.*

Columbia's Sancrit class consists of one.—*Berkeleyan.*

The æsthetes are daily gaining strength and assurance. They now speak of hash as "a mosaic."—*Colby Echo.*

There are 150 college papers published in the United States. Yale and Cornell each support a daily. The circulation of

some of the leading college papers is as follows: Yale *Courant*, 800; Yale *Record*, 600; Yale *Lit.*, 550; Yale *News*, 350; Harvard *Crimson*, 500; Harvard *Advocate*, 475; *Princetonian*, 1,000; Nassau *Lit.*, 450; *Acta Columbiana*, 500. No college paper has a circulation over 1,000. The circulation of the *College Argus* is 600.—*Argus.*

If your foot is asleep, do not be alarmed. The poet tells that the sole that sleepeth is not dead.—*Ex.*

Full many a man has poked at glycerine
  And flown promiscuous through the desert air;
Full many a maid has handled kerosene,
  And gone to glory in a gorgeous glare.
—*College Mercury.*

The Faculty at Yale are putting in practice the hsstage system of making one or more men responsible for the actions of their classmates.—*Colby Echo.*

Slightly sarcastic was the clergyman who paused and addressed a young man coming into church after a sermon had begun, with the remark: "Glad to see you, sir; always glad to see those here late who can't come early." And then decidedly self-possessed was the youth thus addressed, in the presence of the astonished congregation, as he responded: "Thank you; would you favor me with the text?"—*Ex.*

Dr. Freeman, the well known historian, is engaged to deliver ten lectures at Cornell during the winter.—*Ex.*

England has at last given up the effort to pronounce Latin after the "Continental" method.—*College Mercury.*

LEFT.

"Meet me," she said, "by the orchard wall,
  To-morrow night, as the sun goes down."
And this is to-morrow, and here am I,
  And there's the wall, and the sun's gone down.
—*Lampoon.*

Cambridge, England, University has the largest freshman class it has ever known. It numbers 835.—*Occident.*

A Senior, who is dissatisfied with his photographs, has been sending them around to his friends, with the following remarks written on the back:

"Errata: 1. Imagine more expression in the eyes. 2. Imagine a smaller nose. 3. Think of my natural vivacity in place of the dullness here. 4. Imagine my mustache."—*Chronicle.*

It is announced that all prizes, honors and degrees which the Royal University of Ireland can confer, are open to female as well as male students.—*Berkeleyan.*

At Yale, the theological faculty have formally adopted the revised version for use in the devotional exercises of the school, believing it to be "better than any other English version, because it follows more exactly the Greek text as originally written, and is a more clear and correct translation"—*Ex.*

He. "Are you a believer in elective affinities?"

She. "Well, really I have not read much about these scientific inventions lately. This is Edison's latest, I suppose." *Yale Record.*

RECEIVED.

We have received from the *Atlantic* a fine life-size portrait of Emerson.

We acknowled the receipt of the following exchanges:

Acta Columbiana, Acta Victoriana, Amherst Student, Archangel, Argo, Argus, Ariel, Athenaeum, Atlantic Monthly, Bates Student, Blackburn Courier, Beacon, Berkeleyan, Boston Times, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Campus, Carletonia, Cen-

tury, Chronicle, Colby Echo, College Courier, College Mercury, College Olio, College Rambler, College Record, College Student, Collegiate, Columbia Spectator, Cornet, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Cornell Sun, Coup d'Etat, Crimson, Critic, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Good Times, Hamilton Lit, Hamilton College Monthly, Harvard Advocate, Harvard Echo, Havard Herald, Havard Lampoon, Haverfordian, Hesperian, Student, Horae Scholastica, Lafayette College Journal, Lantern, Lehigh Burr, Madisonensis, Mississippi University Magazine, Nassau Lit., Northwestern, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Philadelphia Evening News, Polytechnic, Poughkeepsie Daily News, Queen's College Journal Reveille, Rockford Sem. Mag., Round Table, Spectator, Student Journal, Student Life, Sibyl, Syracusan, St. Nicholas, Targum, Tech., Transcript, Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University, University Herald, University Mag., University Portfolio, Willistonian, Woman's Journal, Wyoming Lit., Yale Lit., Yale News, Yale Record.

REPORT OF THE MEETING OF THE BOSTON ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Boston Association of Vassar Alumnæ was held in Boston, at Hotel Brunswick, on December 31st About twenty-five members were present, most of the classes from '68 to '81 being represented by one or more graduates.

The President, Mrs. Louisa (Parsons) Eveleth of '68 presided, with Miss Sarah E. Wentworth of '79 as Secretary.

After a brief business meeting, during which officers for the ensuing year were elected, and the report of the committee upon the June examinations, held in Boston, was received, the Association proceeded to carry out the programme prepared by its executive committee. This consisted of two discussions upon the subjects : "The Defects of a Vassar Education," and "The condition attached to the bequest of the late Matthew Vassar, Jr."

Miss Cushing of '74 opened the first discussion with an interesting paper, in which she placed before the meeting several important points for its consideration. Among these was the limited extent of the elective courses. In this respect, Vassar had not kept pace with the progress made in other colleges.

A free and animated discussion followed, which resulted in the appointment of a committee to investigate from authoritative sources the present intellectual status of the college.

The second discussion was opened by Miss Whitney of '68, who read several selections from the speeches and le ters of Matthew Vassar, Senior, to show that the condition accompanying his nephew's gift of eighty thousand dollars was in decided opposition to the spirit and principle of the founder. After some discussion, in which considerable difference of opinion was expressed, it was decided to enter upon the records of the Association a resolution embodying a protest against the condition of the bequest, and to send copies of the resolution to the other alumnæ asssociations.

A pleasant break in the serious deliberations of the meeting was afforded at one o'clock by an ample and enjoyable lunch.

Among the Alumnæ present was Miss Brown of the English Department ; and the association had the good fortune to secure as its guest Prof. Mitchell. Both Prof. Mitchell and Miss Brown were able to give much valuable information concerning the condition and prospects of the college.

Late in the afternoon, the meeting adjourned, and the members separated with a renewed sense of the pleasures and advantages attending these yearly reunions.

A BOSTON ALUMNA.

The Vassar Miscellany.

Editors from '82.
Elizabeth M. Howe, Mary B. King, Mary R. Sanford.

Editors from '83.
C. Lena Bostwick, Martha Sharpe.

Business Editor: Abbie M. Nickerson.

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LICHT, MEHR LICHT.

It was an afternoon late in Autumn. A slight young girl stood leaning over a much dilapidated, battered red fence that served to separate a lonely country road from a still lonelier, scraggy little garden. In the background, a tumble-down old house, whose internal shabbiness was made more evident by the glimmer of a fitful, indifferent fire; in the foreground, a few dying trees, some insignificant cabbages, a listless girl, and a fence, whose original cheerful color and symmetry many storms and much service in the capacity of hitching-post had done their utmost to destroy. Not an attractive picture, certainly—nor striking. The fire was too fitful, the fence too washed out, the girl too limp and pale; but even a casual ob-

server would have turned to have a second view of this evidence of unprotesting dilapidation, and looking, his attention would have been chained by the expression of the girl's face, as she gazed from time to time up the road, as though momentarily expecting some one to appear. When no one approached in answer to that look of eager expectation, she would relapse again into the old listlessness, and assume an expression of hopeless endurance. This look intensified as the sound of loud, angry altercation came through the open door and struck harshly on her ear. She remained where she was long enough to discover that she herself was the subject of conversation, and then, with a gesture of impatience, she jerked open the little broken-down gate, and walked up the road.

Somewhat below the medium height she was, and slender; so pale that her dark brown hair seemed fairly black, and her big gray eyes shone out in unnatural brilliancy. She was not in any way beautiful; yet there was that in her face which impressed and haunted one. It commanded attention,—a pitying, sympathetic attention; for it revealed a morbid consciousness of a great lack. And yet the look of discontent which one would naturally expect in connection with this other was not to be found in her face. There was, rather, a closed, shut-up appearance about it, as though she were holding a tight rein over some force within, lest it should break from under her control and cause general disaster.

Suddenly, her nervous walk broke into a quick, uncertain run, as an old white-haired man shambled around the corner of the road. But just before she came up to him, she stopped as though seized with some sudden dread, turned her expectant, eager face away from his approaching figure, and looked straight out before her into space. Perfectly still she stood; not a muscle of the tightly drawn mouth betrayed her emotion—not the quiver of an eye-lash; but her eyes told all; they said that every atom of her being was standing still—waiting.

"Well, Mag, did ye think I wuz never a comin'? I'd a ben here this long time, but I come across old man Bartley, an' we got a talkin' 'bout Jem's mare, an' the time went a'most afore I knew 'twas here. He wants her jest 'bout ez bad ez me,—only he kind o' counts o' our not knowin' that,—he calc'lates—"

"Oh, father!" Only two words, but, together with the grasp of her long, slim hand laid upon his arm, they said much,—more than she had intended; for she instantly drew away from him, and turned toward the house. The old man's eyes gleamed at her from under his bushy, gray eyebrows, and, pulling her back to his side, he said,

"Your heart's jest set on't, ain't it, Mag? I s'pose nothing else'd satisfy ye? Well, that's how I calc'lated when I wuz in town, and got hold of a little house for us. 'Tain't handsome, but it's big 'nuf for two, an' ef it's what you want, I guess I'll be satisfied. The school's right handy for ye, an' I've got hold of some business that'll keep things runnin' ef it all goes right, an' I reckon it will, Mag—I reckon so."

"Father,—will you tell them?" Her voice was very low at first, and it ended in a long uncertain sob, as she threw her arms around his neck, and gave way to all the pent-up excitement which had held possession of her.

"Why, Mag, are ye so sorry ter leave the old place? I—I kind o' thought ye didn't keer for't,—not much. Ye know we needn't go, Mag?" This rather eagerly.

"Oh, yes, to-morrow,—let's go to-morrow, father, we will, won't we?"

"To-morrer, Mag? Wal, I hadn't thought o' goin to-morrer. I'd kind o' reckoned on fixin' things up a bit 'round here,—kind o' tendin' to 'em, ye know, an' fixin' 'em comfortable like. I'd kind o' like ter; but we kin go to-morrer, Mag,—yes, we might just ez well go then ez a'most any time," he added quickly, as he caught sight of his daughter's disappointed face.

"And you'll tell them now, father?"

"Yes, deary, I'll tell 'em. You run on in, an' I'll be 'long presently. I want ter 'tend ter su'thin' first." And as Maggie ran into the house with a bounding step and a lighter heart than she had known for months, the old man turned slowly back toward the gate, and, glancing around nervously, lest someone were looking, he took hold of the hingeless thing, and propped it against the uncertain, wavering fence, tenderly, lovingly, as though he and the old worm-eaten wood had a secret understanding. Certain it is that as he stood there, leaning against the fence, the last entirely straight board in it gave way with a loud crash, as if protesting against the thoughts that were silently filling his brain. Looking down upon it, strained and broken, he said that he "guessed 'twaz time he was a movin' on; he'd calc'lated that there piece o' work would outlast him by a long time." But as he turned to enter the house, he softly put into his pocket a little splinter of the wood that had fallen from the broken fence, and which he had been gently rubbing in his hands.

Early next morning a group of three were standing in front of the open kitchen-door, evidently waiting for something.

"So Miss Mag's ter have some schoolin', and come back ter play the fine lady with all her knowin' ways,—or p'raps she won't come back at all; farmin' 'll be beneath her after her city life, I expect."

"I've told ye jest how things stand, Mariar; I'm boun' ter give Mag what I kin. She needn't be no cause o' complaint ter you; she ain't got nothin' but her brains, an' all this here farm's yourn arter,—wal, arter I leave for town, I s'pose,—for this bizness that I got hold of 'll keep Mag an' me."

"Bizness! It's good you got some. Ef you're expectin' any money from the farm, you'll take it out in expectin' I'm thinkin'," snapped Maria, with a grim look at the withered cabbages. "Mag a lady! She ain't no more a lady 'n me, an' ye never thought I wuz cut out fer schoolin', and I'm yer

darter ez well ez her. Ever sence that plaguey school-teacher come out here a shootin' other folks's birds, Mag's been standin' on her head to get some larnin' into it; but she's just like her mar, with her white han's and her fine talk,—that flighty that she can't turn her han' to a bit of work on the place. I'd jest—"

"Ye needn't say no more, Mariar," interrupted the old man, sternly. "I've come to a mind about it, an' I'm goin' ter give Mag what I kin,—'tain't much, the Lord knows. I'm fond o' ye, Mariar,—I always wuz fond o' ye; but this farm's yourn, and Mag ain't got nothin' but me, an' so I must go with her. You an' Jake kin rub along without me, I guess. I'll be back, come spring, an' give ye a lift with the sowin', Jake," he went on, hurriedly, turning to a tall, gaunt fellow who stood leaning up against the side of the house, his hands in his pockets, whistling. "So 's ye won't miss me much, arter all; —'twon't be long, only till nex' spring," and he looked at them beseechingly, as he repeated, "'twon't be long, ye know. Ah, here's Bartley,—now, Mag, git yer traps. Good mornin', Bartley, good mornin', fine day. Wal,"—and old Zeke Kilpatrick gave a vague, unsettled look around, as he climbed up into the wagon of neighbor Bartley, who had offered to drive them to town. As the horses started, he waved a feeble farewell to the son and daughter standing in the doorway, and a little low strained "Good bye, Jake," came from Maggie's lips,—the first words she had spoken that morning.

"Bill told me to say ez how he wuz awful mad he couldn't come to drive ye himself, Mag; but he hed the chores to do, an' couldn't git off no how. He's comin' ter town, soon, though, so 's ye needn't be a feelin' blue," added old man Bartley, with an insinuating chuckle. No reply from Mag save a slow uplifting of head and chest, as though she would throw off a great overpowering weight.

"Tired a'ready, Mag?"

"Oh, no, father, I—I didn't sleep so very much last night, though," she added, with a little flush.

"Didn't ye, Mag? Yer don't mean ter say so," very wistfully. "Wal, now, I didn't neither. I wuz kind o' lookin' 'round—tendin' to a little bizness," explained he hastily to neighbor Bartley, "but I didn't know my little gal wuz awake too." And in the long silence that followed he furtively watched Mag's face, and once or twice his hands twitched as though he would grasp the reins; but he quickly pulled them back again and looked steadfastly at the dusty road.

"P'raps, Mag, p'raps, arter all, we might manage to come back 'bout New Year time—for a little while, don't ye think?" No answer. Another silence, which was broken finally by Maggie's low voice faltering,

"Father, did—did you see him? And he will—take me? And—oh, aren't we almost there, father?"

"Yes, I saw him, Mag, and—eh! why, bless my soul, Bartley, we're a'most ter town, ain't we!"

Half-past five o'clock, and Stephen McConnel was still standing over his desk in the gradually darkening school-room. Scratch, scratch flew his pen over the paper, and so deeply was he engrossed in his thoughts that he did not catch the sound of the opening door, nor the footsteps timidly approaching the platform. He was a man whose age might have been anywhere from twenty-eight to thirty-five, as far as one could judge, of medium height; his dark wavy hair, streaked with gray about the forehead; his face strong and bold by reason of the firm, square chin, fascinating and difficult by reason of his eyes. Their straightforward fearlessness commanded respect, their merry twinkle courted confidence, and, caressing, their charm outrivaled that of voice and lip. Stephen McConnel was a clever man; but, after all, it was his eyes that had made him successful. They claimed attention, and after that he managed to keep it. They were his means of making people study him; and, just as you thought that you were gaining fullest answer to your queries, you would find your-

self faced by a wall as impregnable as that of Thebes. For Mr. McConnel had also made a study of his eyes, and he knew well how to manage them.

His work is finished at last, and, pushing his chair from the desk, he walks with characteristic *cui bono* gait toward the window at the back of the platform.

"Mr. McConnel—" He turns quickly, somewhat impatiently you would say, were it not for the look in his eyes.

"You, Madge? You oughtn't to have waited for me. I thought you had gone long ago. Well?" and, lounging over the desk, he looked down at her with a half-amused, half-caressing smile.

"It is six months since I came here, Mr. McConnel, and," wistfully, "if you please, could you tell me if—if—I've been a mistake? You remember you said it would take six months to—"

"To find out what there is in you. Yes, I remember." And the quizzical look is changed into one wholly serious as he gazes into the girl's eager, up-turned face. The stagnant, oppressed expression which had characterized it but six months before is all gone. Her eyes, formerly big with unexpressed longing, now shine bright and steady with a desire, still unsatisfied, but directed. Nervous, sensitive, hungry little face, no wonder that Stephen McConnel is serious as he looks and reads what is in store for you.

"Are you very sure that you like it here, Maggie?" he asks abruptly.

"Oh, Mr. McConnel," begins the girl, all her soul in her voice.

"No, Madge,—I know all that,—you love it. But do you really think the life is worth all the work and discouragement, —do you think it pays you? Just think of your life before you came here,—not a responsibility,—not a trouble,—come, wouldn't you like to go back to it, Madge, if you could find it just what it used to be?"

"Don't speak of that, please, sir; I never could go back to that life again,—not now." After a minute she continued in a low, rapid voice, "I—I have disappointed you, Mr. McConnel, but I feel as though I would not,—if you could wait a little longer, sir, it seems as though I could do it."

"Do what?"

"What you want me to, sir; if you could only tell me very plainly just what it is that is the matter with me, I do believe I could make it all right. It isn't my studying that disappoints you, I know that," looking up frankly into his face, "for I have studied well. It's something else,—something in me, and if you will please tell me, sir, I will try."

Stephen McConnel does not manage his eyes as they look down at that little girl, honestly sad, tenderly hesitating.

"Yes, I'm disappointed in you, Madge; but I'm the one to try, not you. And I will try, I promise you; and I guess it will come out all right." Seizing his coat and hat, he started down the broad aisle of the school-room, but stopping abruptly half way, he said in a quick, decisive voice,

"Go ahead, you're doing well. It will be hard work, but you won't mind that, and I'll do what I can to help you; but it rests chiefly with you. Don't get discouraged." And turning once more, he stepped out into the street, leaving Maggie alone in the empty school-room. "Poor little Mag!" he muttered, as he buttoned his coat with the complacent air of one who is ready for congratulations, "That was hard work. I came pretty near sending her back."

And Maggie, alone in the school-room, was placing all dependence on him, literally laying her future in his hands. He it was who had dragged her from stagnation into life,—a life full of unequal struggles and bitter disappointments, it is true, but rich in the gladdening promise that, someday; she might be—not a noble character, for little Maggie's aspirations began and ended with Stephen McConnel,—she would be all that he could wish,—a credit to him. And she started homeward, her face strong and beautiful in its purpose.

Just as she reached their little cottage on the bank of the creek, the sun came out from behind a cloud to say good-night, and through the opening of the door, his loving light played tenderly around old Zeke Kilpatrick, bending low over his shoe-last, hurrying to catch and make the most of the lingering rays.

"Well, father dear, did you think I was never coming?" At the sound of the fresh, cheery voice that he loved so well, the old man looked up smiling, and pushing his spectacles up onto his forehead, said,

"Wal 'twuz kind o' long, deary, but I didn't miss ye so very much, for I was jest sot on finishin' this here shoe afore night come. It's all done now, an' I think Mariar'll be real pleased," holding up a pair of large awkward boots, and rubbing them with loving approval, "I think she'll be real pleased."

"Of course she'll be pleased, father; just think of your doing it outside of your other work!"

"No, it's nothing," disclaimed the old man, with a deprecatory wave of the hand, "but I hope she'll like 'em. I wuz jest a thinkin' afore you come in, Mag, thet it's thirty-three year ago this May since I quit cobblin' shoes; an' I think I've took to't pretty handy for not handlin' the tools thet long, don't you, deary?"

"Yes, father."

"Both of us hez ben a larnin' our A B C this winter, Mag, an' I wuz a wonderin' ef 't had ben ez easy ter you ez 'twuz ter me. You've went quicker'n me, but I guess you ain't hed any better time." And his hand stretched out to Maggie's head, and gently smoothed the heavy tumbled hair. "Hez anything happened ter ye ter-day, Mag?"

"No, father."

"Jest kind o' tuckered out. Wal, I be too. Ye can't help gettin' thet way once in a while."

"Did you see Jake to-day, father?"

"Yes, deary, jest a minute. Jake wuz real busy ter-day, so I thought I wudn't stay and talk with him."

"Did he say when he'd come for you?"

"No,—no,—ye see he wuz real busy, Mag, so's he didn't have the time ter think of it. He must a forgot that he spoke this day; but I didn't keer so very much about goin' ter-day, deary, I had these shoes o' Mariar's I kind o' wanted ter fix, and—some things to tend to 'round here, so's I didn't really mind his forgettin'. He said 'twasn't pleasant in the country anyway just now. I s'pose the roads is muddy." Maggie looked out at the dry, hard road just above them, then down at the turbulent little creek below, and, stooping suddenly, a choking sob, instead of the kiss which she had meant, fell on that dear old head.

"Ye wuzn't a thinkin' that you'd like ter go back there, wuz ye, Mag?" asked the old man a trifle nervously.

"Do *you* want me to go back, father?"

"Oh, no, deary," in quick, eager tones, "no indeed. Yer doin' so well here, ye know, thet I thought 'twould be kind o' queer ef ye'd keer ter go back onto the old farm. I'm a doin' well, too, an' then, ez Jake says, I'm gettin' kind o' stiff an' old ter be much of a han' at out-door work. We kin go an' see 'em come this summer, Mag, an' give 'em a lift in the busy season,—I guess they'll be real glad to see us. An' the nex' time Jake comes in I'll send Mariar the shoes,—I guess she'll be real pleased. Eh, what's the matter deary? Ye ain't a cryin', Mag?"

"Oh, no, no, father," sobbed she, throwing her arms around his old white head, "but let's go home, father, let's go home."

"Mag," panted he, pushing back her head, and peering eagerly in her face, "are ye in arnest? sho! ye don't want ter go home no more'n me, an' we'll jest stay where we are. Cobblin' comes easier'n did when I wuz a boy. I'm used to't now, an' I kind o' take to't.

It is over at last. The appreciative, sympathetic audience is dispersing as rapidly as narrow aisles and much halting for

mutual congratulation permits. For there is no audience in the world so generous, so expansive in its good nature as that of a school exhibition.

Edging along the side of the wall, his eyes eagerly searching the moving crowd of people, is old Zeke Kilpatrick. His bowed, shabby figure would cause but little comment in that democratic, unconventional audience, but the genial smile, the proud, happy light in his bright blue eyes, challenge attention; and no one passes him without feeling an additional throb of gladness, and an unexpressed wish that his evident happiness may be long-lived.

As he waits there, moment after moment, and no Mag comes in answer to his look of eager search, he softly slips into one of the chairs at the back of the room, and watches, still proud and happy, but patient.

"Maggie Kilpatrick's her name; lives out here in the country somewhere I believe,—no, she's not been here long,—not quite two years; but she's very bright indeed, quick as a flash, —great dramatic talent. Yes, an intense little thing. They say"—and then the voice was lost in the crowd; but not before Maggie's father realized that it was his Mag they were speaking of, and glad tears shone in his old eyes. Why didn't she come?

"Yes, yes, it's a great pity," said some one else passing behind his chair. "Nobody but her father, and he's very old, they say. She's left almost entirely to herself,—it's a hard place for any young girl. McConnel's been very kind to her, I believe; he means it all right; but it's a great responsibility sending a girl out into that life,—a great responsibility."

"Lots of talent, though," said another voice, "she can't help making a success of it."

Everybody is going. Why doesn't Mag come?

"And you're satisfied, sir?" asked the eager little voice.

"More than satisfied, Madgie. I'm proud of you." It was in the little recitation room which had been utilized that eve-

ning for a dressing-room. Stephen McConnel was standing there with Maggie, still all aglow and tremulous with the success of the entertainment. There was an air of appropriation and ownership about his manner as he stood there alone with her in the dimly-lighted room,—there was a something in his voice that rested Maggie and gladdened her inexpressibly, as he half whispered " I'm proud of you."

" I'm satisfied now that I was right,—you can do what you please; and I shall see about your leaving right away. You'll like being noted, won't you, Madge?" with a tender, winning smile, "and when you're a great artist, you'll look back at these last two years and laugh at the idea of settling down into a prosy, stupid teacher. But you mustn't laugh at the teacher, Madge, mind that!" and he gently brushed the tumbled hair off the low, white forehead.

" You don't mean that, Mr. McConnel. You have made me all that I am. If you tell me to go upon the stage, I shall go. If you tell me to stay here and learn to be a teacher, I shall work hard and do it. Mr. McConnel, if you were to tell me to go back to the farm, and never see nor hear of—of—all that's happened to me in these two years," stammered Maggie incoherently, "I would go,—you know that well enough."

"Ah, but I couldn't send you back, Madgie,—don't you know it? If I did as I chose, I should keep you right here with me; but I mustn't do that either. You must go away. I shall always keep hold of you, though, little Madge. I'm not going to stay here always, you know, and I think we can manage to keep track of each other. Now, good-night."

"Good-night, sir," standing on tip-toe to catch the kiss which she knew was waiting for her, and which she always received with a certain sense of restfulness and security. She loved that look in his eyes,—she loved herself for bringing it there; and, turning from the recitation room, she caught up her shawl and hat, and quickly made her way along the narrow, half-empty aisles of the school-room, looking around anxiously as she went.

"Oh, father," she cried, springing towards him, the moment she caught sight of his tired, patient face; and kneeling down by his side, she threw her arms around his neck and whispered excitedly, "You liked it, didn't you?—you liked it ever so much? and, oh, dear, he's so proud of me,—he told me he was,—and, father, I'm so very, very happy."

"Yes, Mag, I'm mighty proud o' ye, an' bless yer heart ye like ter please the old man, don't ye? Wal 'twuz a splendid thing. I just set here a-thinkin' o' yer mother, Mag, afore ye come. What kep' ye so long, deary,—I s'pose ye hed some things to ten' to out there, takin' off your finery, an' all that?"

"Yes, father," came Mag's voice low and pained, "I was busy. I'm sorry I didn't come quicker."

"Oh, it's no matter. I wuz a-thinkin', an' I didn't min' the waitin'. Yer wuz like yer mother to-night, Mag,—very like, only she wuz a heap prettier 'n anything else I ever saw. She wuz finer 'n most o' folks, kind o'—"

"Shan't we go home now, dear, and then you can tell me all about mother,—you never have said very much, you know."

"No, I ain't never said much," repeated the old man, looking up into her face with a vague, unsettled expression. "She wa'nt the kind ter talk much about, Mag. She was kind o' different."

In a few moments more they were crossing the bridge that took them to the other side of the creek where the little tumble-down cottage stood, half way up the bank. The usually sluggish little stream had swollen into a veritable river within the last few days; it was always high in the spring of the year, and it rushed along now with such rapid strength that one found it difficult to recognize the nameless creek that ordinarily crawled, so lazy and indifferent, down to the lake.

"They say it hasn't been so high for years, father."

"Yes, it's a'most ez big ez the Susquehanna. I wuz thinkin' ter-day that I might a'most a ben a boy agen,—'twuz right natural to sit a-cobblin' along side o' the river,—eh! be keerful,

deary, don't slip. I don't jest like its comin' up so high onto the bank, Mag,—'tain't comfortable."

Just before Maggie went into her own little room, she stopped by her father's chair, and bending over him lovingly, rubbed her soft, young cheek against his.

"Father, dear, are you sure you liked it very much to-night?"

"Sartin sure, Mag; but I took to the readin' more'n I did to the playin', deary. They ain't many ez kin read the way you do, Mag."

"Oh, but it really wasn't very good, you know,—it was the play that was the best, father."

"Yes, I s'pose," assented he, "the folks all seemed ter take to't. But I ain't never hed no hankerin' arter them things, Mag, I couldn't have, someway." and his eyes glanced restlessly around the room.

"No, deary? But you'd like to see me do well, wouldn't you, father? You'd like to have me a success, and have the people talk of me and—be proud of me and all that." After a little she leaned back and, coaxingly smoothing his perplexed brow, said, "You didn't guess that your little Mag would ever turn out to be a great actress, did you fa——"

"Mag, Mag," cried the old man, grasping her tightly, his face all pale and quivering, "Yer goin' ter teachin', you know, an' you an' me's always goin' ter stick together,—don't ye never forgit it, Mag," cried he, holding her tightly in his arms, the tears streaming down his face, "don't you never forgit it."

"Oh, father!"

"Nobody's never told ye ye must go a-playin', Mag. I couldn't bear it if ye wuz ter do that." Then choking back his sobs he gave a feeble little smile. "Sho! jest ez though ye wuz ter forgit it all,—not that I've done anything, Mag,—but ye wouldn't forgit it,—ye couldn't do it, Mag, no more'n anything,—you an' me's alway's goin' ter stick together, deary."

"Always, father, always," sobbed poor Maggie, "I never, never should leave you; you would be with me wherever I went, and we would have such a bright, pleasant home, and you shouldn't cobble any more shoes, deary,—oh, father, I've never said anything, but it's hurt me to have you cobbling here all day—and just for me, you dear, dear father,—and now I shall work, and you shall not."

"I don't mind the cobblin', Mag,—I'd do anything for you, —an' 'tain't ben hard, not arter the first." Then, glancing around the poor, desolate little room, he said doubtfully, "An' we've been pretty snug, deary; ain't ye been happy, Mag?" Her only answer was to clasp him closer: and in the long silence that followed the sound of the swift rushing water and the rising wind seemed fairly ominous.

"Did they ever make you feel uncomfortable, deary,—ye needn't mind tellin' yer old father,—did they ever make ye feel kind o'—sorry, ye know, that I wuz here all alone—cobblin' shoes, Mag?"

"Ah, father, don't,—don't," sobbed she, "I never minded it one speck,—never. I only wanted to get so that you wouldn't ever have to do any more work, father,—that was all, really."

"Yes, yes, I know that wuz all, Mag,—it couldn't a-ben anything else, ye know," answered he cheerfully; but the tired, patient look in his face seemed to deepen, and his breath came thick and hard.

"Yer kin do jest ez ye please, Mag, but not thet, not thet, —'twould a'most break my heart. Yer—yer mother, Mag, tried it, but 'twasn't—pleasant for her, Mag, and when I first —seen her she did'nt hanker much arter livin',—and she wuz prettier'n you, deary, an'—an' different someway. Ef she couldn't stick to't, Mag, why 'twould just kill you. I couldn't have my little darter go ter doin' that,—the paintin' an' the laughin' an' the finery, 'tain't like ye, Mag,—'tain't like ye."

"And mother had talent, too," said the girl in a low, musing voice, her eyes big and eager, "Ah, deary, let me try, do let

me try. And I promise you, father, that if I'm not a success I'll give it all up and—go back onto the farm."

"Mag, childie, I ain't a-askin' ye ter go back onto the farm; I wouldn't drag ye back there not for a good deal. Yer kin jest stay here, Mag, an' teach, an'—"

"Oh, but father, you don't understand," exclaimed the girl excitedly, "I can't stay here—not any longer, I mustn't,—I must begin to do what's in me to do. He's been so good and kind, father, I mustn't disappoint him."

"Mag," gasped the old man, rising to his feet, and stretching out his hands pleadingly, "Yer not a-goin' ter leave me,—not arter all these years."

"Oh, father, don't make me say it," pleaded she wildly, "I'll never leave you—never,—only let me"—but, sinking at his feet, her voice died away in a long, low sob.

The roar of the rushing water grew louder and louder in the old man's ears; the wind rose higher, fiercer; but the storm without was a mere breeze to the storm within, as, bending over her, he laid one carressing hand on her dark, curly head.

"I never thought ez how I'd come to the tellin' of it, Maggie,—I've kep' it ter my own self for nigh onto nineteen year, now,—nobody never knew it but her an' me, an' I hoped ez how nobody need ter. I've loved ye, Mag, ez though ye wuz my very own; I done more for you'n I could a done for any o' the others; I tried hard to make ye comfortable and happy. I couldn't a-bear the idee thet ye wuz ever a goin' back ter the life I took *her* from, an' so I tried ter give yer an edication,—an' ye took to't,—ye took to't real handy, deary, an' I wuz happy a-workin' here for my little darter. I'll go on a cobblin', Mag, but no one need never know it. I kin stay here, deary, an' you kin go to some other place,—boardin'; an' I shan't mind the work, nor I won't be lonesome,—only let me work for you, Mag,—it's honest, an' 'twould kill me ef you wuz ter go a playin'. An'—an' yer mother," choked he, "I promised her ez how I'd keer for ye always—ez though ye wuz my very own."

"Father," came little Maggie's voice, so strained and low, as she grasped his arm and looked up into his face with wide, wild eyes, "did—did,—oh, father! what is it? Don't look that way--it's—it's—the water, father,—we—"

"Madge, Madge, quick! Come!" called a loud, imperative voice at the window; and, at the same moment, Stephen McConnel's strong arm dashed out the rotting window frame, and his strong, commanding face peered into the half-lighted little room. "Quick,—quick, girl. Come here! In a moment your house will go!"

"Father, come," cried Mag, turning to the old man, and pulling him with all her strength toward the little opening. But he only looked at her with a great dread in his eyes, and stood perfectly still.

"Promise me, Mag," gasped he, "promise me!"

"Madge!" and Stephen McConnel's arm grasped her and drew her towards him. A dizzy quiver ran through the little cottage. The old man tottered forward, his arms outstretched. "Father, father," and with a bound little Mag was in her father's arms, and Stephen McConnel was high up on the bank—alone.

A. L. L. '81.

A PLEA FOR A CREED.

Curiously enough, it is not those who deny creeds and say, "I have none," who need to be converted to the adoption of some definitive articles of faith: for, if they did but recognize the fact, their refusal to formulate their belief makes the nucleus around which they wind the threads of at least a negative faith. I preach only against that great crowd of wavering mortals, whose faith has not even backbone enough for negation.

Granted, as my opponents would insist, that adherence to formal statement is a sign of limited comprehension, it does not follow, as this same disclaimer would have us believe, that the statement itself limits understanding. If, indeed, a kind fate had generously ordained that the intellect of man should embrace at once the whole of truth, the feeblest mind might easily comprehend that limitations would be superfluous. But, however unhappily, this is not the case; and the somewhat limited intellect of the human race, as well as the expansive good-feeling of the would-be creedless, must be taken into account in any discussion of the question. I mention good-feeling because I believe there are two general principles on which the advocates of undefined license in belief base their arguments,—brotherly love, and a desire for the truth—grounds, it must be confessed, which, in themselves, are not open to the charge of excessive definiteness.

Now brotherly love is commendable in its way, but is its way that of creeds? Upon careful consideration, I think not. A love of truth is in every way desirable, but is this furthered by the absence of a creed? Candor compels me to answer in the negative. If I am not mistaken, it is in the province of religion that brotherly love is supposed to be most conspicuously promoted by the absence of specific statement. I say religion, because that is the only one of the great activities of the human mind in which intellect is avowedly subject to the feelings. In science we must be critical, in morals reasonable, but in religion "as a little child." Here, then, the absence of a creed is supposed to be most favorably felt, though it is difficult to see just why, when we remember that it is precisely with the emotional part of religion that a creed has nothing to do. Creeds are the boundaries of denominations, the lines which separate the church into its different zones, from the torrid belt of fiery Calvinism, to the frigid regions of inconsistent Rationalism. But all denominations are one in their worship of God, in love of their fellow-men, in the inculcation

of charity, of good-will, of generosity, and all the list of virtues which are rather the outcome of instinct, than of accurate reason. Only in the region of intellectual conviction does the church insist upon a dogmatic statement of its doctrine; and with this brotherly love has no connection. Doctrinal points are simply questions of opinion, which the absence of a creed would not indeed annul, but which are made much clearer and more precise by its presence.

But there still remains the argument that a creed, from its office as a boundary line, comes to be a barrier and a hinderance to the liberally disposed, in their search for truth. I repeat that this might be so, if one mind were capable of embracing every side of even the smallest truth; but, since it is not, a creed serves simply the purpose of defining that particular side which its professor does comprehend. Instead of narrowing his conception, it only serves the purpose of making clearer to himself and others its extent and order. Instead of restraining breadth of mind, a creed is one of the stepping-stones to a wider faith; for, until a man can say definitely, "I know this," he lacks one of the most effective aids to a more comprehensive knowledge.

In religion, then, a creed gives all the exactness of a definition to our faith, and all the added confidence and beauty which come with expression. Faith is, indeed, the soul of the church; but a creed is her body, and must continue to be so, as long as she is the church militant, and not the church triumphant.

Even science, an infant in years, when compared with the church, feels the necessity of a creed. If we think, we must think in a specific direction; and so the scientific world splits up into Darwinites, into followers of Huxley, into devotees of Agassiz. In the department of Ethics, it may, with some show of truth, be said that, although that science is the foundation of society and the basis of human effort, it yet possesses no creed. But this deficiency, instead of being an outcome of

ethical knowledge, is only a sign of our ignorance and narrowness in this direction. The ethical science has no creed, because the number of exact and demonstrable truths in its department is so small that the facts which we do know must inevitably serve as common data, until our knowledge has become wider. A knowledge whose field is only broad enough now for its disciples to follow each other in one straight and narrow way, as it increases in extent will surely be cut and crossed by the diverging paths of those whose differing abilities or varied opportunities force them happily into separate roads. Happily, I say, because, in ethical, as in military science, it is true that a large army distributed in detachments will be more effective than the same body marching in unbroken order. And it is now more than every necessary for the workers in ethical science to seek out new truths and establish them beyond dispute. The present is an age when the great body of the people are becoming inaccessible to religious truth, and its place must be supplied by something which appeals to an essential quality of our common nature. Nothing is so universal as the instinct for moral truth, nothing offers a wider field for the efforts of an exact thinker.

Now, when we have owned that creeds are a beneficent fact in the church, are found to be essential in scientific research, and inevitable as a consequence of thought in ethical science, have we not established their application to the two essential departments of human energy, — religious and scientific thought? I would be far from obstructing the current of fraternal affection in the church or the cordial relation of brothers in science; but is it not true that even such parts of our nature are subject to certain restrictions and limitations, and that even brotherly love is discriminating?

M. F. H., '84.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

A conversation that took place one evening in Cambridge about three years ago will, I think, deserve a place in the history of woman's education. Said the old professor as he parted with his friend, "This is something we shall not forget. We have founded a university to-night." The talk had been long and earnest, and this had been its theme: how, in the interests of economy, can a part of the surplus power of Harvard College be utilized for the benefit of women? The reply to this question, so far as it is answerable to-day, is announced in the modest little circular which offers "Private Collegiate Instruction for Women in Cambridge, Mass." The founders of this institution gave it a name of truly royal length; but the public is short for time, and dubs it the "Annex." By this name it is generally known, though its friends and students are careful to enclose it in protecting quotation marks. The name is not inviting. It suggests an ephemeral structure at a country fair, provided for the overflow of onions, squashes, and premium bedquilts: a building bare, unpainted, with a strong fragrance of fresh boards. It is true the "Annex" has not as yet great architectural pretensions; it is waiting hopefully for its endowment. In the meanwhile, it has taken up its abode in the four front rooms of a plain, unobtrusive house in the classic neighborhood of the Appian Way. One of these rooms has been cosily fitted up by the lady managers as a parlor or reading-room. Here are several

hundred of the books that a student must have at his elbow. Many of these were furnished from the bequest of Lydia Maria Child, who left a sum of money in the hands of Mrs. Livermore and Col. Higginson, to be expended in the education of women. The three other rooms are fitted up as recitation rooms, and here the students of the "Annex" meet Harvard instructors daily, and take under their tuition courses of study exactly parallel with those of the college. In some respects, the girls have the advantage of their brothers. Instead of reciting in large sections, it often happens that two or three young ladies have a distinguished professor quite to themselves. For teachers, the "Annex" has the best Harvard can afford; but as regards the tools for teaching, — apparatus, laboratories, etc., — it is almost destitute. The instruction in the classics and mathematics is scholarly and wide-awake; but in the sciences the work is crippled by insufficient equipments. For instance, no chemistry whatever is offered. But a young woman may elect courses equivalent to those of the college proper, and at the end of four years she may take her departure with a certificate to that effect. To all intents and purposes, she is a graduate of Harvard College. She has entered with precisely the same examinations, has taken the same during her course of study, and obtains her certificate on the precise terms on which her brother earns his Latin diploma.

There are now thirty-six students at the "Annex," of whom about half are pursuing special courses. Among these are frequently graduates from other colleges, to whom Cambridge offers tempting facilities for further study.

The "Annex" is chaperoned by several Cambridge ladies, among whom are Mrs. Arthur Gilman, Mrs. Agassiz, widow of Louis Agassiz, and Miss Alice Longfellow, daughter of the poet. These ladies provide suitable boarding places for the students, and, to quote the circular, "assist them with advice and other friendly offices." One of their friendliest offices is

their care for the students' health. It is the boast of the "Annex" that never has one of its students been known to break down. Among the elective courses offered is one in gymnastics by Dr. Sargent, director of the college gymnasium.

The "Annex" has neither the burden nor the protection of rules. Indeed, its freedom is so great that it often becomes loneliness. It is true that at her isolated boarding place the "Annex" student is at liberty to "keep her light up" till daybreak, and to imprison herself indoors from one week's end to the other. Over and against these privileges, place the fact that her most intimate friend lives a mile or two away, and that at the end of a year she is acquainted with but four or five of her fellow-students, and one fears that she is losing irrevocably the school-girl good times that should be among the happiest memories of her later life. Nor does she have those advantages of Cambridge society which at first thought we should expect from her residence in the rare old town. This, however, is but the inevitable separation of "town and gown," as wide in Cambridge as in Poughkeepsie. The world outside goes about its business, and the colleges do the same. Their interests and activities are divergent, and I confess I do not know who is to blame for the traditional alienation.

The atmosphere of the "Annex" is eminently scholastic. Its students are earnest girls, absorbed in the one great duty and delight of gaining an education. This strong purpose, however, does not of itself necessitate eye-glasses, nor does it give a foundation of fact to the spicy fictions that drift about the newspapers. It is safe to say that the "Annex" girl possesses quite the average amiability, vivacity, and good looks.

The "Annex" is expensive. The tuition is two hundred dollars a year, while board in Cambridge, with such privileges as Vassar students enjoy, would cost from eight to ten dollars a week. This, like all other defects, can be remedied only by a substantial endowment. A building in which to gather its students, books and equipments in every department, a lower

charge for tuition,—all these good things only money can supply. What the managers are praying for is an endowment which shall command the respect of Harvard College, and which shall persuade the corporation to receive the "Annex" as one of the schools of the university. In the meanwhile, to us who have so strong an interest in woman's education, this institution, even in its embryo state, is one of the signs of the times.

Sunday morning—with the thought came one of those quick flashes of memory that sometimes startle us with their vivid reminder of a life that seemed to have dropped away from us like a withered husk. We look back only to feel that the past is not so much outworn as buried, and that in its grave lies the best that was ever ours. What would we not give for just one of the old Sundays that made a kind of sacred procession in our childish life? If only we could go back to the time when the sun rose with a kind of reverential brightness, or the clouds closed in about an added comfort on that day, when the simple duties of a child's religion were performed with an unquestioning faith in their efficacy, and when the reward was a conscience quiet with a peace it knows no more. There were little family ceremonies belonging to Sunday that have a curious hold on the imagination; it is with wistful interest that we remember the little group gathered around our mother while she told us stories of saints and Bible heroes. It was only on Sunday that she gave us a supper of bread and milk, holding in her slender hands the big bowl, and feeding us "a mouthful all round." The years since then have brought many changes, but they never dim the memory of those happy times, nor can they wholly dull the edge of a remorseful feeling that the woman of to-day has been false to the trust of one of those little children. Older, wiser, with a wisdom that has made us sad enough to envy the ghost of our

baby self, we turn with an added discontent to the contemplation of the thing we are fashioning out of our present. But though we have deteriorated, nature has not. The wind rises and falls in a rhythmic cadence, whispering its message around the slopes of the hills, writing it with shadowy, phantom fingers, in the spiral wreaths of snow that slowly curve and settle into furrows, or throwing it with slender threads of flying cloud across the clear blue of the sky. Far away, the seams and gorges of the Fishkills stand sharply out, their frowning strength made radiant by the glittering sunlight, the sunlight of another Sunday morning shining on the roofs and spires of Poughkeepsie, melting the snow along the eaves of the houses, and making it fall in a scanty shower as musical as monotonous. Main street is in Sunday garb, the shops having covered up their finery for the same reason that makes the people put it on. Sedate inhabitants of a conservative town, the familiar virtues that make happy homes and prosperous nations are shown in nearly every face you meet ; but turn a couple of sharp angles from Main street, approach nearer the level of the Hudson by a score of inches, and you find yourself in another atmosphere. The wind strikes with a light chill through the narrow street, blowing with a sharp puff against the little piles of snow heaped up in the corners of the gutter, smaller houses surround you, faces of a different aspect pass you. The sharp features and tired eyes that we saw on Main street have given place to the larger, serener faces of men and women who greet each other in hearty German fashion, as we come in sight of the Lutheran Church. The steep staircase at the entrance, the plain room, the quaint pulpit and altar occupy our attention for a few minutes—then as the inscription over the chancel catches the eye, the familiar words " Glory to God on High " take on a new meaning with their foreign expression. The choral service, the somber dress of the clergyman, give a solemn impressiveness to a service otherwise remarkable for its absolute directness and sim-

plicity. At first it seems impossible that the effort of attention necessary to enable us to understand the speaker can be accountable for any of the force with which his earnest appeals come home to us, but soon we notice here and there among the congregation a restless movement or the indifference of inattention. Alas, neither the fact of his being a German nor a Lutheran can keep that honest old man in the pew opposite from nodding portentously, while his rosy-cheeked daughter is openly engaged in tracing the course of the curious figure embroidered on the back of her glove. Making all due allowance, however, for the stress of interest imparted by novelty, there can be no doubt that dignity and sincerity of character lie behind the minister's words. He has chosen his text from Matthew, where the disciples are called to be fishers of men, and with a subtle appreciation of the analogy, applies it to the duties of his own profession, in order to defend it from the charge of expediency brought against it by the overwise fish who will not be caught. The tone was not one of apology but of vindication, while now and then there crept into voice or expression a tender pathos that hinted of personal interest rebuffed, resented or misunderstood; but whatever of sorrow or disappointment the hurt had cost him, it had left no bitterness behind, only a tenderer longing, a more urgent appeal. Such words as the expression of a life's effort shared the clear beauty of the sunlight which greeted us anew at the close of the service, and made us feel that for some happy souls childhood might be prolonged.

If Oliver Wendell Holmes would only continue his philanthropic movements by building an annex to his "Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters," and dedicate it to the use of "Deluded Authors," he would incur our everlasting gratitude. There are so many poor mortals at the present day who take their talent to be a consuming, ever-burning genius; and,

having exhausted their supply of ideas in one ordinarily good book, they mistake, or else imagine that we shall mistake, the residue for a new stock-in-trade; and, in consequence, overload the market with mosaics of the clippings. Such was the case with Miss Fletcher when she supplemented *Kismet* with *Mirage* and *The Head of Medusa*, and it is preëminently the case with Miss Howard.

When *One Summer* was published, it justly attracted attention and called forth praise; not because it was extraordinary, rather because it was a natural, bright sketch of a few commonplace incidents. The style was somewhat crude, showing by the scratches and spatters of ink here and there, that the pen with which it had been written was new; yet we liked the little novel, and hoped that it was the beginning of a talented young writer. *Aunt Serena* has proved that its predecessor was both the *alpha* and *omega*—the beginning and the end. Miss Howard, far from appreciating the dearth of ideas in this, her last book, has diluted the few she had, and has spread them in a thin, transparent layer over three hundred and fifty-eight pages. The naiveté of the first quotation is in itself amusing:

> "Not through arrogant pride
> Or over-boldness fail they who strive
> To tell what they have heard,
> With voice too weak for such high message."

If it was not through "pride or over-boldness," then it must have been through sheer stupidity. As for the "high message,"—we have our doubts. On one point, however, we are assured,—the weak voice. In places it is even strained—so manifest is the effort to gain effective detail, the desire for vividness, as in the description of Miss Weatherstone, and in some expressions concerning Mrs. Vivien. They remind us forcibly of that sweet little picture in *The Earnest Trifler*, where Rachel leans her arm on the table and eats white cherries out of a green majolica dish. Yet, despite the author's

apparent attempts, the story is peculiarly devoid of local coloring; the scenes as they impress us, might be laid almost anywhere in civilized lands.

Then, again, beside the main plot, there are suggestions of several counterplots, that madden us in their vagueness. One is the feud between the two aunts, which is always left a mystery, making us utterly unable to understand half the sighs that Aunt Serena heaves, or one quarter of the coldness and seam-stitching of Miss Weatherstone. We have a glimpse of still another in the life of Miss Peyton before she came to the German town. Miss Howard seems to regard cynicism in so young a girl as quite an ordinary affair, requiring no special explanation.

A great deal is excusable in an author who is natural. It was this element in *One Summer* that drew us toward it, and made us enjoy even a second reading. Leigh Doane was a girl out of our very midst; we might find such a one any hour; Philip Ogden was almost too natural to be romantic. But did any one ever see an Aunt Serena or a Rosamonde? In our every-day world we do not meet people made up of some superexcellent satin, a little real lace, white hair, a sweet smile and soothing touch, without anything to give them solidity; yet Aunt Serena impresses us as consisting of nothing else, unless we infer a large amount of law and gospel, sweet resignation and untiring devotion. If she were a little less perfect, she might be a little more real. Sidney Bruce was, to say the least, remarkable. At his first introduction we were ready to class him among the *blâsé* men of the day, perhaps he seemed a little deeper and more serious than most of them; but that afternoon in the library overthrew all our conclusions. The wild flights of his fancy transformed him for a moment into a poet, but in his calm egotism—his certainty of success in his love—he showed himself an ordinary man. As for the boarders at the *pension*, they are, like a great many of the

characters in the new school novel, embodiments, each of them, of some one striking peculiarity exaggerated into grossness.

The novel of to-day invites a two-fold criticism, as a sketch of character, and as a treatise upon social science. Where the delineation of character means chiefly the presentation of types, the two aims of the author become essentially one; the characters are general notions, and, as such, suitable terms in the social syllogism. By another class of writers the characters are intensely individualized, and personal peculiarities are no less marked than the attributes which indicate the type. But although the individual awakens our deepest interest and liveliest sympathy, we look to the representative of a class for the illustration of a principle. The individual, the product of literary art, and the concept, the material for scientific reasoning, must coincide upon the mental retina, or the unity of the work is destroyed. Mr. Howells and Mrs. Burnett have accomplished this feat with especial success. Dr. Breen, a forcible representative of one class of American women, and at the same time widely different from all others of her class, has no unpleasantly dual character; and in Octavia Bassett genus and difference are perfectly blended. The problem has been less successfully handled by Mr. Hardy, in his latest work. "*A Laodicean* is interesting as a study of character, powerful in its treatment of social questions, but it lacks the consummate art which should bring unity out of its double purpose. Somerset, Dare, and especially Paula preserve throughout the work a duplex personality; the author fails to give us, in a single picture, a possible human being, and the illustration of a social principle. The products of his thought-power are distinct from the creatures of his imagination. We find it hard to identify Paula, the representative of a new nobility, with Paula the delightful and provoking maiden who "affects blue," and wears æsthetic hats, who seeks to be baptized into the faith of her fathers, and draws back at the last minute "because the water looks so cold and dark."

But a truce to fault finding! The merits of the book outweigh its faults. She of the æsthetic hats and the abortive baptism is thoroughly charming, charming alike in her powerful intellect and her innocent nature; in her innate nobility and her lady-like eccentricity. Dare, that infant prodigy of wit and wickedness, borders upon the improbable, but is none the less impressive. Havill and Captain De Stancy, whose weaker natures yield to Dare's sinister power, offer at least a picturesque background for the more striking figures. Like most thoughtful novelists of the day, Hardy emphasizes in all his writings a single maxim of social philosophy. The cause for which he fights is that of the people; in them he finds an unimpaired vigor which must, at last, overthrow an effete aristocracy; from them alone he hopes for the regeneration of the race. "*A Laodicean*" repeats the teaching of the earlier works; Ethelberta, Lady Mountclere, has given us a striking picture of plebeian strength ruling titled weakness; Bathsheba Everdine found true manliness only in a village farmer; and Paula stands the confessed representative of a new aristocracy, an aristocracy which substitutes intellect for long descent, and cosmopolitanism for exclusiveness. Still, she clings wistfully to the traditions which cluster around her ancient castle, until the fire that reduces it to ashes breaks the last link which bound her to an outgrown past.

Editors' Table.

'hy should there be such difficulty in electing chapter crit-
The office is certainly not a popular one; girl after girl
ɔminated, elected, and "begs leave to resign," until, as the
' means of bringing the proceedings to an end, some one is
ɜen who is absent from the meeting. The amount of work
ɜcted from a chapter critic is not great enough to justify
universal distaste for the office, for, in all probability, two
ques would be the most expected from any one during
semester, nor must these be elaborate pieces of lit-
y work. The critiques have degenerated with the rest
he chapter work, and each is, in a measure, responsible for
degeneration of the other. The critiques have suffered
ıuse the character of the chapter meetings is not such as to
: a chance for any but the most superficial criticism; and
ıe critics had done their duty in pointing out shortcomings,
had also attended to that still more neglected part of
r work, the suggestion of means of improvement, chapter
tings would never have reached their present status. The
ine has been marked even during the time that we have
nged to Phil.; and when we recall the stories of the first
ɔter meetings, when each member read an essay for the edi-
ion of the society, we realize how far we have departed from
original design. The Philalethean society, when formed,
for its purpose "literary improvement"—now its avowed
:ct is amusement; and we venture to say that if the Phila-

lethan plays were given up, the society would find its yearly accession of members diminished by three-fourths. We don't care for literary improvement outside of the class-room, and we don't hesitate to say so. The difficulty in securing critics is a sign of the times; but what does it portend? Our disinclination for society work is justified on the ground that we need recreation, not work, at the close of the week; but we doubt very much whether we are as hard workers as our predecessors, or whether chapter meetings really afford entertainment. Why is it that we so systematically shirk work? Are we of a weaker stock than the first students of Vassar? Are we intellectually lazy? Is the present lack of any element in our societies which would make them useful, or even entertaining, merely the result of the reaction following every action? Or is it due to an inherent defect of the feminine mind which renders it incapable of continued, independent, intellectual effort?

The "saddest days of the glad New Year" are upon us; for the few (?) studious Seniors who want to work on their reviews are tormented to madness by their excitable classmates who insist on making out "honor lists." Now one might think that the final decision, as to honors, lay with each of these list composers, so earnestly does she ponder over the probable chances of this classmate or that, to be one of the lucky ten. Her fiat once gone forth (in the shape of a slip of paper, on which she writes the names of her candidates), she awaits the fatal honor day with great excitement, yet perfect surety, only to have her first choice left out in the cold, and her worst enemy—if she has one—made Valedictorian. Year after year this thing has been repeated; and it is safe to say that enough vitality has been wasted to make one honor girl, supposing the vitality to be spread over her four years' work. And

wherefore this empty pastime? It can avail nothing! We have never been able to find out just what an honor meant, whether that the recipient was an original thinker, a dig, or the lucky possessor of a memory. Until this is clearly defined and adhered to, no list made can be *the* list. There will be those Seniors who, either from honest conviction or from pique, will declare the whole system of honor-giving to be unfair and meaningless; there will be those Seniors who will be confident of getting an honor, and will find themselves set aside for their stupid room-mates; there will be those Seniors who, to the utter amazement of their classmates, will receive honors, only to have an appalling lack of congratulations; and all these unhappy Seniors will appear annually, until others arise who are energetic enough to bring about a change in the honor system.

Until then, let the excitable—we are of the number—save their strength for a better cause.

The philosophy of the mental attitude sustained by college students toward the Faculty would be an interesting thing to discover. He would be a benefactor to his race who should point out to us the cause of our seemingly innate tendency to look upon our educational directors as our natural-born enemies, and as fit subjects for idiot asylums. Individually, the members of the Faculty appear, in general, to the student as well-disposed and rational human beings; but, collectively, they are savage and imbecile tyrants, whose mandates are to be submitted to only with much kicking and gnashing of teeth. Now, whatever may be the cause of this feeling, common sense ought to teach us its folly. It is, to say the least, irrational in us to feel that we must always be on the defensive against the Faculty. That the men and women whom, as private individuals, we know to be preëminently kind and considerate should,

in their public capacity, lay dark plots for our misery, seems hardly probable. It is, moreover, barely possible that those who have been chosen to a place in the Faculty are possessed of a slender modicum of sense. It is but common justice, then, that we should give them credit for it. When we cannot see the wisdom of their measures, we might call into requisition that old-fashioned article, faith, in the superior judgment of those older and, presumably, wiser than we. It is a relic of youthful conceit which, as college students, we ought to have outgrown,—this idea that our elders never, by any possibility, attain to our superior heights of discretion. Instead of regarding every mandate of the Faculty as a bomb-shell flung at us for our destruction, or as a silly vagary which it is our manifest duty to frown upon, it might be as well if we should look upon their decisions with the view of possibly discovering some atom of good in them. It is unworthy of us, it is beneath our dignity as intelligent beings, to be continually growling at what, if we would stop to reason about it, we would know was done in kindness and wisdom.

We had heard of people who were carried away by music; could it be possible that music was ever carried away by itself! If not, where, oh where, was the new organ to which our hearts have been so fondly turning all the year? We saw the holiday we expected to revel in relegated to the myths of the past—with an editorial eye we saw the yawning gap in "Home Matters," which we expected an account of its length and depth and breadth and internal economy to fill. Again, where was it? Had it flown off into cosmic space? Did sound instruments travel as fast as sound? Had it been attracted as a satellite of the moon; for have we not Mr. Pope's authority that "all things lost on earth are treasured there?" We heard that it was coming, we were ready for the organ, but it

ned to have objected to an additional stop and passed on. length, however, it arrived—that is to say, it has not all ved, but enough is on hand to sustain hope and create a ation. The little organ from sheer envy has shrunk up the gallery; the choir, too, have winged a higher flight, now are "little cherubs that sit up aloft;" the great wave offee-colored curtains has rolled nearer us,—we await, in thless expectation, the time when it shall be torn away the hidden wonder revealed.

Ve have just returned from chapel, on the evening of this norable seventh of February, 1882. We are so overpow- l by astonishment that we are scarcely able to be thankful the blessings recently poured upon us. For the sake of Alumnæ and all those unfortunates whose college days are , we will say that our daily time table has been revised. akfast is to be half an hour later than in times past—at the ized hour of a quarter to eight—all recitation periods are e a quarter of an hour later than usual, and, *mirabile dictu*, nt Time, both morning and evening, is abolished! We are osed to doubt the testimony of our consciousness; we er expect to see the solid walls and foundation of the col- vanish into thin air; by an effort, we are capable of ping the idea of the other changes—but Silent Time—!

HOME MATTERS.

nother Hall meeting, the last of the season, took place on night of Jan. 14. Half past seven found a large audience mbled in Society Hall, willing, nay, anxious to be amused, rested, or instructed by the members of Chapter Delta. first thing on the programme was, of course, the critique Delta's last meeting, given by Miss White. Unfortunately, y parts of it were inaudible because of a noise in the

audience. Then came an essay by Miss Varnes, in which were portrayed, in a bright and interesting manner, the various haps and mishaps of Master Joseph Bartlett, Jr., a mischievous little scamp, according to what was told of him. This was followed by a recitation by Miss Southworth, who gave us the "Story of a Hat" in a pleasing manner, though the selection was rather too long for the occasion. The pantomimes "The Victims" and "Villikins and his Dinah," were both good: the former was pathetic, while the latter called forth an audible smile from more than one in the audience. Then Miss Hillard sang: her voice is pleasing and sympathetic, and she was heartily encored: she replied with another happy selection. Last, but by no means least, came the "Leaves from the Album of a Flirt. The "Flirt" was Miss Sudduth, who carried out her part of the programme in a highly satisfactory manner. The "Album" contained the pictures of various lovers and suitors who had yielded to the charms of the flirt at different times in her eventful career. As she turned over each leaf and exposed to view the portrait of some former lover, she gave an animated account of him and his disposal. Perhaps the most pleasing were the portraits of the "Country Lover," the "Englishman," and "Oscuro Wilduro." The last named was a very good representation of the picture of a certain well-known young man, which has lately appeared in Harper's Weekly. His disposal was left as a problem for us to solve. This "Leaves, etc." was by far the best thing on the programme. With Oscuro still fresh on our minds, we started College-ward, satisfied that a literary entertainment, though by no means always a success, was, at least in this instance, not a failure.

There had been a rumor in the College that the second Philalethean play was to be given before the first one this

year; but on the evening of Jan. 20, this report was fortunately proved to be false. Indeed, we felt paid for having waited so long, and we heartily congratulate the energetic committee on the creditable way in which everything passed off.

The idea of giving an opera, like Patience, in place of a play, was a novel one, and this first attempt to do so was quite successful. The singing, for the most part, showed careful drill, and the acting was neither stiff nor overdone. In general, the cast of characters was well chosen, but Miss Curtiss and Miss Cecil were exceptionally well adapted to their parts. Miss Curtiss, as Bunthorne, was, in our opinion, the greatest success of the evening. She acted well a difficult part and was amusing throughout. Miss Cecil, as Lady Jane, used her deep and powerful voice to advantage. Her attempts to act the "massive," called forth great applause. The part of Patience was not as well sustained as we had expected. Miss Hancock's appearance as Grosvenor was in keeping with the character, and her voice was well adapted to her part.

The Dragoon Guards called forth hearty applause by their military parade and mechanical attempts to weep. The costumes of the Rapturous Maidens were very artistic, the only violation of æstheticism being in the case of one cardinal-clad maiden who submitted to the embraces of a bright red dragoon.

Considering the large number of actors almost constantly upon the stage, the stage effect was well planned. Do not let us omit to mention the skillful way in which Miss McMillan accompanied the singers.

On the whole, we were thoroughly entertained, and feel that we have advanced in the æsthetic line.

On the evening of January 27th, Mr. E. A. Freeman, the English historian, lectured in the chapel, selecting for his sub-

ject "The Eastern Coast of the Hadriatic Sea." To those who had read "Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice" his remarks were valuable and entertaining; and, as he said during the course of his lecture, he hoped that those who knew little of the subject would be influenced to investigate it more deeply. Mr. Freeman scorns all rhetorical arts and tricks of elocution, consequently his style is unaffected even to brusqueness. He relies on the dignity of his theme and the interestedness of his listeners; he scorns pretention and mere veneer both in deportment and scholarship; as he remarked to our English Professor, after hearing a recitation on the Science of Rhetoric, "why don't you teach your girls to spin a plain yarn?" His is decidedly a mind without metaphysical bias.

Personally, Mr. Freeman is short and stout. He has a handsome nose and gray eyes, which, from their habit of being half shut, indicate that he is a keen observer of things; his hair is thick, of a lightish brown, and a trifle longer than ordinary, though this is plainly not for æsthetic effect. Mr. Freeman never heard of Oscar Wilde, before coming to America; he thinks that all æsthetes are human copies of caterpillars on hot shovels.

We can touch upon a few points only which Mr. Freeman elaborated in his lecture. He said that the pronunciation "Hadriatic" denotes neither pedantry nor cockneyism; on the contrary the use of the "H" is a complimentary reflection on one's familiarity with Latin derivations and Gibbon's history. In the discussion of this point of etymology, Mr. Freeman said, "when you write for the world at large, learn to resist the great temptation of answering your critics." We learned from the lecture that the Dalmatian cities bristle with historical interest to the archæologist. Zara had more interest for us than any of the others; this city is famous on account of its connection with the Fourth Crusade; here the lover of Maraschino can sip it in its native place. Spalato is a city that grew from one house; here are the remains of a magnificent

palace built by Diocletian in the Romanesque style of architecture. Mr. Freeman is a champion both of Diocletian and the Romanesque; he said that Diocletian did do something beside persecute the Christians, and that a man who had assisted architecture as he had was not to be despised. He spoke of the Herzgovinian wars of 1869 and 1875, which very few people know anything about, but which were most important points in the revolution of Southern Europe.

Mr. Freeman never grows enthusiastic in his descriptions; he looks askance at superlatives; only once did he speak with any glow whatever and that was in connection with the description of the Montenegrin race.

Mr. Freeman closed his lecture by saying, "what have I done this evening? Have I explained my story? I did not wish to. To those who are interested, the sea-cities of the Dalmatian coast will reward investigation."

COLLEGE NOTES.

Delta Hall meeting, Jan. 14th.

The committee for the second Phil. play has been appointed. Miss Macadam is chairman.

Miss Haskell has returned to college.

Dr. Elmendorf preached in the college chapel Jan. 15. The service was held in the afternoon.

Second semester began Feb. 6th.

The committee for Founder's Day has been appointed. Miss Easton is chairman.

First Phil. play, Jan. 20th.

Day of Prayer for Colleges, Jan. 29th. The services in the chapel were conducted by Dr. Charles S. Robinson, of New York.

The society and class elections for the second semester have resulted as follows :

For '83,

President—Miss M. G. Stevens.
Vice President—Miss Valleau.
Secretary—Miss E. Baldwin.
Treasurer—Miss Yost.

For '84,

President—Miss C. L. Patterson.
Vice President—Miss Wilkinson.
Secretary—Miss Hubbard.
Treasurer—Miss Townsend.

For '85,

President—Miss Halliday.
Vice President—Miss Hiscock.
Secretary—Miss Henning.
Treasurer—Miss Chubb.

For Chapter Alpha,

President—Miss Macadam.
Vice President—Miss Broadhead.
Secretary—Miss Walrath.
Treasurer—Miss Woods.

For Chapter Beta,

President—Miss Shove.
Vice President—Miss King.
Secretary—Miss Spaulding.
Treasurer—Miss L. Morrill.

For Chapter Delta,

President—Miss M. E. Jones.
Vice President—Miss Southworth.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Griffith.

For T. and M.,

Manager—Miss Raymond.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Daniels.

Bishop Huntington conducted the chapel services Jan. 22. He addressed the Society of Religious Inquiry in the evening.

Miss Goodsell entertained the Faculty, teachers, and the Senior class on the evening of Jan. 21.

Directions given to the gymnastic class: "Grasp the floor firmly with your foot; extend the feet straight up over the head." And yet there is complaint that we do not master the exercises perfectly!

The new organ has at length arrived. We hear that it will be ready for use about the middle of the month.

Dr. E. A. Freeman gave a lecture in college, Jan. 27th, on "The Eastern Coast of the Hadriatic, past and present." Mr. and Mrs. Freeman were college guests for a week.

Professor of Chemistry to student: "Miss X, can we see molecules?" Miss X, confidently, "Yes, sir, we can see them with the naked eye—that is to say, we can see them with the help of a *very* strong microscope—I mean, we can't see them at all." Class listens admiringly, and Professor marks down one model recitation.

Miss Goodsell is having the Philalethean furniture newly upholstered.

Dr. Caldwell gave a reception to Dr. Freeman and Judge Tourgee on the evening of Jan. 27th. The Seniors regretted exceedingly that they were not able to attend.

There is to be a class in post-graduate chemistry this semester.

Mrs. Woodbridge, of Ohio, gave an address here Jan. 29th. Subject, "Women of the Bible."

Eight new students have entered college this semester.

Two new bookcases have been placed in the library.

A general alumnæ association, including all colleges that admit women, has been formed. The first meeting was held recently at Chancy Hall, in Boston, when the association was organized and officers elected. Mrs. Bashford, of Oberlin, is President; Miss Florence Cushing, of Vassar, Vice-President. At this meeting nine colleges were represented, twenty-two of the seventy-four members being Vassar Alumnæ. Four meetings are to be held yearly.

Mr. Blaikie, author of "How to get Strong," visited the college Feb. 7th. He gave a short address to the students in the early part of the afternoon, and afterwards visited one of the gymnastic classes.

PERSONALS.

'69.

Died, in Virginia City, Nevada, Nov. 30th, 1881, Kate Sill.

'70.

Died, at Waterbury, Conn., Jan. 11th, 1882, Mrs. Elizabeth Curtiss Cole.

'71.

Miss E. M. Folsom has returned from Europe, and is now at the Windsor Hotel, St. Paul, Minn. Her permanent address is 38 Grove St., in the same city.

'72.

Married, Jan. 12, 1882, Lucy Crochett to Mr. S. A. Shannon.

'74.

Married, Nov. 10th, 1881, Harriet Stetson to P. P. Simmons of Bloomfield, New Jersey.

'81.

Miss Burke is teaching Greek in Mrs. Grant's Seminary, in Chicago.

'82.

Miss Howgate and Miss Shove have returned to college.

Miss Mott, formerly of '80, is teaching in Minneapolis, Minn.

Married, Dec. 15th, 1881, Helen A. Bartlett, formerly of '81, to Mr. James W. Bates of Boston.

Married, Jan. 25th, 1882, in Binghamton, N. Y., Frances A. Pope to Mr. Robert R. Griswold.

Miss Morse's friends in college will be glad to hear that her health has improved.

Miss Mabel Dart, a student from Madison University, has entered college this semester. Miss Dart has taken the course at Madison University, as far as the middle of the Senior year, but as that college does not give diplomas to women, she has come to Vassar to take her degree. She will graduate with the class of '82.

The following alumnæ have visited college this month: Mrs. Dickinson McGraw, '68, Mrs. Richards, '70, Miss Cushing, '74, Misses Aldrich, Cushing, and Withey, '80.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

It seems to be the correct thing now to recommend the consolidation of any two papers edited at the same college; so the thought struck us, what a good thing it would be if the wit and humor of the *Acta* board were mixed up with the illustrations of the *Spectator*. The result would surpass "*Lampy*," for the illustrations of the *Spectator*, though fewer than "*Lampy's*," are better executed, and if they sometimes lack point, the *Acta* would sharpen them up.

After reading many of our wretchedly printed exchanges, it is a real pleasure to take up *The College Olio*. Its several departments are cast in type of different sizes, but every page is clear and perfect. In the last number, are two clever articles,—"A Defense of Gossips" and "The Innocents Abroad"—this last being an account of a very successful Glee Club trip.

The *Cornell Era* has kindly saved us the trouble of further indecision in choosing from our multitude of exchanges, by suggesting itself as a subject for criticism. We are sorry the *Era* has been feeling neglected, and had we known it, we would, before this, have praised its well-written articles, its sparkling witticisms, and its excellent poetry. "In sober earnest," the *Era* is quite good of its kind.

The *Advocate* and *Crimson* have, at length, found a subject upon which they can agree,—they unite in attacking an unfortunate exchange that has hinted that they would be improved by the addition of a "Lit. Dept." We own that we would like to see some specimens of Harvard "literary" essays—just once, in order to be sure that they exist—but we would certainly not wish to see such an addition made to either of these papers. If we thought that we would ever be forgiven for bringing them together in one criticism, we would say that the brightest stories and the best verses of the college press are to be found in the *Advocate* and the *Crimson*.

CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

In Paris, society chaperons are now known as "tapestry," to distinguish them from the "wall-flowers."—*Ex.*

Canada has forty colleges.—*University Herald.*

The *Lampoon* gives the following as the possible expense of entertaining an æsthete:

To 6 lilies, at 20 cts.,	$1.20
6 sunflowers (paper), at 8 cts.,	.48
12 kisses ("unkissed"), at 3 cts.,	.36
	$2.04

In reading Froude's History of England at a very thoughtful and interesting point, some thoughtless wretch wrote on the margin: "Stolen from ———'s oration.—*Dickinsonian.*

"The rain falls on the just and the unjust," remarked the Sophomore editor as he left the sanctum with the editorial umbrella. "Upon the just, principally," commented the chief, "because the unjust have gone off with the umbrella.—*College Olio.*

During the year, 47 ladies were enrolled in the "Annex classes," 16 of whom were students last year. Ancient languages are the favorite studies.—*Ex.*

College professor—"Can you see an intangible object?" Pupil—"Yes, sir." Professor—"Eh? What do you mean? Cite your authorities." Pupil—"Shakespeare, sir. See Hamlet's advice to the players where he speaks of those who saw the air."—*Yale Courant.*

The richest university in the world is that of Leyden, in Holland. Its real estate alone is worth over four millions of dollars.—*Ex.*

A Garfield professorship is soon to be established at Williams. Of the $50,000 necessary to endow such a chair over $35,000 has already been secured.—*Ex.*

In the German universities, there are at least 7,000 American students.—*Northwestern.*

Mental Science: Student—"And is there no smell or taste without some one to perceive them?" Prof.—"No." Student—"Then there is no sweetness wasted on the desert air."—*Ex.*

An American took the first prize in mathematics not long since at the University of Heidelberg, Germany.—*Chronicle.*

The students at Cincinnati University have published a long statement, requesting the removal of their president.—*Ex.*

Epitaph for a New Haven boarding house, "Peace to its hashes!"—*Yale Record.*

About four per cent. of the Harvard students class themselves as agnostics or atheists.—*Colby Echo.*

Nine per cent. of the Yale graduates become clergymen.—*Colby Echo.*

Amherst last year graduated 79 Seniors; Bowdoin, 48; Brown, 43; Dartmouth, 75; Trinity, 19; Yale, 174; Harvard, 196; Williams, 53; West Point, 54; Princeton, 102.—*Ex.*

She—"What a remarkable run Hazel Kirke had at Madison Square last winter!"

He—"Indeed, I had not heard of it! What time did he make?"—*Amherst Student.*

The following tale is being circulated about "Wild Oscar:" One day, while at lunch, he noticed some lilies on the table which were somewhat faded. After gazing pensively at them for a while, he said, "Poor things! They are very, very weary." Then turning to the waiter: "Come take them to rest."—*Columbia Spectator.*

We acknowlege the receipt of the following exchanges:

Acta Columbiana, Amherst Student, Argo, Argus, Ariel, Athenaeum, Atlantic Monthly, Bates Student, Beacon, Berkleyan, Boston Times, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Century, Chronicle, Colby Echo, College Cabinet, College Mercury, College Olio, College Rambler, College Record, College Student, Columbia Spectator, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Cornell Review, Cornell Sun, Coup d' Etat, Crimson, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Hamilton Lit., Hamilton College Monthly, Harvard Advocate, Harvard Echo, Harvard Herald, Harvard Lampoon, Haverfordian, Heidleberg Journal, Hellmuth, Illini, Kansas Review, Lafayette College Journal, Lasell Leaves, Madisonensis, Nassau Lit., Northwestern, Occident, Penn. College Monthly, Philadelphia Evening News, Palette Scrapings, Polytechnic, Poughkeepsie Daily News, Princetonian, Queen's College Journal, Res Academicae, Reveille, Rockford Seminary Magazine, Round Table, Student Life, Syracusan, St. Nicholas, Swarthmore Phœnix, Targum, Transcript, University Magazine, Willistonian, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, Yale Lit., Yale News, Yale Record.

The seventh annual meeting of the "Vassar Alumnæ Association, of New York City and Vicinity," was held at Delmonico's, on Saturday, Feb. 4th.

The meeting was called to order at one o'clock by the President, Miss Finch, of '72. After the reading of the minutes, the Secretary read a letter from the Boston Alumnæ Association. The purport of the letter was that a discussion had taken place in the Boston meeting with regard to the bequest of $80,000.00 from the late Matthew Vassar, to found professorships which shall not be filled by women.

The Boston Association, feeling that the condition attached to the bequest is inconsistent with the views of the Founder of the College, resolved to enter a protest against this condition upon their records; and hoped that like action would be taken by the New York Association, and also by the General Alumnæ Association, in June, 1882.

A motion to enter this protest upon the records of the New York Association was made, and the question was discussed; but the sentiment of the majority being that such action would not further the best interests of the College, the motion was lost. A motion to address a protest to the Board of Trustees was also lost.

The election of officers for the ensuing year then took place, and resulted as follows:

President—Miss Norris, '70.
Vice President—Miss Catlin, '72.
Secretary—Miss Dinsmore, '72.
Treasurer—Miss Clarke, '79.

Executive Committee.

Chairman—Miss E. L. Hamlin, '74.
Second Member—Mrs. Winslow, '70.
Third " —Miss Beers, '69.
Fourth " — " Raymond, '71.
Fifth " — " Stockwell, '81.
Sixth " — " Grant, '77.
Seventh " — " Palmer, '79.

The business meeting was then adjourned.

After lunch, the social exercises opened with a short address by Miss Finch, after which she introduced Miss Norris, her successor as President.

A very interesting Alumnæ Report was given by Miss Stilson, of '69, and a thoughtful essay on Education was read by Mrs. W.H. Martin (Miss Davis, of '69). Mrs. Sweetzer-Winslow of '70. and Miss Beers, of '69, gave evidence that their music has not been neglected amid the duties of social and family life.

The arrangements were very complete, and reflected much credit upon the committee.

In spite of a severe storm, about seventy-five members were present, among them, Miss Goodsell, the Lady Principal. Professors Hinkel and Dwight were present as guests of the Association.

The Alumnæ Report shows that the graduates, as a rule, are earnest and useful in whatever sphere they may be situated; and that many are filling positions of honor and trust. This is certainly gratifying to all who love the fair fame of "Alma Mater."

The Vassar Miscellany.

Editors from '82.
Elizabeth M. Howe. Mary B. King, Mary R. Sanford.

Editors from '83.
C. Lena Bostwick, Martha Sharpe.

Business Editor: Abbie M. Nickerson.

Vol. XI. MARCH, 1882. No. 6.

AN INTERCEPTED POST OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

A year since at Arezzo I met a singular man. He frequented the hotel, and occasionally had dealings with the guests, selling them old books, pictures, and manuscripts. His threadbare cloak had a scholastic air, and his face had a mixture of refinement and shrewdness which made me waver in opinion as to whether he were a pedagogue or a charlatan, an ecclesiastic of some of the lower orders, or a swindler in antiquities. One day he met me upon the steps of the cathedral and, with profuse apologies, asked if I were interested in autographs. Not meeting with sufficient discouragement he confided to me the fact that he was the possessor of a priceless treasure, which he would willingly show me—a collection of

autograph letters by some of the most eminent Florentines of the first part of the sixteenth century. As he mentioned the names of the writers, I could not forbear expressing some incredulity. "It is not likely," I remarked, "that letters from such distinguished individuals would have been lightly parted with by their recipients."

With an expressive shrug and an outward turning of both palms, he replied, "But what, Madonna mia, if they were never received?"

My answer was a stare of blank astonishment.

"Listen lady," he began, speaking rapidly, as though fearing interruption, "my father was digging up the laurel tree that stands between our land and the highway. It was an old tree and a tough one; but he wanted sound wood for a certain purpose. Perhaps your highness knows how long it takes a laurel to grow until its trunk is of a bigness to make a stout cudgel. No matter; it was a stout tree, an old one, and under it, not beside it but under its roots, mind, was a leathern mail-bag, of a pattern such as they do not use in Italy nowadays. It had been cut open and rifled of all moneys and valuables; only a few letters of no use to the bandits remained inside. They had buried it here and planted this slip of a laurel to mark the place. My father was no scholar and knew nothing of the value of what he had found, but he kept the bag, nevertheless; and I will bring it, with your ladyship's permission, to the hotel this evening for your inspection."

"What date do the letters bear?" I asked.

"October, 1504."

"October, 1504!" I exclaimed. "That was the autumn that Raphael first visited Florence, as an unknown student, that Leonardo was in the prime of success, and Michael Angelo was battling with adverse fate."

The old man smiled cunningly. "The divine Raphael, Angelo, Leonardo, they are all there."

ıe man is an impostor," said my better judgment; but in of myself my lips framed the words, "I would like to see mail-bag." That evening it lay before us, a satchel of ;e shape, with numerous buckles and clasps rusted with .nd with an ugly gash in the side. Altogether it had an ntic and convincing look, and as we sorted and read the ; we became every moment more interested in the facts ı they disclosed.

ne of them seemed absurd enough in the light of subse- history. Not even Raphael's most intimate friend, the : Castiglione, who wrote to his mother years afterward, ;ems as if we were not in Rome, since my poor Raphael e no longer,"—even he had, at this time, no intimation of ıture which awaited his friend. It was amusing, too, to ım writing in derogatory terms of Michael Angelo to ria Colonna, between whom and the great sculptor there d so beautiful an attachment in the autumn of their

where else had we seen any intimation that Bembo and ael, who were friends in later life, had ever been rivals. o, whom we know now as the Cardinal, even then enter- ɔly orders and all his after-life

> "Sworn fast and tonsured plain, heaven's celibate,
> And yet earth's clear accepted servitor,
> A courtly spiritual Cupid.—
> And fit companion for the like of you,
> Your gay Abati with the well turned leg
> And rose i' the hat-rim, Canons, cross at neck,
> And silk mask in the pocket of the gown."

ʿe was Cardinal Bibbiena, the wit and jovial table-com- n, whose portrait by Raphael, depicting the high-bred, y man of the world, we had seen in the Madrid Royal ʿy; and here was lying Vasari, with no prophetic vision ʿetell the fulsome praise which he would one day lavish ; world-accepted Raphael.

Here too was Leonardo da Vinci, whose present success it needed no prophet to recognize; crafty, two-faced Machiavelli, Fra Bartolomeo, the inspired artist-monk, and the Borgias, so expert in toxicology that they could

> —"carry pure death in an ear-ring, a casket,
> A signet, a fan-mount, a filagree basket."

And, most touching of all, here, in a delicate hand, was a letter from Maria Bibbiena, Raphael's betrothed, who died before him, and by whose side he requested to be buried. Vasari need not have feared that his reputation as a critic would be injured by his indiscreet letter; nor Maria have been troubled lest the court at Urbino might gossip of her confidences to the wife of Piero dei Medici. The letters never reached their destination, (perhaps, if our queer acquaintance is the unprincipled forger that some believe him, they were never written by the persons whose names they bear,) at all events, they have so far been safely hidden from the prying eyes of antiquarians and annalists. The price asked by the vender of autographs was far beyond our slender means; but for the sake of a small sum he willingly allowed me to make a translation of the letters, which might serve, he thought, to attract the attention of specialists to his unique collection, of which, no doubt, he would still be happy to dispose. In the translation of the almost obsolete Italian I have unconsciously fallen into a similar antiquated style, which I trust may be pardoned under the circumstances.

COUNT BALTHAZAR CASTIGLIONE TO THE EXCELLENT LADY, VITTORIA COLONNA, MARCHESA DI PESCARA AT NAPLES.

FLORENCE, 15th October, 1504.

Most worshipful Madonna and Admired Friend:

I feel myself highly flattered in that you express yourself satisfied with my Cortigiano, (which I caused to be writ out and copied at your request,) and which endeavored, in some slight way, to reproduce the witty and noble society, the face-

tious pleasantry and the utmost liberty joined to the strictest morals, which subsist at the Court of Urbino. And I further consider your request for a like picture of Florentine society as a most pleasing proof that I have not hitherto been wearisome to you. In this matter however, I fear me I can not so easily content you, in that I am a stranger visiting in the city, and although I have been hospitably entertained by gentle families in whose palaces I have disported myself with much agreeableness to myself, yet can I not assert that these are the only noble or the most distinguished of the good people of Florence. For since the passing of the Medici, there has been a passing away also of all standards of aristocracy, so that many of the old families hang their heads in political disgrace and there be many upstart ones who flaunt and wanton in gorgeousness of apparel. Neither is it possible to say what will be the outcome of this state of social incertitude. I have adopted, in so far as it was given me to choose my friends, what seemed to me a safe rule, and have paid my court neither to birth nor to fortune, but to genius. For it is not to be gainsayed that there is gathered in Florence at this time a remarkable circle of learned and clever men, who, dislodged from obscurity by this general upheaval, are coming rapidly to the surface, buoyed up by their own transcendent merits; yea and it seemeth not probable to me that such can again sink into oblivion. And since Florence has at all times held her own as an art city, it is not surprising that the artists should form a most interesting class, nay even an order of aristocracy by themselves. Into this circle it hath been my privilege to penetrate, and as I know you to be curious in art matters, I will discourse somewhat on those whom it hath been my chance to meet.

I paid my respects first, Maestro Pietro Perugino, my sometime friend at Urbino, and whom we there regarded as the very cream and quintessence of painting. He has a house here, living in a goodly and comfortable state, but he has grown

somewhat crabbed and soured, as it not unfrequently happeneth to men who feel themselves out of fashion and forgotten of the world. Here in Florence, he told me, he had a formidable rival, one Michael Angelo Buonarotti, a statuary who has lately made some essays in painting, hacking, so my friend Piero would have me believe, his figures out upon the canvass with the same brutality and lack of taste as in clay or marble. (I have heard many conflicting opinions concerning this man, for the present I suspend my own judgment, and give only the assertions of others).

He adds moreover, that the said Michael Angelo is of quarrelsome and surly disposition, in so much that none of his associates can abide him. That he, Perugino, having criticised a cartoon which the other had recently set up, representing I know not what absurdity of bathing soldiers, Angelo made so bold as to reply that he considered Perugino to be a man ignorant in art matters. Which saying so cut to the quick my aged friend that he somewhat rashly and inconsiderately went to law upon the matter, where he gained scant salve for his bruises, being dismissed with the decree that the defendant had the right of the quarrel, in as much as he had only said what was not to be denied. Which affront put upon an aged man and a good one, accounted also a creditable painter, has so put me out of conceit with this fellow Angelo, that I have not as yet visited the Palazzo Vecchio where the picture already touched upon is exposed. It is possible that you may yet see work by this man, as it is said that he has put himself at enmity with all Florence and will shortly depart for Rome. I speak of him with the more freedom therefore, being sure that whatever merit you will find in his work you can find none in his person. I met him by chance at the house of one Baccio d'Agnolo, an architect with whom the dilettanti often meet as at a club, and I was so disprepossessed by his uncourteous manners and deformed countenance that I am persuaded that neither you nor any other gentle lady could abide his

presence. In this particular he formeth the greatest contrast possible to one Leonardo da Vinci, now the leading artist of Florence, in whom the word gentleman hath as full a showing as in any noble living. He also hath a cartoon at the Palazzo Vecchio; and it is much to my discredit that I have not yet seen it, and I would not have him to know of the fact, having praised it to him at length, which I could easily do, having been fully advertised of its excellencies by a devoted admirer of da Vinci's, my young friend Raphael Santi of Urbino, who is also visiting at this time in Florence. I would not have you to imagine that I judge entirely of art matters by hearsay, or take all the opinions of my friends without so much as a grain of salt by way of allowance; for Maestro Perugino showed a most unloving spirit of envy toward his whilom pupil Raphael, whom I deem his greatest glory, and the supreme flowering of his style, asserting that my friend had stolen certain ideas from him in a picture upon which he is now engaged and which he calls the Marriage of the Virgin. Raphael for his part doth acknowledge that the monks of Citta di Castello, who ordered this picture, especially desired that it should be made in likeness to that of Perugino, and that in building it upon the plan traced by his master he had fancied that he did him honor, acknowledging himself his follower and disciple. Here is a precious coil, but one not likely to grow further as the dispute with Buonarotti, inasmuch as no man, be he ever so peevish and humorsome, can quarrel with Raphael, he being a youth of such sweet behavior and so little a stickler in matter of privilege and precedent that his custom is ever to take the lowest seat in whatsoever synagogue he chanceth to find himself.

It is however of Leonardo da Vinci that I would more particularly write. He is a man in the prime of life, being about fifty years of age, his reputation fully established, his fortune sufficient to his tastes (which are of no niggard order), and his audience chamber frequented by the nobles, the wits, the

fashion, the learning and the beauty of the day. This I was prepared to perceive, having lately taken a journey to Milan to visit my friend Ludovico Sforza and his duchess, Isabella of Aragon, who informed me that Leonardo had been bred up, as it were, at their court, where he came first in the character of a simple improvisatore, a sonneteer and lutanist. He remained upwards of twenty years, aiding the Duke also as an engineer and architect, and achieving many admirable works, both in mechanics and art. I saw there the portraits which he painted both of the Duke and Duchess, and likewise that incomparable work of genius, his Last Supper in the refectory of Santa Maria della Grazia. His patrons have naught but praise to sound forth in his behalf, and that for such varied and conflicting excellences that one knows not whether to wonder most at the extent of his genius in any one direction or the versatility and comprehensiveness thereof. But truly I must not further speak of this paragon, this florescence of his day and generation, or I shall have no space in which to make mention of lesser luminaries. My friend Raphael, while he accords to da Vinci a full meed of praise, and goes daily to sketch from and stare at his masterpiece at the Palazzo Vecchio, and while he is as free from envy as an egg from vitriol,—yet surprised me by this wondrously assuming assertion, greatly at variance with his usual modesty,—"My dear Baltazar," said he, "keep the sketches and miniature I have made for thee, they will one day be as valuable as though signed by da Vinci!" Truly presumption dwelleth in the heart of youth, but experience with the world will drive it far from him.

I attended recently a supper at the Palazzo Strozzi, which I soon perceived to be entirely artistic in character, for the guests were composed either of artists or the lovers of that guild. Among patricians we had Francesco Giocondo and his wife, Lorenzo Nasi, who hath ordered a picture of Raphael, Bibbiena, Bembo, the gonfaloniere Soderini, and others of like eminence. There was also a sprinkling of critics—Vasari,

Machiavelli, Guicciardini; for all Florence will have its finger in this art pie, and they who have not the wit to paint or the money to purchase, affect superior knowledge to either of the before mentioned classes, and wag their tongues in dispraise. Finding myself partitioned off between some of these latter worthies, I should have died of weariness had I not closed my ears on the one side to the borings of Machiavelli, who had it upon his mind that I was come to Florence on a secret embassy of diplomacy, and who would fain have tortured it out of me, and on the other to the sleep-producing maunderings of Vasari, who delivered himself of criticisms on Raphael. I would not for the world have awakened him to questions by a hint that I already knew more of Raphael than he was like to know in his whole life, but I let him meander on, straining my ears the while to catch some shreds of a merry story with the which the Cardinal of Santa Maria in Portico [Bibbiena] was setting his end of the table in a roar. It seemed from what I could gather, to have to do with an escapade of his during Carnival time. When securely masked and mounted upon a mule, he spied out a poor friar, and whispering in his ear that he was suspected of heresy he persuaded the same to mount behind him and thus escape from the clutches of the holy order. The friar mounted and the merry cardinal pranked him up and down the Corso to the amusement of the ladies in the balconies, and the populace. When lo, a certain disquietness ensued for the cardinal; for the friar also was but a merry-maker, who broke many eggs upon the pate of the cardinal, and having well bedaubed his holiday jerkin suddenly twitched off his mask and disappeared therewith in the most public part of the Corso. The truth of which tale, though I heard it from the cardinal's own mouth, I can not vouch for. For Bibbiena loveth a joke well, even at his own expense, and scrupleth not to feign a merry story when occasion prompts him. His audience at this time I saw to be composed of the group of young men—da Vinci's students, of whom I

have already spoken, and I perceived Raphael's eyes to be fixed upon him with rapt attention and admiration. And supper being finished, we having demolished a peacock roasted according to the recipe of the ancients, in full feather, I marked that Bibbiena drew Raphael's arm within his own, and leading him to the garden there left him with his niece Maria, a most sweet and gentle damsel and one exceptionally endowed by nature; for neither in Florence nor in the various outlandish cities which it hath been my hap to visit in the character of diplomatist, have I found in any five ladies such virtues and sprightliness of wit as are bound up as in one bundle in the person of Maria Bibbiena. She is besought in marriage, if there is any truth in hearsay, by Pietro Bembo, one, despite his youth, of the most brilliant scholars of our time, though of somewhat dissolute manners. Having thus bestowed Raphael where he was for the present safely out of the way, the Cardinal joined me and we followed Soderini to an upper room, where was displayed a picture of Raphael's, concerning which the Gonfalonier was anxious to obtain the sense of those present.

But to report the critiques which followed would doubtless be greatly wearisome to your ladyship. Nevertheless, if your excellency is pleased to lay further commands upon me I shall with pleasure notify you of the art gossip of the day; and so I kiss the hands of your ladyship, beseeching our Lord to make you as happy as you are pious.

Your sincere friend and servitor,

BALTAZAR CASTIGLIONE.

THE GONFALONIER PIETRO SODERINI TO JOANNA FELTRA DE RUVERE (SISTER OF THE DUKE OF URBINO), DUCHESS OF SORA AND PREFECTISSA OF ROME, AT URBINO.

FLORENCE, Oct. 15.

Most illustrious and most excellent Lady and highly revered friend:

Your gracious letter sent by the hand of Raphael Santi hath not found in me any reluctance to serve you, and I have labored as I found opportunity to present him to such of our citizens who might aid him toward that perfection in his art for which he strives. I have been encouraged in this undertaking by the sweet behavior and promising genius of the young man himself, which confirmed that which you writ concerning him, that he was a "modest young man of distinguished manners," and one deserving doubtless the affection and influence of his friends. I find that already he hath set all Florence at variance concerning him, the one part declaring that he biddeth fair to eclipse our greatest painters, the other that he is a dauber of but mean account. I ordered it that he was invited yestreen to a supper given by Filippo Strozzi, where were present all the scholars and critics of the day, whom one after another I plucked by the sleeve, inquiring their opinion of this our bird of strange plumage. I had first arranged that certain of his paintings should be hung in a little oratory, and, as Filippo had in his guests to observe them, I stationed myself also with open ears to receive the droppings of opinion, which I now bottle up for your diversion, knowing that you will be glad to see how your favorite is received. First came Taddeo Taddei, who had not as yet heard others give forth their opinion, and was in doubt how to proceed. He hemmed, therefore, and stroked his beard, murmuring "Very creditable, not bad," and crooking his hand into a funnel, eyed the picture from a distance, muttering in his throat, "luminosity of atmosphere, will rank with Perugin "

Just then came in Vasari with Guicciardini and Giovio, and Taddei, frightened at having been caught expressing an opinion, retreated with hang-dog air into a corner. Giovio, who is a born flatterer, clasped his hands in ecstacy, exclaiming at the "delicacy of tone," "the tenderness of effect and the exquisite sentiment," of the picture. (It was a Sposailizio.) Vasari allowed him to deliver himself till he was perhaps a little ashamed of his effusion, when he poured water upon his flame, by declaring the style "antiquated, servile imitation and affected sentimentality."

Guicciardini, who was too subtle to go to such lengths, lamented that the young men of the day were not more original, saying that men of overpowering genius, such as da Vinci and Perugino, had suffocated all distinctive talent, and sown a crop of copyists, who could only reproduce the styles of their masters. While he was weeping and lamenting thus in his usual misanthropic fashion, Cardinal Bibbiena came in with Machiavelli. "Ah!" cried his Eminence, "what harmony of line! what grace of composition! what delicious color!" "True," replied Machiavelli, "but when shall we have a national Art? Florence is divided in painting as in politics; here is Michael Angelo, who paints only athletes, and Perugino, who tells us that his swollen muscles resemble a sack filled with walnuts. Here is da Vinci, who is not even consistent with himself, and paints in twenty different styles, and this new adventurer, who desires to introduce another manner Why not conform to one grand idea, and build up a unity of Art which shall outlive the petty factions of the time and be handed down to posterity as *the* Florentine style?"

It seemed to me at the time that his words rang false like the clink of base metal, and I doubt whether Machiavelli greatly believed what he said; but there wanted not those present who had applauded Guicciardini's lament at the lack of personality, who now clapped hands at this high-sounding speech, and assented that what was most needed was a

national style. Next spoke Signor Varchi, who sees no good in any work which savors not of Michael Angelo, and he upbraided the painting for its lack of "pictorial virility, its easy covering of the human form with draperies, thus ingeniously escaping the difficulties of anatomy." Whereat Cardinal Bibbiena, who will always have his jest, pulled a long face and demanded whether it were the fashion for the celebrants of a Hebrew marriage to appear before the high priest *in puris naturalibus.* And Varchi, under cover of the laughter, got him with all speed out of the oratory. After that came in a parcel of ladies, who had naught but praise, not so much methinks on account of the merit of the picture, but for the sake of the captivating manners of its author who is in a fair way of becoming a squire of dames, being flattered and courted by all. Still later I mind me that Bembo had a discussion with Baccio d'Agnolo, the architect, who is building a house for him of far greater elegance and wider dimension than suits with the state of a simple scholar and a bachelor. Baccio held that the architectural background was good, and announced himself a lover of the new science of perspective, while Bembo could not abide it, but desired that a background, and indeed, as I understood him, that a whole picture should "lack definition, but be vaguely suggestive" of something quite indefinable to the vulgar, and appreciable only to those whose spiritual senses were attuned to the mysterious and the mystical. All of which poetic mysticism and impressionism our man of the square and compass, plain builder-architect, Messer Agnolo, derided with many a pooh and pish, and, indeed, the contest ran so high that the contract for building the house had like to have been broken off.

There passed by many others whom I will not set down by name. One said 'good, but uninteresting,' another, 'that fellow introduceth well his figures, he hath an eye for composition, a third allowed that the picture showed promise, a fourth asserted 'his name is new to us,' as though that were

a damning crime, a fifth praised the 'gray gradations,' a sixth lamented the 'lack of masculinity and realism,' a seventh wished that it had been more 'decoratively treated,' an eighth sighed again for a 'modernly local stamp,' and the rest, devoting themselves to details rather than to generalities, successively praised and dispraised, commended and condemned every several feature of the painting.

Such, my dear lady, is Florence, such our art criticism. It is my humble opinion that if Raphael have but pluck enough to close his ears to the critics, both malicious and flattering, and to work out manfully the mission which fate shall unroll, and toward which his genius shall impel him, he will build for himself a fame which, though it be not at all commensurate with that of da Vinci, and may not contend even with the aggressive, conquering force of Buonarotti; shall however find its place in the world. His mission seems to me to cheer the heart and elevate the mind; and such, though they attain to no great worldly distinction, are blessed indeed.

Thanking you, dear Lady, for the privilege of knowing and serving so lovable a character, I remain your ladyship's obedient servitor and obliged friend,

PIETRO SODERINI.

MARIA BIBBIENA TO THE LADY ALFONSINA ORSINI MEDICI, WIFE OF PIERO DEI MEDICI, IN EXILE AT URBINO.

FLORENCE, Oct. 12, 1504.

Most magnificent, noble, and unfortunate Lady: For whom my tears cease not to fall, and my heart to long after with true devotion. Truly, Madam, whatever may have been your heavy and sore trials in separation from your beloved Florence, you can not have experienced more poignant smart than that which wrings the heart of your little friend, who in lonesomeness and delaying of hope counts the days of your absence. My uncle's friend, Messer Machiavelli, who passes

r a man of deep designs, raised my hopes at one time by
hispering that there was a plot to bring you [illegible], and that I
ould be reinstated as your maid of honour. But nothing
ne of it, and instead we were given up to the wonderful Plag-
ni and more horrible Savonarola, so that even the under-
n whom there was never so [illegible] and a
er of stories, so long as he was [illegible] to your most
shipful husband, was forced to [illegible] together,
even for a time to hang his head in sadness. Thereafter
ch so great doom of heaviness [illegible] presently to
ne, and having returned [illegible]
h a cardinal's hat, is [illegible]
es I discern some faint [illegible] sadness. But
me there is no cardinal's hat, [illegible]
. I was minded of [illegible]
in what manner. You [illegible] Madonna
a Giocondo, the wife of one [illegible]
. She is now having [illegible] Monsignor
ici, and he has been [illegible]
h great fear of [illegible]
manner to invite [illegible]
converse with and [illegible]
trive to bring to her [illegible]
ch he is mightily [illegible]
Vinci heard that [illegible]
ner days, and [illegible]
lio to play for [illegible] of Messer [illegible]
ding of Pietro [illegible]
reading from [illegible]
ich stories we [illegible]
t of worrying and [illegible]
cerning them, [illegible]
ding, [illegible]
Presently [illegible] Count Castiglione, a young
an of a most [illegible] a divine tenderness [illegible]

fusing his eyes, and a smile of such heavenly sweetness that methought that of Mona Lisa was but an affected simper in comparison. Maestro da Vinci rose, and greeting him, presented him to the company. He bowed gravely with his eyes upon the floor, and then placing himself by the chair of the painter remained a long time at a muse, with his eyes fastened upon the canvas. Mona Lisa, readily perceiving that his entranced gaze was not so much in admiration of her beauty as in delight at the skill of the painter, fidgeted in her chair, and at length took her departure, in some pique, attended by Messer Bembo, while Maestro da Vinci waited upon her to the door. Raphael Santi, for so is this young man called, turned to me and spoke of the genius of da Vinci. After that the Maestro brought forward a portfolio of sketches, and we overlooked them together. I mind me there was one drawing of the Madonna seated in the lap of Sta. Anna, caressing the infant Christ, who in his turn was toying with a lamb. And Raphael said that what pleased him most in da Vinci's paintings was the lovingness which he displayed, as here Sta. Anna was beaming proudly and graciously upon her daughter, who playfully and tenderly yearned over her son, who as charmingly petted his little lamb. And many more things he said, so sweetly and with such courteous and gentle behavior, that I wondered not that he was called Saint Raphael, for indeed he seemed unto me as one of the company of the blessed.

But with all this I have not told you why it was that this should remind me of you. It was because I was told that he was from Urbino. And when I asked him if he had any acquaintance with you, though he confessed that he had not that pleasure, yet was he was able to give me comfortable tidings concerning you; how you were had in love by the Lady Emilia Pia and by all the court, which tidings did not a little solace and unburden my heart.

After this I met him divers times in the outer cloisters of San Marco, whither I went first by chance with my uncle,

who had some business with the prior of the convent, and who left me to wait for him in this place, which is assigned to the laity. Presently, while I wandered here, Raphael came in hastily, having just completed his lesson in coloring with the Frate, an artist formerly known as Baccio della Porta, who turned monk under the preaching of Savonarola, and whom Raphael has chosen as master during his stay in Florence. He had some of his own sketches with him, and he showed me a study of a Madonna with a goldfinch, for which he has just received an order from Messer Lorenzo Nasi. I told him that it seemed to me to surpass even the work of da Vinci, but he smiled and said that was rank heresy. Then he told me somewhat of the good monk Fra Bartolomeo—of his self-sacrificing spirit, and devoted life; how, when he was a talented and rising young man, with life and ambition all before him, he gave his painting to the flames with which the Piagnone consumed the vanities of this world in the public streets, because he loved his art more than God. But since he has renounced the world, the Prior has told him that he can best serve the church by painting altar-pieces, so that his cell is changed into a studio, and God has granted him a fresh access of genius; so that he paints more divinely than before, and churches and monasteries in Venice and other distant cities send daily for his paintings. But he knows not where they go, nor how much money they bring into the convent, painting only for the love of God and the good of his order. He told me also of the heavenly frescoes of Fra Angelico, with which the walls of the passages and even the cells of the convent are covered, and he added, "Truly, I think that Art and a monastic life wed well together, and I would willingly retire to some cloistered garden afar from the world if I might carry my box of colors with me, and might sometimes see as in a vision a face like thine to paint from." Then was I seized with a foolish timidity so that I could in nowise answer—nay, nor so much as lift up my head; but my heart said, And why afar from the world,

why not in it, making all better and happier? While I held converse with him my uncle came in from the chapter, and when he saw Raphael he seemed greatly surprised. 'I had thought,' quoth he, 'to meet here with Pietro Bembo.' 'Truly,' replied Raphael, 'it may well be he who came a little way into these cloisters above an hour since, but who retreated with, methought, somewhat of a sour aspect when he saw me in converse with your niece.'

With that my uncle laughed not over-merrily, and we returned home together. After that I went several times to the cloisters of San Marco, on one pretext and another, if so be I might but win a glance from my archangel Raphael, for so he seemeth to me, and I can not conceive that the archangels of Fra Angelico on the inner corridor-walls, wearing robes of scarlet and blue, golden-aureoled, blowing trumpets and playing upon viols, with wings peacock-eyed, and faces filled with all beatitude, can be one whit more beautiful.

Ah, sweet lady, I know you will say, "My little Maria is grown wondrous foolish and love-sick;" but I pray you chide me not, seeing that the matter can not grow further; for my mother hath put a finish to my going to San Marco, and I am not likely again to meet with Raphael. Nay, nor is it perhaps best that I should do so, for were I to see him often I do fear me that my heart might become so pitched and set upon him, that I should in time most rashly and inconsiderately fall in love, which were a bold and unmaidenly thing to do, and I mind you that you have often told me no woman will allow her affections to conduct themselves thus insubordinately, until the church hath by the sacrament of marriage given her good and sufficient license thereto.

And so, Madam, praying Maria Sanctissima and Maria the sister of Lazarus, my patroness, to keep me constant in this mind, I rest your loving little friend and devoted servitor,

MARIA BIBBIENA.

[*To be continued.*]

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY, '69.

THE AMERICAN IRISH QUESTION.

No problem in the political world is regarded with a greater degree of interest by all nations, than the Irish question that is at the present time vexing English statesmen. The time seems to be at hand, when the accumulated wrongs of centuries of blind and willful misrule, will cry out for redress in a voice that can no longer be silenced. To the watching and listening philanthropist it seems as if justice to a long-suffering race must be the issue. Yet, hampered as he is, as much by the ignorance and prejudices of the tenants he is trying to benefit as by the opposition of their landlords, whose extortions he seeks to repress, the problem with which the British Premier is grappling is a difficult one, and one whose solution may well be a matter of doubt.

To Americans, it has, indeed, a two-fold interest, since the result of the struggle has become a matter of political importance to us. It may truly be said that the sins of our mother-country have been visited upon us. One result of England's evil legislation has been to drive the Irish to our land in such numbers that they bid fair to become as grievous a puzzle to the American, as they are to the English statesman. Yet, to us, the question assumes an aspect totally different from that which it exhibits across the waters Our problem has not been created by hostile legislation or continual suppression of a down-trodden race, but rather from placing too great liberty in the hands of those not fitted by previous training to exercise it rightly. From the day when we burst the shackles that bound us to our mother-country, the spirit of love and fellowship for all needy and oppressed has filled the hearts of the American people. We had known what it was to be poor and trampled under foot, and the wave of light and joy and love that vibrated through the land at the first dawn of liberty, crossed the oceans and touched with its glory the pauper and slave of every land. We were but

three millions of people in a country of 800,000 square miles, with agricultural, mineral, and industrial resources that, in comparison with the meagre, crowded islands of our ancestral home, seemed inexhaustible. Come, all who are weary and friendless and oppressed, was our country's call, come to us. Here is work for all, prosperity for all, liberty for all! So they came from every land of the Old World, and so we welcomed them. We did not realize that the first Irishman who set foot within our new republic brought with him the germ of a difficulty that would increase to a formidable size. Respectable and enterprising Protestants from the North were the class who first came, and it was not till many years later that Irish became, in the vocabulary of the New Englander, a synonym for low, ignorant, depraved. These qualities were added to its significance only after the potato-famine of 1846 drove the Irish in such numbers to this land of plenty. Indeed, even then it was not apparent that this influx of poor, miserable starvelings was an evil. Many believed that this vast body of ignorant paupers, under the life-giving touch of American freedom, would be transformed, and, losing their distinctive nationality, would soon disappear in the common aggregate of Americans. Whether these optimists were right or not, the sequel has conclusively proved. The Irish do, in very truth, become Americanized, but they do not become Americans; for the line of demarkation that separates the two races is still as distinct as when the first wave of immigration touched our shore. How far their Americanization goes toward assimilating the two races is an open question; for the change is scarcely one that can be regarded with favor by any well-regulated community, since it practically renders them more offensive than ever. Favorably contrasting the conduct of the Irishmen in Canada with that of the Irishmen in the United States, and lamenting the latter's disposition to tyrannize, Howells says in *Their Wedding Journey*, "Is it because the Celt cannot brook equality; and when he has not an

established and recognized caste above him, longs to trample on those about him?" My observation has been mostly confined to New England towns, where boot and woolen manufactories bring together large numbers of Irish laborers. In such a place one can hardly contemplate the difference between the Irish immigrant of twenty years ago and the children who have grown up under the favoring influences of American civilization, without asking the same question. The old couple jog monotonously along, getting comfortably drunk now and then, and having a family quarrel in consequence, but, on the whole, leading a quiet and inoffensive life and interfering with nobody's rights, while the dozen children they have reared with the advantages of free public school education, and of contact with the social refinement of their neighbors, are never happy unless they are insolent to the quiet, respectable citizen, or taking part in some street brawl, or stopping the carriage of the lady who is adventurous enough to drive out of the town alone. Regarded in this light the Americanizing of the Irish can scarcely be considered a pleasing change. Yet it is hardly one to be wondered at. The principle that we learn in Physics, that action and reaction are always equal and in opposite directions, is applicable to mind as well as to matter. So it is hardly surprising that, after years of crushing subjection, they should be intoxicated by the breath of free air, and should conceive liberty to mean following one's own impulses whether other people approve or not. No: the hopes of the sanguine have been shattered. The gulf that lies between the two races is as hopelessly wide as ever. The race prejudice that the American feels toward his Celtic neighbor is almost as bitter as that of the true Englishman. The small number of intermarriages between the two races shows this; and, even in cases of intermarriage, it is rarely true that the Irishman has risen above his fellows, but rather that the American has fallen to the level of the Irish. Several young Irishmen of my acquaint-

ance, by their natural force of character, combined with some favoring circumstances of education, have raised themselves from the lowest social position to equality with the most refined and intelligent gentlemen of to-day, and are everywhere received with the warmest welcome into the best circles of society. Yet, in spite of their intelligence, their refinement, in spite of the fact that they are superior in personal worth to numberless Americans of the best families, they live under a sort of social ban, whose pressure they always feel. "I shall never marry," said one of them to the wife of an old friend; "for those that would marry me, I wouldn't marry; and those that I would marry, wouldn't marry me." And this is the feeling that exists everywhere in the older parts of the country. We practically say to the Irish of this class, If you are pleasant, are educated, are refined, we will receive you into our society, we will be kind to you, we will even show you a sort of special favor; but you must never forget that it is really a condescension on our part, since you belong to a class of people morally and mentally inferior to us.

The presence of this incongruous element can but exert a powerful influence over the civilization of our country. This element is a large and ever-increasing factor of our national development, in that it contains the greatest percentage of ignorance and criminality. The illiterate American, as we all know, is in New England a rare exception; therefore, the five and twelve hundredths per cent of illiteracy which existed in Massachusetts in 1870, must have belonged almost entirely to the Irish. Go for a week into almost any criminal court in the State, and it is no exaggeration to say that at least three-fourths of the cases tried will be Irish cases. Moreover, the Irish are dangerous in that they have a large finger in every political pie, and no one is wild enough to pretend that the help of the ignorant is favorable to the success of any political undertaking.

So the problem confronts us. What is to be done with the race that we find among us but not of us? If they are in a

condition which is dangerous to American civilization, what influences are tending to make this condition permanent? The reply comes instantaneously. The influence of the Catholic Church is most pernicious in its effects upon the Irish people. History tells us that Catholicism has ever tended to dwarf the minds of its adherents, to silence the voice of progress, to stifle free thought, to cultivate bigotry and superstition, to beget in men a servile, cringing, dependence instead of a free, vigorous self-assertion. The country that has thrown off the yoke of priesthood is like the grass that has long been stifled under a rock, and is at last open to the suns and dews of heaven. It springs at once into new and vigorous life, and advances with a growth at once rapid and healthy. This record of history but confirms the belief of every intelligent person who observes the character of modern Roman Catholics. It is not the strong, not the intelligent, but the weak, the superstitious, the ignorant, who are clinging to the tenets of their once powerful Church. Just as far as the cobwebs of bigotry and superstition are swept away, and the glorious sun of intellectual enlightenment allowed to pierce the shrouded gloom, just so far the power of the Romish Church must wane.

Education! it is the hackneyed remedy for every ill that humanity is heir to; but, assuredly, it is here most reasonably applicable. What can we depend upon, if not a free, liberal education, to raise the Irish people from the slough into which ages of ignorance have plunged them? No one recognizes this half so well as the Catholic clergy themselves. That is the meaning of all this recent discussion about Catholic schools. The Church does not fear that its innocent children will be plunged into immorality and crime by attending schools in which there are no religious exercises; but it does fear, and with good reason, that the contact with the liberality and enlightenment attending a public school education will impair its own power. In its own Catholic schools, it has the opportunity of directing the mind of the student as it pleases, and of

implanting in the young heart a belief in its tenets and a reverence for its power which can withstand the mightiest shocks from without. The art of the teacher can incline the mind of the pupil in almost any direction, as the gardener's care can warp and bend the shoots of a young tree. It is well for us that the Catholic priesthood have not been successful in their endeavors to obtain from the government a share of the public school funds for establishing their schools, else there would not have been a Catholic community in the State without its own school. But so long as the unfortunate Irishman has to pay his share for the public school, as well as his tax for the Catholic school, he will not meet the establishment of the latter with unqualified approval; for his pocket-book is an object of his tenderest solicitude. Catholic schools have not, as yet, been extensively established, except in the large cities of Massachusetts, and there is reason to believe that elsewhere their foundation has been delayed too long to be altogether successful. The parents of many of the children now attending school have been educated in the public schools. They have been in America long enough to become imbued with the idea that every man is his own master,—they have begun to doubt the absolute power of the priest and his ability to send their souls to purgatory if they do not obey him; and the priests, recognizing this, do not dare altogether to oppose the wishes of their congregations. The parents do not see wherein it has harmed them to attend the public schools, or what possible danger it can have for their children; and, mindful of their pockets, they are disposed to grumble at any attempt of the priest to establish a school, so long as they have no governmental appropriations. It is in small towns that this spirit is most prevalent, and it is there, also, that we have most to hope for in the non-establishment of Catholic schools. For in these, the children of Protestants mingle with the Catholics, while, in large cities, the schools containing any Irish are very likely to consist entirely of that class. In a purely Irish

school, no matter what be the tendency of the teaching, the probability of imbibing anti-Catholic ideas is necessarily much less than in a school where the two races are mingled. What gives vital interest to the success or failure of the Catholic attempt to establish schools is, without doubt, the relation of the Church to politics. The political power of the Church is in direct proportion to its influence upon the minds of its adherents. The typical American voter is not a blind and unquestioning disciple of any party. He perceives that, in many cases, the ability and personal worth of the candidate are of far greater importance than the triumph of his preferred party; and, especially in local elections, he acts upon this principle. But the Irish, to a man, usually vote the straight ticket of their own party; or, if perchance they favor some candidate from the other side, the vote never consists merely of a few who have some personal reason for their action, but all the Catholics in the county go in a body for the favored candidate, the priest leading the van. Practically the ballot is not in the hands of the individual Irishman; but the Catholic Church, though opposed in its every tradition to the established principles of our republic, holds in its hands this mighty political force,—one which its unscrupulous leaders would never hesitate to turn in any way to their own advantage. Well may the love of freedom pause, with a sort of horror, before the dread possibilities which the thought involves. The Catholics, moreover, have the advantage of the opposing element, because they are so cleverly bound by the ties of nationality and religion. They are accustomed to act in unison in all things, while it requires a vast pressure or a mighty danger so to weld the Americans that they act in perfect harmony. But though it needs a great crisis to rouse them, when that comes, they are able to cope with it. And if the power of the Catholic Church in this country and the existence of American liberty are incompatible, if there is to be a long and fierce struggle between them, the cause of liberty must finally

triumph; for it has the advantage of a full hundred years of growth and of a vast percentage of intelligence. Besides, the Catholic Church will never be able to attain a permanent triumph by turning its political power against the cause of liberty. For those who have once breathed the air of freedom, will never become so blind as not to perceive finally that the Church has but employed their liberty to enslave them, and they will rise, as one man, against their false ruler, and crush it out of life. Even now a mild reaction of this very sort is going on among the Catholics, and therein is the one favorable tendency which allays our fears. "What, after all, should we do without the Catholic Church," we sometimes say when we see how wild, ungovernable, and insolent the Irish grow as their fear of the Church diminishes. "What would they not do, if the Church had no power over them!" Yet the very tendency that we deplore is, in truth, to be regarded with approval. In their realization that they are at last free, the Irish are beginning to resent the interference of the clergy, and, instead of bearing meekly the lash of the priest upon their backs when they are transgressing, they are now inclined to turn about and use their fists upon the sacred person of their spiritual leader. So long as they are getting away from their old blind acquiescence to the decrees of the Church, let us not complain because they go too far in the other direction. Civil authorities will be able to keep them in order, if clerical are not; and the mighty cure to be effected, more than compensates for the ills that accompany the convalescence. But, although there is reason to believe that the cause of liberty and enlightenment will at last triumph over the darkness and dogmatism of the Roman Catholic Church, there is no reason why we should look on in idleness at the struggle. Our supreme faith in the infallibility of our republican institutions, and our firm belief that whatever disorder in the body politic may be caused by foreigners will be allayed by the bracing air of our free country, as well as our foolish sensitiveness in

regard to any overt or tacit interference with a man's religion, all combine to prevent our doing our duty by ourselves and our country in this emergency. Meantime the priests are straining every nerve, and leaving no means untried, by which they may be able to keep the Irish people wandering among the mazes of superstition in the darkened cloisters of the Romish Church.

Much might be done for the good of these benighted people, as well as for the welfare of the whole country, simply by enforcing two very well-known but laxly-executed laws concerning education and the ballot. One who has an opportunity of observing the amount of ignorance among the Irish people of Massachusetts, can but exclaim in amazement, How is it possible for such ignorance to exist in a State where education is compulsory! how can they arrive at maturity, without being able to spell correctly half the words used in the commonest conversation! It is not from lack of ability; although I do remember one case of a ten-year old girl, who, day after day, wore *B* pinned on to her dress every night when she went home from school, yet came back every morning without the faintest shadow of an idea of the name of the letter. But, in most cases, the Irish children are remarkably bright and quick at their books, and, in some schools, they far outshine the Americans. Indeed, in my own High School experience, the youngest and smartest scholars in the classes were, almost without exception, Irish. The fault lies not in the material with which the teacher has to do, but partly in the method of working, and more especially in the lack of opportunity for training. In Massachusetts, it is provided by law, that every child, between the ages of five and fourteen, shall attend school at least four months during the year. In a thousand ways the Irish parents evade the law and send their children to the factories to earn their own living. Often they never even make the pretense of sending the child to school, while the offense passes unnoticed by the authorities. Those who

are allowed to finish their common school education, and perhaps, also, the High School course, have an invaluable influence upon their fellows for the good of the community at large.

There is also a law in Massachusetts, applicable especially to the Irish people, which provides that no man shall vote unless he can write his name and read the Constitution of the United States. From the testimony of those under whose personal observation the matter comes, I know that, in many cases, these conditions are not fulfilled; and, furthermore, there is reason to believe that many who can sign their names, can read or write nothing else.

That either of these laws should be so easily evaded, is a serious matter. They were enacted for the purpose of protecting society against the effects of ignorance, and they are by no means useless or unnecessary. So far from allowing them to be thus disregarded, it would be better if the laws were even more strict in their requirements and more stringently enforced. It would be better for the law to demand that every intelligent person should attain a certain point in his education before being permitted to leave school, and that no one should be allowed the right of voting unless he understood the first principles of the science of government and political economy, which every public school ought to teach. It is not impossible for such plans to be put into execution, and whatever disadvantage might result from them, would be more than balanced by their good effects. Judicious legislation could do much toward lifting the Irish people out of their ignorance and bigotry, and hastening that happy day when no lowering cloud of an Irish question shall hover about our political horizon. But a persistence, on the part of the Americans, in ignoring the existence of such a question, and in allowing the Catholic Church the opportunity of strengthening itself at the expense of the public good, may yet result

in what many who are in daily contact with the Irish people predict,—a desperate race-conflict for mastery.

A. C. S., '82.

NOON IN AUGUST.

Alone, among the hills, in full content I lie;
  The yellow sunshine warmly wraps the languid earth;
Near me, a hidden brook flows gently purling by;
  The daisies with each breath nod on their slender stems.

Amid the stern, dark oaks gleam out some willow trees,
  Which seem as fair and soft as face of little child.
They bow and courtesy to each gently passing breeze,
  Just as dear children in their pretty fancies play.

Noon steals o'er all the land—steals ling'ring slowly by;
  She stoops to hush the brook's low purl—fainter it sounds.
The drowsy hum of vagrant bees, as past they fly,
  Seems like a low-voiced lullaby to baby flowers.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

It does not seem likely that educators of women will be allowed to forget the problems concerning the physical and the social result of such education. It will be many years yet before the one unfortunate girl who leaves college to enter a state of nervous prostration, or the still more unfortunate girl who leaves college a blue-stocking or a virago, will not claim more attention than the ninety and nine whose lives are more healthy, and whose families are more happy, because of their intellectual training. With such one-sided pressure of external criticism, there is some danger that women's colleges may have little aid in questions concerning their intellectual status. In writing for the MISCELLANY, then, an account of Smith College, it is scarcely necessary to emphasize her attempt to conform to the demand for the most perfect physical and social culture. Her "Cottage System" is one of her best known characteristics. Her freedom from regulations is another. Seven years of experiment only confirms faith in small houses and few rules. No case either of severe illness or of severe discipline mars the fair record of the young college.

But good health and good manners are not all that we demand of college-bred women. The intellectual history of Smith College is not as much talked about as its cottage system. But it has some characteristics worth description.

The college was opened in September, 1875, with thirteen students, and six teachers. Its first class of twelve graduated

in 1879. In September, 1878, it had one hundred students. In '80 it added Music and Art Schools to its Academic Department. At present there are 264 students, divided as follows: 64 Freshmen, 52 Sophomores, 47 Juniors, and 36 Seniors, making an Academic total of 209. There are also 37 Special Students, of whom 18 are ranked as Freshmen, and the rest, in higher classes. The School of Music has 20, and that of Art, 7. The Resident Faculty of the College numbers sixteen—seven men and nine women. There are, besides, assistants in Chemistry, Rhetoric, and Music, and several non-resident teachers and lecturers.

The requirements for admission are substantially those of Vassar, except that Xenophon and Homer must be packed in every student's trunk, and she has, consequently, less room for Botany, and Ancient History, and Physical Geography. The Special Students must be examined in the required English, and in two of the three other branches, Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. For the one omitted she must substitute a course in French, German, Rhetoric, English Literature, or Natural Science. These courses are planned by the College, and each covers at least two years' work. Music Students pass an examination in Music whose very statement is formidable to the unpracticed eye, and are required to have a High School diploma, or its equivalent in the specified courses.

The most noticeable thing about the catalogue of Smith College is neither its cover nor its pictures,—but its course of study. Here we strike the great experiment which the institution has been trying. Women can be educated. Vassar College proved that years ago. But the question concerning the best method for that education is still open. Smith College had from the beginning a leaning toward the Elective System. In the earliest circulars an effort was made to lay out three courses—the Classical, the Literary, and the Scientific. All were to have in common certain studies,—notably Greek, Latin, and Mathematics,—and the small fraction of time left

from these was to be used in some one chosen course. But in 1880 the course of study was thoroughly revised, and the present Elective System elaborated. With the growth of departments since then, the curriculum has been constantly modified. Elasticity is, of course, the characteristic of the system. Careful records have been kept of the workings of the experiment, and these figures have some significance.

In the first year of the course, some latitude is allowed in choice of studies. Only ten of the possible sixteen recitation hours are specified. This latitude is increased from year to year, until in the last term of the Senior year only five hours of work are laid out for the student. A distinction must however be made between *Required* and *Specified* work. At least thirteen recitation hours per week are required for the two lower classes, and twelve for the two higher. Sixteen recitations per week—the maximum number—is the exception rather than the rule. This possible concentration of effort is considered one of the best results of the system.

The following tables show the proportion between the specified and the Elective work of the course The figures indicate number of recitations per week. It should be premised that recitations are an hour long, and that at present Physics is the only study in which recitations occur five times a week. Classes average three meetings weekly. Laboratory work in Natural Science, and private courses in Rhetoric and Elocution can not from their nature be included in such a scheme.

FIRST AND SECOND YEARS.

	Greek.	Latin.	Mathematics.	Science.	History.	Eng. Lan.	Eng. Lit.	French.	German.	Elocution.	Bible.	Phil. & Logic.	
Specified.....	144	136	172	14	40	46		132		26	50		
Elective.....	82	94	64	138		88	144			46			

JUNIOR AND SENIOR YEARS.

Specified...				110	36	42			144		46	160	
Elective.....	140	102	24	240	66	170	170	116	108			280	
Total Specified.	144	136	172	124	76	88		132	144	26	96	160	1298
Total Elective.	222	196	88	378	66	258	314	116	108	46		280	2072

Total number of recitation hours each year, 3360.

Of the 3360 hours of recitation given in the college each year, 1298 are specified work, and 2072 are elective. Or, to state the proportion in another form, forty per cent. of the work offered for the first two years is elective. Seventy per cent of the offered work of Junior and Senior years is elective. So much for the facts in regard to the proportion of specified and elective study in Smith College. But these facts at once suggest the question, "What are the various elective branches from which students are allowed this liberal choice?" The circular of the college describes them with so much min uteness that little can be added to its particulars. In the first year electives are chiefly English courses and enlargements of the specified work in Greek, Latin, and Mathematics. In the second year the courses become more varied, and include Chemistry, Botany, Mineralogy, English Literature, Shakespeare, Anglo-Saxon, and Classic History, besides the usual Greek and Latin "optionals." Perhaps no better idea can be given of the opportunities for study of given subjects than by a bird's-eye view of one or two departments. Besides the four terms of specified Greek, which include the Odyssey, the Memorabilia, the Apology and Crito, and the De Corona, we find as electives in the department Herodotus, the Greek Testament, Selections from the Lyric Poets and the Tragedies, Plato's Phaedo and Gorgias, and a course of lectures on the Greek Philosophy and the Greek Drama.

In the department of Philosophy the elective courses are generous. These are confined to the Senior year. Starting

with required study of Psychology, Ethics, and Theism as a basis, the Electives include the following subjects: History of Ancient and Modern Philosophy, Critical Study of Plato, of Hamilton, and of Spencer, Lectures on the Will, and on Abnormal Mental States, Christian Evidences, and also a Comparative History of Religions.

The departments of Natural Science are younger and have not been so fully elaborated as these; but nine terms of Elective Chemistry are offered. Physics is required for two terms, and elective for one year. (The Vassar College student will need the explanation that the year is divided into three terms.)

A large teaching force is necessary for the success of the Elective System; but the plan of reducing the number of recitation hours in a given study partly obviates this difficulty. For example, Freshman Mathematics has but three recitations a week through the year. The result is pronounced quite as good as if more teaching time were given.

A pitched battle has been fought in Smith College as in other places between lectures and recitations. A compromise is likely to be effected. "Lectures and Discussions" are gradually supplanting the more formal "Lectures," both in the catalogue and in fact. It is not impossible that the next ten years will see the conventional New England MS. banished from the instructor's table. The true philosophy of education is not represented by a pouring-in. Little stress is laid on recitations as a means of determining rank. Reviews and examinations are the crucial tests of scholarship. In many lines of work, as in the Shakespeare study, no account is taken of the informal, class-room chat: the whole study for the term is represented by the written paper at the end.

Only one question remains to be answered in regard to this experiment—this effort to educate individually rather than collectively. Are college students to be trusted to exercise choice in making up one-half their college course? Proof pos-

itive of the workings of the Elective System in individual courses can be obtained only from the statistics of years. But the general showing of figures at Smith College points to a gratifying unity and consecutiveness of choice. This is more noticeable in the older and better established departments than in the scarcely rooted Sciences. In Junior and Senior elective Greek, for instance, the size of the classes varies only three for five consecutive terms. Of forty-five students taking specified Rhetoric in Junior year, twenty-six and thirty continue elective work in the first two terms of Senior year. These figures might be multiplied, but the same general result would be shown. The tendency is evidently to finish a work once undertaken. Lists of names might be cited to show the inclination to group allied studies. There is scarcely a student who takes an advanced course in English Literature or in Composition, who does not include in her choice Anglo-Saxon, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Mediæval History.

Girls ought, no doubt, to be taken care of separately. Small houses, and consideration of each question of conduct and discipline in the individual case go far toward realizing the ideal of a student life. But it is forgetting the great for the little to insist that bodies and souls need individual attention, and to allow that minds be herded indiscriminately. The reign of unreasoning scholasticism is over. Everything that helps emphasize individuality,—whatever makes mill-hands men and women, whatever makes voters intelligent, whatever makes society women responsible, whatever makes scholars original and so *themselves*, whatever, in short, transforms a tyranny, whether of men or of letters, into a republic,—that is excellent.

Crank! What word in our vaunted English tongue is more expressive? Symbol of an idea so elementary as hardly to admit of definition, declaring its own meaning so forcibly

that it needs no explanation, it is a striking monument of homely Saxon strength. How often does this word, now grown so fashionable in our daily speech, call up a queer, motley throng of phantoms and stir a host of memories, mirth-provoking or full of quaint pathos! To me, at least, the word is potent, to me it is the *Open Sesame* to a strange world peopled with unforgotten forms.

Some of the pleasantest memories of my life are connected with one, the kindest, sincerest, crankiest, crank that ever lived. His restless expression, his frequent, uneasy laugh, his over-earnest manner, all are plain revelations of his crankery. A scholar he is, a scholar to the very finger-tips, versed alike in the lore of ancient sages and the achievements of modern science. He belongs, indeed, to that class of people whom too much reading and too much thinking have rendered mad. Having no positive faith in spiritual realities, he exalts to a fictitious importance the slightest temporary interest. "Let us eat and drink," he says, "for to-morrow we may die;" and devotes himself to the eating and drinking with an earnestness at once ludicrous and pathetic. A projected picnic is with him an affair of the utmost importance, an affair of careful arrangement, long deliberation, and anxious consultation of the weather-prophets. A joke is a thing to be solemnly told and earnestly laughed at. Questions the most weighty and the most frivolous, are discussed with equal seriousness. The *summum bonum* may lie in a knowledge of Plato's philosophy, it may lie in the success of a game of cards. For all that we know, one is just as important as the other. My earnest friend judges the whole light-minded world by himself. The declaration of a trivial opinion, unconsidered and only half sincere, he mistakes for the expression of a deathless conviction; the slightest whim, no sooner expressed than forgotten, he confounds with the repressed longing of a lifetime. Betray the slightest interest in geometry, and all possible mathematical authorities, from Euclid down to Chauvenet,

will be eagerly placed at your disposal. Make an innocent inquiry concerning Xenophanes, or some equally defunct philosopher, and every storehouse of learning will be ransacked to afford you information concerning that great man. Venture to suggest that geometry and Xenophanes may be, under certain circumstances, bores, and a series of apologies, explanations, and arguments will beset your pathway, until life becomes a burden almost too heavy to be endured. No matter what cause claims your allegiance, he will espouse it with equal enthusiasm. He would "fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pygmies."

Now, cranky as he is, my "Earnest Trifler" finds in his own circle of friends at least one formidable rival, a rival who resembles him only in his eccentricity, who differs from him as widely as possible in person, mind, and manners. In place of the nervous, half-apologetic countenance just now presented to view, behold a sleek, calm, comfortable face, unruffled by the storms of life. Instead of anxious eagerness, see cool deliberation; in place of the scholar's meagre form imagine aldermanic portliness. The possessor of this face, this form, this manner, is troubled by no undue appreciation of the world without; he has, rather, a beautiful and touching appreciation of those gifts with which he himself has been endowed by heaven. Recognition of his own gifts is, in short, a most prominent trait of his character, and a trait which he takes not the slightest pains to conceal; he is, if we may trust to his judgment and that of a small circle of admiring friends, one of those rare and strangely gifted beings who are at once profound and versatile. Science, literature, art, human nature, all things are alike patent to his mental vision. His wonderful insight comes not from scholarly acquisition: he beholds everything by the brighter glow of unaided genius. He does not hide his light under a bushel, but is ever ready to

share his wisdom with an ungrateful world. The specialist in any department, be he farmer, poet, or politician, may always receive from him practical and striking suggestions. Had the fates permitted, he would have led Homer to a more perfect mastery of the epic art, presented Cæsar with an exhaustive treatise on military tactics, and instructed Shakespeare in the true principles of dramatic writing. What wonder that his aid and counsel are so ready, since to consciousness of wisdom he joins a steady benevolence? Like

> "John P.,
> Robinson, he
> Says the world will go right if he
> hollers out 'Gee.'"

Well assured of this, and anxious for the well-being of the small planet where he at present resides, he doth most loudly and constantly vociferate "Gee."

The most entertaining, and, at the same time, most exhausting crank whom I have ever seen, belongs to the intellectual, romantic, and, above all, to the poetic order. We never met but once, when I was a timid child of fifteen years, he a Byronic youth of eighteen summers. How well do I remember two days, two horrible days, spent in the company of this intense creature! My position as his hostess made me helpless in his hands; there was no escape from my fate, and I met it with grim resignation. Although so young, he had all that pensive gloom which even mature years can hardly impress upon a common nature; gloomy were the themes which he loved, and gloomy was his treatment of them. As a standard amusement we read Dante, and when Nature demanded a brief respite, quotations from "Childe Harold" filled up the aching void. Driven to desperation, and hoping to arouse him from his sublime melancholy, I proposed a stroll. It chanced that we were within walking distance of the birthplace, or rather one of the birthplaces, of American liberty, and thither we repaired. As we went, we discussed

Tennyson and the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Arrived at the sacred spot where our fathers fought and bled, he fell into a "stained-glass attitude" and murmured, "This is our Thermopylae." Years have vanished since he passed from the field of my vision, but I doubt not that æstheticism found in him an early victim; with a little practice he might well have rivalled Bunthorne the renowned. His final remark to me before we exchanged our last farewell indicated his high æsthetic possibilities. "Longfellow," he said sadly, "reminds me of deep emotion at twilight."

But have I seen and studied only the crank masculine? As I write, I recall more than one frizzed and braided representative of the order. Never shall I forget a certain lady whom I once knew, a lady cultivated, brilliant, and in most respects sensible, but a helpless slave to the number three. Wherever she went, to the parlor or the kitchen, to a ball or to church, this tyrannical number still asserted its sway, still claimed her fealty. Did she quote a line of poetry, there was no peace for her until, turning from her companions, she twice repeated it, softly and secretly. At the table, whatever she partook of must be divided into three symmetrical parts, or the comfort of the meal was seriously impaired. In short, the more prominence she could give to the number three in the conditions of her life, the greater the sense of satisfaction which pervaded her whole being. And never shall I forget a certain young lady of my acquaintance, who might be known as the analyzing crank. With her nothing is taken as it comes; everything is probed to its source. Not ten minutes ago, she came between me and the airy visions which peopled my fancy, to inquire anxiously, "What is crankiness? Is it subjective or objective?" These and others of their sex appear before me as unquestionable cranks. Yet the fact remains that the crank feminine is less frequently met with, and, where she exists, less noticeable than her brother. Why is it? I leave to profounder thinkers the investigation of causes; the fact which I state is indubitable.

And I pause for a moment to ask, with my analytic crank, "What is crankiness?" Is it a disease which afflicts the unhappy few, from which the fortunate many are exempt? Or is it something which, in various forms and differing degrees, is present with us all? Let the woman who can fearlessly brave dangers in fire and flood, but whose cheek pales at the sight of a mouse; let the acute business man who avoids setting about a new enterprise on Friday, answer. For my part, I believe that at the heart of every one of us there is a repressed or dormant something, a something which may be held in check but cannot be annihilated, which marks our kinship with the mighty brotherhood of cranks.

The muscles around our mouths can at last relax—we are not expected to laugh—this is the happy, restful thought that comes to us as we read the first few pages of *The Prince and Pauper*. So long has Mark Twain stood before us labeled "Funny-man," and showered his witticisms upon us,—more than that, so long have we tried to smile appropriately at these same jokes, that the smiles—if not the jokes—have become sickly and forced. This sudden departure into an entirely different literary field is a relief and a pleasure to us. It is as if some singer in comic opera had suddenly developed, instead of her shrill, piping soprano, a rich contralto, full of sweetness, even melancholy. And yet, why should we be surprised? Among the a, b, c's of our literary infancy we learned that humor and pathos were "one living, sympathetic impulse differently acted on, met by diverse forces in the outside world." Our author has only chosen an original way of employing his power, giving us, first, the brighter side in excess, as in *Innocents* and *Tramps Abroad;* and then, after the glare and dust of travel, he makes the transition and shows us, not exactly the more sombre, but the calmer, more pathetic side of it.

However, *The Prince and Pauper* is by no means devoid of witty passages, terse expressions here and there—that remind us of our past acquaintance with the writer. We felt especially at home with him when we read the description of the morning toilet of the King, when "a shirt was taken up by the Chief Equerry in waiting, who passed it to the First Lord of the Buckhounds, who passed it to the Second Gentleman of the Bedchamber, who passed it to the Head Ranger of Windsor Forest . . . . . who passed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who passed it to the First Lord of the Bedchamber, who took what was left of it and put it on Tom." Again his old time humor appears in the passage where the real king, among the peasants, works willingly, despite his rank, remembering the example set him by the good King Alfred, who was not ashamed to watch the cakes. However, after he had cleaned the spoons, sharpened a butcher knife, pared the apples, and performed sundry other little tasks, "he began to think he had laid the good King Alfred about far enough in the shade for the present, and so he was half-minded to resign. And when, just after the noonday dinner, the good wife gave him a basket of kittens to drown, he did resign. At least, he was just going to resign—for he felt he must draw the line somewhere, and it seemed to him that to draw it at kitten-drowning was about the right thing—when there was an interruption." This was the appearance of the elder Tom Canty and Hugo! "The King discovered these rascals before they had had a chance to see him, so he said nothing about drawing the line, but took up his basket of kittens and stepped quietly out the back way."

Like the vibration of a pendulum the story swings from occasional flashes of humor back to the many sorrows of the poor little prince, wandering from place to place with beggars and vagabonds, meeting blows and scorn where he had been taught to expect obediénce and reverence; to the unhappiness of the waif in the palace, dazed and wearied

by the pomp and ceremony, stealing to the window to take one longing peep at the world below where once he had roamed so freely. It is wonderful, the interest we feel in the fate of the two little boys, gladly do we include ourselves in the ranks of "the young people of all ages;" and, as we read of the various adventures, we live over, in part, the excitement we felt in childhood when we devoured Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales* or *The Arabian Nights.* With bated breath we await the sharpening of the Hermit's knife, with a shudder we watch him bind the prince—but deliverance is near, Miles Hendon's voice is heard. A cry of impatience escapes us as he rides on down to the glade, once more tricked in his search for the missing boy. The description of the scene in the hermitage is no mean piece of work. The short sentences, presenting the facts so simply to us, bring the whole scene before our very eyes, and its horrors freeze the blood in our veins. Later a great pity wells up within us for the homeless little boy, as he hears the crowd around cry out "The King is dead! long live the King!" and tries to keep back the scalding tears of grief for his dead father, and of wrath against the impostor who fills his place. In the meantime, while Edward stands alone and friendless in the midst of his subjects, Tom Canty rides in state to his coronation. For the first time he has cast off the weight of remorse and fear that has crushed his spirit, and, smiling and exultant, he declares to himself, as he listens to the shouts of the populace, "Truly it is good to be a prince." No wonder he pleases the gaze of the loyal English men and women, to whom he throws a largess; for, happy, handsome, decked out in royal robes, with his kingly bearing acquired by long practice of ruling his comrades in Offal Court; he could not but satisfy them. Alas! his dream is broken by one poor woman who springs from out the crowd to his side. It is but a moment before she is rudely snatched back by the indignant guard; but that moment is enough to change his smile into a sigh, his delight into misery. Surely uneasy lay

that little head that wore the crown, and it must have been as happy a moment to poor Tom as to us, when crying "He is the King!" he fell on his knees before the ragged wanderer who had forced his way to the throne. Then comes the hunt for the Great Seal, and the *naive* confession of Tom that he had used it to crack nuts with. Even here the author cannot resist a touch of the incongruous, so he pictures Miles Hendon, now knighted, as using his royal prerogative to sit in the presence of the King. Travel-stained in his ragged, foreign finery, the only one in the hall seated, he must have presented a strange spectacle in the midst of the court splendor.

The whole legend is bewitching in its quaintness, set down "as a tale told by one who had it of his father, which latter had it of his father, this last having in like manner had it of his father—and so on, back and still back, three hundred years and more, the fathers transmitting it to the sons, and so preserving it." We cannot but feel grateful to those kind fathers and sons, but triply grateful are we to Mark Twain for transmitting it to us—a charming story in a still more charming dress.

Editors' Table.

Why this outcry from the college press against valedictories? The rage for antiquities ought to include them—indeed, it is only because what we have to say is so old that we dare to say it. Our feelings on this occasion are what convention requires—we are taking leave of our distinguished editorial positions with deep regret—nay, sadness,—arising partly from the thought of how far our real work has fallen below the ideal standard we set ourselves, and partly because of the loss of importance we suffer in retiring from public life. We started upon our career with excellent intentions, with enthusiasm and a strong love for the work; little by little our pride has fallen, and now, in this last moment,—we point with pride to but two achievements, we have always had the MISCELLANY ready on time, and we have published more marriage notices than any previous board.

We cannot say that our career has been one of unalloyed bliss, or that it has been without its share of hard and anxious work; but, even in our darkest moments, we have been cheered and encouraged by the words of commendation which have reached us from our brothers and sisters of the press. Surely we have been especially favored in this way; and, by one or another, have been credited with every virtue belonging to journalism. Still, in spite of all this praise, we are not unduly

puffed up with vanity; and to those who are disposed to censure us, we will say, that we are as keenly alive to our shortcomings as our worst enemy could desire.

We love to shake our wise, Senior heads, and deplore this tendency or that. Give us one more chance, ere we yield up, possibly—yes, probably—forever, the journalistic pen. And this time we are dead in earnest over a college nuisance,—namely, some of our fellow students.

When we were Preps, a Senior was a "thing apart," a godlike creature, who condescended to eat in the same dining-hall, and sleep under the same roof with us, but who was no more one of us than was Gulliver one of the Lilliputians. Those good days are over, and Seniors even go so far as to have "walking-days" with Prep friends and relatives. We are no longer godlike, and we are not asking to be so considered; but we do feel that we have an equal claim with the rest of the College family, upon common respect—and perhaps we are entitled to urge this claim. As sufferers we now speak. Each year, there descends upon the quiet Vassar community a vandal horde, very few in number, we thankfully acknowledge, but oh, so powerful in their torments! These are young ladies (?), wholly lacking in anything which could be called timidity, bent only upon asserting themselves and their tastes, to the general discomforts of those who must needs come in contact with them. A few of these *unconventionalities* are jostling others in the corridor or elevator—dignity is no protection here—only solid avoirdupois—supplying anyone near them with wholly uncalled for information, just for the sake of accosting people whom they do not know, and hearing the sound of their own voices. To be stared at by people as they pass, is rather uncomfortable for the stared-at; but that the whole line should be made to stop, in leaving the dining-hall,

in order, that one vandal may indicate, by her pointed finger, some student who has been under discussion, is insolent. We should like to be charitable enough to attribute all this to thoughtlessness, but *our* charity is not broad enough to cover this multitude of sins—insolent rather than thoughtless seems to be the word. As to the habit of making one's breakfast toilet all the way to the very dining-hall door, it is more ill-bred than all the rest, and ought to be prevented by enforced punishment. We only ask to be treated like ladies.

We think that we are very wise about our neighbor. We pride ourselves upon our ability to decipher his inmost motives. We say wonderfully clever things about him. We delight our friends with cutting sarcasm and witty remarks about his little idiosyncrasies. We take up a human soul and dissect it calmly and classify it, entirely to our own satisfaction. When lo! some day we find that we have been all at sea; that that personality which we thought we had fathomed so perfectly, we really knew nothing about; that suffering and writhing under an exterior which we had laughed at or contemptuously pitied, was a heart whose struggles make us wish to fall on our knees for forgiveness before the man whom we had condescended to notice and jeer at as a half-demented specimen of the species. Such an experience ought to teach us a lesson; but it does not. We still go on judging, fools in our supposed wisdom. We still handle that sacred thing, a human being's personality, as if it were an interesting bug for us to classify and make sage and brilliant remarks concerning. We ought to cover ourselves with sackcloth and sit down in the ashes every time we do it. We are meddling with that about which we know nothing. Even the friend who most bares his heart to us must remain ever, in a great measure, unknown; how much more, then, the mere passing acquaintance, of whose joys and strug-

gles we are entirely ignorant. Can we never realize the depths of this ignorance, and regulate our words and actions accordingly?

Within the last few weeks we have been fired by a new and worthy ambition. A month ago Mr. Blaikie, of New York, visited the College and spoke to us on physical culture; emphasizing the importance of muscular exertion. His address was sensible, straightforward, and practical; its effect, magical. Exercise in the gymnasium, became the most important business of life. Mr. Blaikie's book, "How to get Strong," was eagerly procured, and read with enthusiasm; while hosts of disciples followed out its instructions with unquestioning faith. At first we feared that all this sudden interest would not last. "Vanity! Vanity! all is vanity," we said to ourselves, "and this also will soon pass away." But still time goes on, and it does not pass away. The dumb-bell exercises and the exercises for the chest, the running in the gymnasium and the long, brisk walks in the open air, are still looked upon with undiminished favor. Is it possible that we are witnessing the dawn of athleticism at Vassar? If Mr. Blaikie has really awakened among us a permanent interest in our physical training, he surely deserves a high place in the list of our benefactors.

HOME MATTERS.

Our new organ, the gift of Mrs. Bertha Adelé Deane, of New York, is at last erected and tuned, ready for use. It will be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, on Friday, the 17th.

The organ comes from the factory of Hilborne L. Roosevelt, New York; and though not the largest instrument made by

this builder, it is, in every detail, his best work. It occupies three feet more in depth, six more in width, and four more in height than the organ which it replaces.

It has been tuned to the pitch of a Steinway piano, so that the two instruments can be used together.

There are four sixteen feet stops, an unusual amount of bass, in order to balance the numerous four-feet and two-feet stops of the Manuals. By this means it is rendered peculiarly practical.

The scheme is as follows:

Organ of Three Manuals and Pedals. Manual Compass C C to A^3 58 Notes. Pedal Compass 30 Notes.

	GREAT ORGAN.		
1. Open Diapason,	16 ft.	58	Pipes.
2. Open Diapason,	8 ft.	58	"
3. Gamba,	8 ft.	46	"
4. Doppel Flöte,	8 ft.	58	"
5. Octave,	4 ft.	58	"
6. Twelfth,	2⅔ ft.	58	"
7. Fifteenth,	2 ft.	58	"
*8. Triumph,	8 ft.	58	"
	SWELL ORGAN.		
9. Bourdon,	16 ft.	46	"
10. Open Diapason,	8 ft.	58	"
11. Salicional,	8 ft.	58	"
12. Stopped Diapason.	8 ft.	58	"
13. Violinia,	4 ft.	58	"
14. Harmonic Flute,	4 ft.	57	"
15. Cornet,	3 ranks.	174	"
16. Oboe and Bassoon.	8 ft.	58	"
	CHOIR ORGAN.		
*17. Geigen Principal,	8 ft.	58	"
18. Dulciana,	8 ft.	58	"
19. Concert Flute,	8 ft.	58	"
20. Wald Flöte,	4 ft.	58	"
*21. Piccolo,	2 ft.	58	"
22. Clarinet,	8 ft.	58	"
	PEDAL ORGAN.		
23. Open Diapason,	16 ft.	30	"
24. Bourdon,	16 ft.	30	"
25. Violoncello,	8 ft.	30	"

COUPLERS, &c.

26. Swell to Great.
27. Choir to Great.
28. Swell to Choir.
29. Swell to Pedal.
30. Great to Pedal.
31. Choir to Pedal.
32. Swell Tremulant.
33. Bellows Signal.

PEDAL MOVEMENTS.

34. Great Organ, Forte.
35. Great Organ, Piano.
36. Swell Organ, Forte.
37. Swell Organ Piano.
38. Pedal Movement for No. 30, reversible.
39. Balanced Swell Pedal.

*Blank.

It will be seen that the builder has judiciously left room for growth, and we hope that this growth will soon be attained.

By means of combination pedals, it is possible to secure instantaneous changes of registration; five different combinations can be made, without the performer taking his hands from the key-board.

Between the key-boards, within reach of the player's thumb, are little knobs, by which, while playing, he may couple the several manuals.

The case is of black walnut, and the front pipes are decorated in shades of brown and olive, with bands of bright colors.

A Jacques Hydraulic Engine, cylinder 5x14 inches, is used for blowing the organ.

We may congratulate ourselves upon having a perfect organ of its kind, and of the very best kind.

On the evening of the 12th of February, many curious Sophomores and Freshmen wended their way to the Museum, where the Trig. ceremonies were to be held. We were ushered

into the dimly-lighted recitation room by a most sorry-looking individual, arrayed in black cambric, her only ornaments consisting of a necklace of chalk and a black-board eraser. Trig's remains lay in state upon the desk. After the audience had been seated, Miss Hussey, followed by the mourners, arrayed in a manner similar to that of the usher, entered from the adjoining room. Then we realized the meaning of the word "howl." The remarks made by Miss Hussey over the body of Trig. were thoroughly appreciated by the Trigonometry classes, and enjoyed by the other guests.

The audience was then requested to look their last upon the remains of the deceased, who died of dropsy, and, after that, to form a procession on the path without. Now our curiosity was fully aroused. "Where were we going?" This question was quickly answered by halting of the procession at the gas house.

Here Trig. was consigned to the merciless hands of the engineer and firemen, who, amid the doleful chant of the mourners, ruthlessly thrust him into the flames. This would have been a most ghastly sight had not Trig refused to go through the opening making it necessary to apply force.

With difficulty we made our way back to the lyceum, where we were fully repaid for our trouble. The will read by Miss Merrick, although somewhat too personal in its bequests, called forth shouts of laughter from all sides. The mourners now aroused themselves from their grief, and served the guests with plane and spherical refreshments. The remainder of the evening was occupied with dancing, before which, however, each guest was presented with an urn, containing the veritable ashes of Trig.

Professor Van Ingen delivered the first of his course of lectures on Art in the chapel, on February 8. Starting with the

earliest constructive forms, as pillars, tumuli, teocalli, cromlechs, and topes, he ended by a description of Egyptian architecture. The solidity and strength, as well as the monotony of the Egyptian style, was amply illustrated by views of the great temples of Edfu, Karnak and Luxor.

On the following Wednesday, we were shown that Greek architecture rested on the same basis as that of Egypt, horizontal lines prevailing in both. From Pelasgic art as manifested in the ruins of Argos, Tiryus, and Mycenæ, we passed to the pure Greek style in its great branches—the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. Roman architecture was next considered. This, though it took as its starting-point the final Greek forms, gained, by the invention of the arch, more freedom of construction than was possessed by the Greeks.

"Old Christian and Romanesque Architecture" was the next subject treated. In the consideration of this topic, we met with some excellent instances of the western basilicas, and the circular buildings of the east. Mohammedan architecture, with its varied and fantastic forms, was touched upon, and our attention was then directed to the Romanesque style. This last is characterized by the circular arch, and in it the vertical lines of the Middle Age predominate over the horizontal of the Egyptians and Greeks.

The last of the lectures on architecture, and one of the most interesting given thus far, was devoted to the Gothic system. Views of a number of the most famous Gothic cathedrals were given, furnishing fine examples of the high arches, flying buttresses, mullioned windows, and profuse adaptation of natural forms to decorative purposes, in which this beautiful style abounds. Professor Van Ingen then proceeded to explain that this system originated with the pointed arch of the transition period, and, having superseded the Romanesque style, reached the height of its development in the middle of the fourteenth century. From that time construction was buried

in ornamentation, until the return to the antique ushered in the Renaissance, and rendered the Gothic style a thing of the past.

The remainder of the course comprises two or more lectures on sculpture, and several on painting. Professor Van Ingen deserves our heartfelt thanks in teaching to us, in so pleasant a way, facts which all should know, but with which so few of us are familiar.

COLLEGE NOTES.

'84 had her Trig. ceremonies Feb. 11th.

Dr. Caldwell delivered a lecture to the Philalethean Society, Feb. 17th, on "What Poetry does with Nature."

Lenten services are held by the students on Sunday afternoon, and on four evenings in the week.

A running track has been painted in the gymnasium, and a new set of dumb bells has been ordered.

Scene, Literature class room. Professor: "That was the time when George Gordon —— Miss X., what was his other name?" Miss X., promptly and with modest confidence: "Mr. Bennett."

The committee for the third Phil. play has been appointed. Miss Phillips is chairman.

The Society for Religious Inquiry held its monthly meeting Feb. 26th. Mr. Burlingham, of New York, addressed the meeting.

The organ is to be dedicated March 17th.

The MISCELLANY board for next year has been chosen. The election resulted as follows:

From '83,

Miss Bostwick—Head Editor.
Miss Sharpe,
Miss Swift,
Miss Lathrop—Business Editor.

From '84,

Miss Hussey,
Miss Merrick.

Prof. Van Ingen is now giving his yearly course of Art lectures. They are amply illustrated and very entertaining.

The elocution classes for this semester have been organized.

The committee for the Junior party has been appointed. Miss Valleau is chairman.

Prof. Backus addressed Chapter Delta Feb. 24.

Fifteen engravings, portraits of old English authors, have been framed and placed in the library.

The young lady who asked whether Ash Wednesday came on Sunday this year has been enlightened.

The Society for Religious Inquiry held a meeting March 12th. Bishop Hare, of Dakota, was the speaker of the evening.

Sir Henry Parkes, the premier of Australia, visited the college this month.

Mrs. De Saussure has been away from college, visiting friends in the South. Miss Thurston filled her place during her absence.

Student, pausing before picture in friend's room; "What dam is that?" No response, until finally the repetition of the question draws forth the answer "Niagara Falls!"

Prof. Ritter has recently published a *Suite*, consisting of a fantasia, menetto, promenade, waltz, marche sentimentale, and jig. It has been highly praised by the musical critics.

Holiday on Washington's birthday. The Seniors had an appropriate celebration in the evening.

A student in one of the French classes was heard remarking that the French for that day was very interesting—all about Moliére and Shakespeare—she thought Moliére must be the French for Milton.

The following books have been added to the library this month:

Sinnock's Nibelungenlied.
Haughton's Conspectus of the History of Political Parties.
Kirke's Hand-book of Physiology.
Bowne's Metaphysics.
Ziemssen's Cyclopedia of the Practice of Medicine. 4 vols.
Early English Text Society. 3 vols.
Publications of the Society of Friends. 11 vols.
Autourieth's Homeric Dictionary.
Tuckerman's North American Lichens.
Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, Centenary Edition.

Wanted, VASSAR MISCELLANY, Vol. I, No. 1; Vol. II, No. 1; Vol. VII, No. 1; Vol. VIII, No. 1; Vol. IX, No. 1; College Catalogues for 1865-66, '66-'67, '69-'70; commencement programme for '81.

PERSONALS.

'71.

Miss M. O. Glover, is the assistant of Dr. E. R. Squib, a manufacturer of pure drugs and chemicals in Brooklyn.

'72.

Miss Brace has returned to College.

Died, Dec. 29th, 1881, at Woodbury, N. Y. Anna J. Moss, formerly of '75.

Mrs. Stanton Griffis, '77, Miss Meeker, '81, and Miss Grace Knowles, have visited the College this month.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Exchange notes again? Which and how many? Taffy or censure? We begin to rake over the pile to find something that looks interesting; of course the *Magnet* attracts our wandering finger-tips, and its somewhat startling cover rivets our gaze. It is a combination of a horseshoe, wild roses, a monkey and a girl's head with a bang. On perusing the salutatory, we discover that the wild roses are dog-wood, and the monkey an owl. Its contents have a sprightly vivacity, which palls on the taste after a while. But what are we, that we should criticise a magazine for being too jocose, when the *Yale Lit.* has pronounced its verdict and found the MISCELLANY guilty of stupidity in the first degree! We thought the severest blow our vanity could receive, had been dealt by a volatile Prep who sighed "Oh dear, the MISCELLANY is getting *almost* as slow as the *Yale Lit.*" Yet it seems there is a deeper depth of ignominy; the *Lit.* itself recognizes our weakness. It is evidently time for us to throw up the pen-wiper and drown ourselves in the ink-bottle.

The *Hamilton Lit.* is an exchange which we always read with pleasure. Type and paper are both good, and the magazine is well-arranged throughout. The editorial department is especially good.

The *Princetonian* is the college paper which we shall most vividly remember. If, fifteen years hence, a copy were handed us, we would know just what to expect,—an article on college discipline, a criticism of the *Lit.*, and some remarks on athletics. The number for March 3rd is on the usual plan, but has, in addition, a tale of heart-rending sorrow, called "The Senior." We sincerely hope that the *Princetonian* has not a large supply of such articles on hand, for, although this is the last time we can give it any editorial attention, we shall continue to read it—and we don't like to have our feelings so harrowed.

The mania for burlesques is raging as wildly as ever among our exchanges. The *Harvard Lampoon* for Feb. 23 contains a revised edition of the Swiss Family Robinson, which is certainly amusing and, strange to say, much better reading than its great original. A recent number of the *Amherst Student* has a new and rather entertaining edition of the much-abused Rollo books; and more or less successful effusions of a similar nature are published by other college papers. During the last year or two much of the most readable college literature has been of this order. Now, however, we are inclined to enter a protest. As Dr. Hale remarks, "So much has been said, and, on the whole so well said," that the subject appears to be exhausted. The burlesque style is rapidly becoming a mere mannerism; which tends to lower the character of college journalism. Will not our funny editors reform this abuse, and make their wit more truly original?

CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

The two women's colleges at Oxford are Lady Margaret Hall and Somerville Hall, and at Cambridge, Girton and Mewnham. None of them grant degrees, however. Dublin and London Universities only grant degrees to women.—*Herald*.

A student inquires whether the account of the washing of the clothes by the Trojan women in the "Iliad" is really the first historical mention of the Troy laundry.—*Orient.*

Prof.: "Mr. B., what was the Triple Alliance?" Mr. B.: "Why, that was when Henry the VIII. married three wives in a year." Tableau.—*Acta.*

A story is told of a member of a certain theological seminary who was so sensitive as to any suspicion of plagiarism that he never allowed himself to make the slightest quotation without giving authority. On one occasion he commenced grace at breakfast thus: "Lord, we thank thee that we have awakened from the sleep which a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has called 'the image of death.'"—*Syracusan.*

The Cleveland preacher took for his text: "He giveth His beloved sleep." And then he said, as he glanced around, that the way his congregation had worked itself into the affection of the Lord was amazing.—*Ex.*

The first national college for the education of ladies in France, has been opened by M. Ferry, in person, at Montpelier.—*Ex.*

At Dartmouth the Seniors attend only two recitations daily.—*Brunonian.*

Examinations are to be dispensed with at Wellesley.—*Madisonensis.*

Mr. Henry James, the Anglo-American, asked a young lady in Washington, "Is there not a river near here called the Potomac?"

"Oh, yes indeed, Mr. James, and at a place called Mt. Vernon there once dwelt a Mr. Washington; you must have heard of him, because his father was an Englishman.—*Ex.*

There are 104 elective courses open to the undergraduates of Harvard.—*Ex.*

Columbia has 1,494 students, the largest number in any American College.—*Hamilton Lit.*

There are said to be, in round numbers, 26,000 college students in the United States.—*Rambler.*

Tutor in German: "No, that is wholly wrong. Well, translate the next stanza." Student (translating): "I have failed. Mark me well, if thou canst."—*Yale News.*

Scene: Evening party.—Instructor is introduced to young lady interested in college matters.

She—"Have you been long in town?"

He—"Only a few weeks."

She—"Did you—ah—enter the Freshman class?"

—*Lehigh Burr.*

Professor—"Mr. X., can you tell me why the days are longer in Summer and shorter in Winter?" Mr. X., (with alacrity)—"Yes, sir; it's because heat expands and cold contracts."—*Tech.*

What was the cause of Cæsar's death? Too many Roman punches.—*Yale News.*

1st Fresh.: "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?"

2nd Fresh.: "Oh you can't catch me that way; I don't remember the old chap's name, but I know where the catch comes in."—*Ex.*

What is it that I ne'er can find,
If to write a thing I have a mind?
Or if, rare chance, I want to grind?
My stylograph.

Harvard Herald.

He was a facetious Sophomore "What qualities of dry grasses you do keep here, Miss Smith. Nice room for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home," she said, with sweetest gravity.—*University Herald.*

The expenses of the Vienna trip of the Cornell crew amounted to $2200. Of this amount $500 still remain unpaid.—*Brunonian.*

A young man in the *Jardin des Plantes* asked if the boa constrictor tied himself in a knot because he wanted to remember something.—*Harvard Herald.*

The bills announced that the "Œdipus Tyranus" was "originally produced at Harvard College." Probably its presentations some thousands of years ago in Greece are only regarded as rehearsals.—*Ex.*

We acknowlege the receipt of the following exchanges:

Acta Columbiana, Amherst Student, Argo, Argus, Ariel, Athenaeum, Atlantic Monthly, Beacon, Berkleyan, Boston Times, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Carletonia, Century, Chi-Delta Crescent, Chronicle, College Cabinet, College Courier, College Mercury, College Olio, College Rambler, College Student, Columbia Spectator, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Cornell Review, Cornell Sun, Coup d' Etat, Crimson, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Good Times, Hamilton College Monthly, Harvard Advocate, Harvard Echo, Harvard Herald, Harvard Lampoon, Haverfordian, Horae Scholasticae, Illini, Kansas Review, Lafayette College Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Madisonensis, Magnet, Nassau Lit., Northwestern, Nôtre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Otterbein Record, Penn. College Monthly, Philadelphia Evening News, Phillipian, Polytechnic, Po'keepsie Daily News, Princetonian, Progress, Queen's College Journal, Res Academicae, Reveille, Rockford Seminary Magazine, Round Table, Student Life, Syracusan, St. Nicholas, Targum, Tech, Transcript, Trinity Tablet, Tuftonian, Undergraduate, University, University Herald, University Magazine, Wabash, Willistonian, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, Yale Lit., Yale News, Yale Record.

The Vassar Miscellany.

Editors from '83.
C. Lena Bostwick, Martha Sharpe, S. F. Swift.
Editors from '84.
M. F. L. Hussey, Justina H. Merrick.
Business Editor: Anna H. Lathrop.

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AN INTERCEPTED POST OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

[*Concluded.*]

Niccolo Machiavelli to Bramante, Architect to Pope Julius I., at Rome.

Messer Bramante mio :—We have no longer any politics in Florence, nor any aristocracy as in the time of the Medici. That family trusted to the luck of their name; but Florence would have none of them, and Piero had not the head for his position. He might have had the advantage of my brains if he had so chosen; but he had not wit enough to appreciate wit. The Magnificent was right when he said that he had three sons; the one good, the second crafty, the third a fool.

The good died young; Piero, the fool, has lost his inheritance; it remains for the crafty cardinal to make good the prestige of his family. The chances are against him, yet he has something better than maccaroni under his tonsure, and I have always asserted that brains win. I watch the career of that young man with interest.

I have been grievously disappointed in Cæsar Borgia. It was for him that I wrote my Principe, for which I received so much unmerited criticism; because, forsooth, I had the boldness to assert that a prince must sometimes act the part of a beast, taking the part of the fox rather than that of the lion; and that a prudent prince ought not to keep his word except when he can do it without injury to himself. And is not that wise Prince, Ferdinand, the present King of Spain, also of my way of thinking? since when he heard that the King of France reproached him for having three times broken faith with him, he replied with pride, "The fool lies. I have tricked him above ten times."

Now, Cæsar Borgia had the audacity of a lion joined to the rascality of a fox, and I had hoped great things of him. He recognized the sagacity of my principles, nor was he hindered from putting them in practice by any so cowardly and stupid a thing as a conscience, and yet his fine, superb physical manhood is now a wreck, bloated and permeated through and through with the subtle poison which his family alone knows how to prepare, and whose effects they can only partially eradicate. And as though this were not enough, we know that he is an exile and a prisoner in a strange land.

Verily the ways of fate are past finding out. In reflecting upon his fall and that of Satan, I can but attribute them to the same cause, a lack of ruse and guile in the disguising of the end in view. Brains, my dear Bramante, brains are the loaded dice that win every game. I thought at one time during the years recently passed, that Savonarola was perhaps shrewder than he seemed, that he would succeed in tumbling

Alexander out of the Papal Chair, and in taking his seat therein as the Pope Angelico. But it seemed that the dolt never cared for the Papacy but only for saving souls. I have frequently thought that the cause of every man's success in life is owing to the temperature of his mind being in conformity to the times in which he lives. The people would have hailed Savonarola as a temporal tyrant; but they grew tired of his spiritual tyranny and so tossed him to the flames—Medici, Borgia, Savonarola, blunderers all! What name will the next wave bring to the surface?

But a truce to politics. You know this is a subject from which I can no more keep my thoughts than a greedy urchin can forbear thrusting his fingers into a pot of comfits. I am not so absorbed in my favorite pastime, however, but I can take an interest in all that interests my friends, especially in such matters as are flavored with a spice of intrigue, than which no condiment soever is better suited to my palate Touching, therefore, the matter concerning which you wrote me, I think that you, as chief architect to his Holiness, have indeed cause to fear the rivalry of Michael Angelo; for I am credibly informed that he is minded presently to journey toward Rome. Moreover, since it is the nature of Popes to be always meddling with works of art, marring and defacing the excellent things done in the Pontificates of those preceding, where they cannot improve them, and whereas they are a whimsical lot, not long contented with one object, or one workman, be he ever so excellent, you have sufficient cause, I say, to fear, having now continued in favor for some time, that this Michael Angelo will supplant you in the favor of his Holiness. I would suggest, therefore, that you search about for some new artist, who shall occupy himself with a line of work, as fresco-painting, not in any way interfering with your own architectural designs, but rather depending upon and aiding them; and that you make haste to introduce him to the Pope, and if possible ingratiate him into his favor, that,

his mind being taken up with this new favorite, and his purse lightened by the dispensing of moneys for these new works, he will be less inclined to look favorably upon a new architect such as Michael Angelo. And inasmuch as it seemeth to me this thing requireth haste, I have looked about me somewhat in Florence to find if possible a man suited to your occasions. I first thought of Leonardo da Vinci as being the successful rival of Michael Angelo in this city, and against whom he could not for a moment contend. But da Vinci hath other schemes in his head. He is satisfied with the fame which he hath already gained both in Milan and Florence, and hath no drawing towards Rome. I have marked for a long time, on the contrary, that he cutteth his doublet after the French fashion. Did he not construct an automaton lion for a banquet prepared to welcome the French king? and when the conqueror stood before it, did not the beast throw open his breast, discovering its inside to be filled with *fleur-de-lis*? This ingenious contrivance fabled that though the Italian people had met him in the guise of a lion they were French at heart. Da Vinci hath not lived so long in courts not to know how to play a courtier's part. Trust me he is no man for us, he would rather trip it merrily with French dames than wear out his knees on the cold scagliola of the Vatican.

I have bethought me also that Leonardo is too old and subtle for us; we need a man whom you can manage, who shall look up to you as a patron and as a superior. My eye hath lately fallen upon a youngster of surprising talent as a painter, a stranger in Florence, of no great influence, and utterly unknown to fame. He hath, as yet, no great opinion of himself, therefore make haste to secure him to yourself before others shall enlighten him as to his merits. This youth is called Raphael Santi; and he is of so lovable and gentle a bearing, and has withal such an appearance of heavenly innocence, (such I have always found to blossom into the greatest rogues at last,) that I am sure he could easily worm himself

into the Pope's heart, and, as a pet, who would not prefer this silken dove to that porcupine Angelo?

I would the more willingly see him advanced in some foreign city, in that he hath in some manner offended my very good friend Pietro Bembo, (with whom I am closely associated in secret matters relating to the Borgia family,) and who is fearful lest he, Raphael, should establish his residence in Florence, and anxious with all expedition to get him forth from this city. And yet it is not so much from a desire to pleasure Bembo as from a conviction that I have found here a tool of proper service to thee, that I thus recommend him to thy good offices.

To conclude, my Bramante, make all speed to inform his Holiness that the flourishing kind of painting of Perugino is altogether unfashionable, and that it would be a pity that such daubs as his should disgrace the walls of the Vatican. Say, also, that the Virgins which da Vinci paints are worldly and coquettish, smiling ever their idiotic little smile as though they thought in kisses and love silliness. (True I have never seen virgins of fair countenance without that same simpering of countenance.) But tell him that since the preaching of Savonarola, such trifling of feature is considered reprehensible even in the face of the Madonna; and add furthermore that the Madonnas of Raphael are chaste and holy of expression beyond power of description, and prove him to be little conversant with womankind. Tell him that the walls of the Vatican are cracked, smoky, filthy, and disgraceful, and above all things fetch thy Raphael quickly, and gain for him a personal interview; for I trust more to the charm of his presence than to volumes of thy bungling speech.

And when thou hast need of further counsel, or seest that the Pope hath need of an Ahithophel,—now "the counsel of Ahithophel which he counselled in those days was as if a man had inquired at the oracle"—why, send then and fetch thy ever loving and honest friend, MACHIAVELLI.

FLORENCE, Oct. 12, 1504.

GIORGIO VASARI TO THE MOST VIRTUOUS AMBROGIA FOPPA, GOLDSMITH AT ROME—AND MY VERY DESERVING FRIEND:

FLORENCE, Oct. 16, 1504.

You write me that having made a pretty fortune from the sale of engraved gems and objects of vertu, you are minded to add another branch to your business, namely the sale of small easel and cabinet pictures by Florentine artists of note; and you ask me, as being one most likely to have perfect knowledge in art matters, to advise you touching the artists, both painters and statuaries, whose works it will most advantage you to merchandize.

Be it known unto you that at present all Florence is at swords' points touching the works of two men, namely Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo Buonarotti. Of the first, I need say nothing, for his fame is already sufficiently expanded, save only that it will not profit you to purchase paintings signed by his name, if indeed it were possible; for he has grown indolent and luxurious, painting but little, and cultivating withal so fastidious a taste that he doth not account a picture finished which hath stuck to his easel for four years, and of necessity he holdeth the price of such rarities at something so fabulous that only princes can afford to purchase. If any pictures, therefore, come before you bearing his name, the more particularly if they are offered at a reasonable bargain, distrust them; they are without doubt forgeries and imitations by his pupils.

Concerning his rival, he paints but little, being more properly a statuary by trade; yet it hath come to my knowledge that he is straitened for means and is eaten up by leeches of poor relations. He hath painted, moreover, a Madonna of exceeding loveliness for one Pierre Mascron, a wool merchant of Flanders. Therefore, I doubt not that a generous order from thee might at this time mate well with his necessities.

As to the swarm of younger men, pupils of great names, waste no money upon them. I do not say that thou shouldst

not exchange a canvas or a panel for a ring or an unsalable bit of plate at thy convenience; but pictures by these lesser men, even when of equal merit with those of their masters, bear no commercial value; therefore eschew them. There are, indeed, here several youngsters of promising facility, in whose works thou mayst speculate if thou hast a mind to risk thy gains. Such are Bernardino Luini and Francesco Melzi. But you will do better to buy of painters of established reputation, as Perugino, who is now consumed with a rage for selling, and paints with a rapidity and slightness which will enable him to supply you with all you can ask. The paintings of Filippino Lippi are also safe investments, as are those of the Frate at San Marco; though for these you will have to pay dear to the greedy monks who understand well the profit of a goose that lays them golden eggs. There has recently come to Florence a young adventurer of the school of Perugino, called Raphael, concerning whom many art lovers are gone mad. It is, however, a mania which can not last. I have examined his most vaunted picture, a Sposalizio, imitated directly from that of his master, and far inferior to it in execution. I have seen the artist also, and conceive that he wins friends rather by his lackadaisical and flattering manners than by any merit of genius. Beware, therefore, both of him and all other soldiers of fortune.

Pietro Bembo, who chanceth to be at this moment in my company, prays me to ask you not to trouble yourself further concerning the necklace which he partly commanded of you, as he is resolutely minded to eschew all womankind for the future, nor waste further his money and his affection on that trifling and ungrateful sex. As he admits that he is beholden to thee in some sort, he changeth the order, desiring that thou shouldst fashion for him a silver-gilt shrine with folding-doors of filigree, suitable for the holding of a cabinet painting, whereof the dimensions are inscribed on the margin of this letter.

Farewell, and remember one always prepared for your service. GIORGIO VASARI.

PIETRO BEMBO TO MADONNA LUCREZIA BORGIA, DUCHESSA DI FERRARA.

FLORENCE, Oct. 16, 1504.

Signoria illustrissimæ felicissima: I, your very faithful and humble servitor, write you as from exile, touching the occasions which have befallen me in this city of Florence. But more especially to thank your ladyship for your most gracious and condescending approval of the volumes which I have sent you, even my editings of Dante and Petrarch, which have indeed obtained the commendation of many learned men of this city, yet are but slight and imbecile efforts to lay at the feet of any one so learned as your ladyship. And more especially so since you have now at your court that polished scholar and accomplished man of letters, Ludovico Ariosto, my dear friend; who has doubtless communicated to you as he hath also to me, his sketch for his projected work, Orlando Furioso, and concerning which I have doubtless your concurrence that it would redound more to his fame in future years, should he compose the same in Latin instead of in Tuscan. Concerning myself, I would say that they slandered me who told you that I had any thought of marriage. I am a man devoted and wedded to letters, and though fond of the sweet society of gracious ladies, not such a one as should encumber himself with a wife, especially such a one as the niece of the Cardinal of Sancta Maria in Portico, who is of a sickly appearance, and destined, I fear, but for a short life and a sad one.

I am now revolving a series of canzoni and disputations on Love, which I beg leave to dedicate to your highness. But I shall not immediately undertake the business, seeing that my good friend, Cardinal Medici, advises me to take sacerdotal orders, since that way lieth promotion. I shall, therefore, make some slight studies of divinity; but when these are completed I doubt not I shall have abundant opportunity to continue my inquisition into, and analysis of, the aforesaid subject of Love.

For the present moment I am turned art-critic, there being no other matter so much talked about or written upon at this

time in Florence. And since Art is Beauty's sworn servitor, and such am I, there must needs be an especial brotherhood and community of feeling betwixt us. It seemeth to me, also, that the mission of Art is not so much to interpret beauty as we see it with our bodily eyes, as to add to it the graces of the imagination; so that the masterpiece of the artist shall bear the same relation to the actual model that Platonic or divine Love does to earthly passion. For if those beauties which we every day behold with these our dim eyes in corruptible bodies appear to us so exquisite that they kindle in us a most ardent affection, how happy will that wonder be, how blessed that astonishment that shall seize the soul when it attains the sight of celestial beauty, with which it is the right and the duty of the artist to enlighten our darkness! The artist should correct the deceit of our senses, and after our long wandering in vanity, clear, with the rays of true appreciation, our eyes from dark ignorance, and afford us a taste of true beatitude. So that the priest kneeling before the altarpiece may, by the most ardent power of contemplation, feel his soul ravished from his body and united to the blessed company of the most holy saints.

This is my conception of the mission and province of Art. Conceive, then, my horror and loathing of such painters as Michael Angelo, who depicts faces and bodies as they are, and that without selection or discrimination. Nor have I been able to find amongst Florentine artists any one who worthily realizes my ideal. I have ordered a shrine for a panel picture of Our Lady in the attitude of the Assumption, which I desire to have painted. Have you at Ferrara any artist whom you conceive sufficiently inspired to undertake it? Ariosto hath writ me of a precocious boy, one Allegri, living near you at the village of Reggio, of whose future he prophesieth great things. If he is able to attempt this work, or if you have any other whom you prefer, I pray you make inquiries for me concerning the cost of such a work: I want it not unless you

will graciously vouchsafe to the artist one or two sittings, that I may see your incomparable face reflected in the picture which shall henceforth be the guide of my devotions, and before which I shall daily offer a red rose.

I kiss your excellency's hands, and supplicate your ladyship's remembrance of her most devoted servitor.

BEMBO.

THE CARDINAL OF STA. MARIA IN PORTICO, TO POPE JULIUS II, AT ROME.

FLORENCE, Oct. 16, 1504.

Lodato sio Dio, Padre santissime, beatissime, etc:—Since your Holiness has been pleased to signify that you miss my feeble offices of court jester, I make all speed to assure you that I intend passing the next carnival in Rome. I have little to advertise you concerning spiritual matters. Florence is just now in a state of reaction following the preaching of the infatuated one, and its good people consider the easy enjoyment of life and the minding of their temporal concerns more to their taste than zeal for religion or any itching curiosity to inquire into heretical questions. One notable conversion I must mention, and that is the gaining to Mother Church of the distinguished scholar Pietro Bembo, for which conversion she may in great part render thanks to my niece Maria. And in that his life hath not been heretofore reported ascetic, nor is likely in the future to outgo the example of St. Francis, neither ought one to say that he is such a villain that were he at Rome he would bid fair for the purple. He is a most amiable and charming gentleman, and I hold not that the church should be composed only of boors, and consider it as fit that an archbishop should know how to write a sonnet, and a canon should touch the lute, as that a soldier should do the same when not required at the wars, concerning which stick-

ing to one's chief duty and letting slip the minor graces and amenities of life, I have heard lately a merry story, which I scruple not to relate to your Holiness. A worthy lady in a noble assembly pleasantly and out of respect desired a certain braggadocio to be her partner in dancing. Upon his refusing that, she desired him to hear music and many other entertainments. He still scorned all, (*omnia suspendens naso*) affirming such trifles not to belong to his profession. The lady at last demanded of him what his profession was. He answered with a sour aspect—to fight. Then the lady replied, "Since this is not a season of war, I think it advisable for you to be well oiled and liquored, and set aside in an armory with other implements of war till occasion calls you into service, lest you should become even more rusty than you are." *Ridentem dicere verum.* Pietro, though he should become a cardinal, will never need to be laid aside with a quill and an ink horn in some musty-dusty library, but will be equally expert in the fingering of a fan or a black silk domino.

But putting aside all fooleries, I would call the attention of your Holiness at this time to a young painter by the name of Santi of Urbino, whom if you can persuade to journey to Rome, you will find it greatly to your advantage; for he is a young man of most promising genius and wonderful attainments in his profession, and, withal, so modest that if the *Exaltavit humiles* were true in secular affairs he would, ere this, have arrived at I know not what pinnacle of honor. I recommend him thus particularly to your Sanctity both on account of my own interest in him, which is great, on account of his own virtues, talents, and other excellencies, and also for private and family reasons, seeing that the affections of my beloved niece are so pitched and set upon him that I fear she will presently fade away, being consumed with grief unless I arrange this marriage for her. Which I am very favorable to do and have indeed broached the matter to Raphael; but he is a young man of such squeamish honor that he will not consider the pro-

posal unless he can be put in the way of bettering his fortunes. "For," said he, "it is not meet that your niece who is heiress to your own considerable estates, and the holder of moneys in her own present right, should wed with one beneath her condition in life." Which argument seemed to me both fit and reasonable and reflecting the more credit upon Raphael in that I believe him to be not insensible to the person and qualifications of my niece.

I kiss your most holy feet, and recommend myself to the intercession of your most efficacious prayers.

"*Vale, O, Valde—*
Et pro nobis Christum exora."

Most humbly and reverently,

BIBBIENA.

Evidently the mails did not leave Florence frequently, for the last letter in the bag, tied with silken ribbons, perfumed and sealed with a tear-shaped seal, was a second missive from Maria Bibbiena, posted three days later than the first, but leaving Florence by the same post.

"MARIA BIBBIENA TO THE LADY ALFONSINA OSINI MEDICI WIFE OF PIERO DEI MEDICI AT URBINO.

FLORENCE, Oct. 15, 1504.

Most magnificent, most beloved, and most sweet Lady:—Since I last made bold to write you of my small matters, others more weighty to me have transpired, which, as I have made a beginning, I will also make an end in the way of their relation. And first, I have met with a small disquietness from Pietro Bembo; for it seems that he hath received false encouragement from my uncle, since he hath beset me on every occasion with canzoni and flowers and such like trinkets. And yestreen when we were at a fine assembly at the placcio of your daughter, Madonna Strozzi, I was in the garden with

the maidens and noble ladies, and it chanced that I sat within an arch of the loggia and touched my lute for the diversion of the ladies. Pietro Bembo, coming in paused and began to quote from the sonnets of Petrarch; whereat the Lady Maddolena Strozzi exclaimed, "A new Petrarch and a new Laura!" and commanded him on his fame as a scholar to make some rhymes on that subject. Whereat he threw aside his *lucco* and replied that if I would continue singing and playing he would write as his patron, St. Cupid, gave him utterance, and with that he improvized the nonsense herewith following:

In all Avignon's gardens the nightingales were mute,
As at her open casement she played upon her lute.
The lonely scholar Petrarch wandered all listlessly—
"The old man with the hour glass has sure some grudge 'gainst me.
The sands they fall so sluggishly that tell the flight of time;
My studies all are tedium, and weariness my rhyme."
'Twas then the Lady Laura with lips like ripened fruit,
And lily-petaled fingers, full sweetly touched the lute.
The lonely Petrarch listened as her voice fell sweet and low,
A soft love-laden sonnet writ by Boccaccio.
Till Cupid snatched the hour-glass from loitering Father Time,
And Petrarch's life was all too short to tell his love in rhyme.

After the reading, the ladies all applauded and would have me crown the poet; but this I would in no manner consent unto. Nay, I even flung down my lute in vexation of spirit, and ran away to another part of the garden. But I gained nothing thereby; for Pietro pursued after me and came up with me by the fountain, where he caught my hand and would in no wise restore my freedom till he had delivered his mind of what lay thereon, namely, that he loved me and sought me for his wife. Whereupon I told him very plainly that I thought him but a slippery kind of gentleman, and I felt no inclinableness unto him, but on the contrary an utter loathness. Upon the which he grew very white about the mouth, more with choler than with grief, and I know not what he would have said had not my uncle and Raphael most occasionally happened in, and my uncle, taking Pietro by the arm, did considerately lead him away.

And then I marked that Raphael held in his hand a lily such as we see in the pictures of the Virgin, which lily he placed in my hand, saying:

> "*Sicut lilium inter spinas*
> *Sic Maria inter filias.*"

And as he saw me to tremble with the vexation and the disquiet of my interview with Pietro, he most courteously and gently inquired the cause of my discomfort, and did so comfortably avail to assuage my distress that I presently forgot it. He told me also that since he had known me he had so grown into an affection for the name of Maria that he had resolved to devote his life, in so far as choice should be vouchsafed him, to the painting of Maria Sanctissima. And many other things he said which it is not meet nor proper that I should write out here. Suffice it, that you who love your dear lord, and doubtless so loved him and wert beloved before you could openly acknowledge the same, can well understand my present joyful plight, and why it is that the men singing now the canticle for the Feast of the Purification in the convent next door to our dwelling, seem to be addressing their song to me—

> "*Gaude, virgo gloriosa!*
> *Super omnes speciosa!*"

For happiest of all virgins is thy little MARIA."

This was all: fragmentary in themselves, we can piece them out, knowing the after-lives of all. Doubtless the very lives, mere episodes as they seem to us now, looked back upon with the after knowledge of eternity, will round into greater perfection, and we shall understand why it is a life-long task to learn how to live.

> "The better: what's come to perfection perishes,
> Things learned on earth we shall practice in Heaven."

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY, '69.

A GLIMPSE OF CANAAN CAMP GROUND.

The foot approach to the Camp ground is by a narrow lane, which winds up through the woods to the centre of the pine grove. The settlement is on high ground, and the view from the sheets of graymoss on the pastures outside takes in the Berkshire hills and the Housatonic river. The cottages and tents are located in a central clearing, the trees about which are so thick that it is possible to get out of sight and sound of sawdust and civilization very easily. Most of the cottages are grouped in a ring around the "preaching circle," or the rows of seats for the listeners to morning and evening sermons. These seats face the "preacher's stand," or the balcony of the "preacher's house," a cottage somewhat larger than the rest, and designed for the accommodation of clergymen of any denomination who call to attend the camp meeting. Miniature streets are laid off, leading away from this circle, and along these are more cottages. Trees have been left to mark off the avenues, and some of the cottages have tiny grass or flower plats. Beyond are scattered occasional tents, fewer and fewer as the trees grow thicker, until, a quarter of a mile from the "preacher's stand," the wooded pastures are as untrampled as if the whole mob of the rampant Israelites did not invade Canaan once a year.

As the shade of the woods fell upon my cousin Sade and myself, walking up the lane toward the preaching circle, we heard music on beyond through the trees. Clearer and clearer it grew, but scarcely louder the music of fifty voices ringing softly in unaccompanied chorus, "I Need Thee Every Hour." It seemed to surround us. The refrain was caught up and flung back from north, south, east and west. At last we found its fountain head in a cottage prayer meeting. The rooms and piazza of the tiny shell were crowded, and eager listeners filled the path in front. One and another of the people strolling about the grounds, or going to and fro from other meetings,

would take up the strain for a moment. Now and then a saunterer would lift his hat as he passed the place of worship. The look on the face of the people was what one might expect to see on the faces of church-going folk, if the shadow of the old Puritanic Sabbath were fairly lifted, and men dared to be glad when they said, "Let us go up into the house of the Lord." All seemed natural and spontaneous, and even the week-day morning sun, beating down upon the heads of some who were kneeling, could not make the scene incongruous.

We waited for the end of the hymn, and eyed the people as they passed us. But the crowd was already surging toward the preachers' stand. Two thousand people heard that morning's sermon, and I think they must all have appeared on the ground at once. Brawny, smiling Methodist ministers, swinging chairs at arm's length, elbowed their way toward the stand. Sallow clerks from country drug stores leaned against trees, wistfully eyeing cigars which the watchful eyes of several big policemen forbade them to light. At my side was a prim, sweet-faced little Quaker—just in front of me sat a girl in a lovely, stylish morning dress of Victoria and Hamburgh, sharing a Moody and Sankey hymnal with a stubby girl in green calico. "City boarders" were rife. But the background of the crowd, I delighted to see, was made up of hard-headed, rugged-featured Connecticut farmers and their worn, overworked wives—of their stunted, brain-starved sons—of their empty-faced daughters—of "poor white trash," and the people who do not take newspapers. What have art and poetry to do with these people? How can the elevating truths of science appeal to them? What do they care for "knowledge for the sake of knowledge?" One gets down to the primitive rock, when he tries to deal with such men and women. The glory of Methodism lies in the fact that it reaches such.

The man who had them in hand this morning, was used to rough audiences. Bishop Simpson's name is linked with the

pioneer days of Wesleyan Methodism. But could even he ripple a dead level of stolid, uneducated, respectable mediocrity?

He stepped out on the balcony—a man with a Rocky Mountain face, and eyes that pale the black fire in Edwin Booth's. His text was, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." I do not remember one word or one thought in that sermon. I only know that while one listened, no height seemed too steep to be scaled, no duty too hard to be desired. Fears melted, doubts were annihilated before the flame in that man's eyes. One yielded utterly to his power without knowing that one was yielding. I forced myself into consciousness of the people about me. A single heart seemed beating in that complex crowd.

"If the Bishop had spoken five minutes longer," an old lawyer said to me afterward, "that whole crowd would have been on its feet. There was a moment when I trembled for him—I didn't see how he *could* let them down gently."

It must have been good for those people to be lifted out of themselves like that. We talk of "country neighbourliness." Informality is not friendliness. There is no class of people less inclined to believe in the brotherhood of man on the ground of a common humanity than the small farmers, the day laborers, the petty mechanics scattered about on the stony hills of Connecticut. But it seems, for some reason, more possible to teach them to believe in it on the ground of a common immortality. It must be good for them to be brought together and swayed by a common impulse even for one hour once a year. People made way for each other as they passed from that service. There was the same crowd, but not half as much push. Sade and I looked around on our neighbors at dinner with an entirely different feeling from that which would have inspired us if we had had time to inspect our boarding place before "morning sermon."

It was one of the regulation four-roomed cottages, built just to eat and sleep in, upholstered in pink tissue paper, and

only differing from the private cottages in that it had six berths along the walls of the front room. These were the respective possessions of an aged widow of vinegary aspect, a fat old mother in Israel who had put me through "Mudge's Infant Catechism" and now chaperoned me, her semi-stylish niece, the Rev. Elizabeth Delamater, Sade, and myself. The Rev. Elizabeth was a prim woman in a close black dress and a linen choker, who always impressed me as a Presbyterian nun in a Methodist pulpit. She was in every way incongruous with herself. In fact, not one of these people but would have been disagreeable to us and to each other, away from the camp-ground. Their earnest devoutness was the element which fused them together, and in which we could sympathize. A total self-forgetfulness characterized their table and bed-time talk. They were wrapped up in some sermon, in the new idea advanced in a prayer-meeting, and above all, in discussing the way by which indifferent people might be brought to a sense of life's responsibility—and if their language was more concrete than ours, we could still understand each other.

Beside these, there were staying in the cottage a Methodist minister and his wife, Bro. and Sister Mac Farlan. Bro. Mac F. was called a "very earnest worker," but he rather lost caste with me after I heard him promise one evening to "wrestle in prayer for the unconverted" all night, and listening afterward for the noise of the conflict, heard instead, through the thin partition, his voice in converse with his wife up to the moment when he gave unmistakable signs of slumber.

In the cool before the evening service, the social life of the place used to wake up. People made calls from cottage to cottage, or rambled, chatting, through the avenues. In that first evening, I expected to find myself as much at home as if I were whiling away recreation period in the corridors of Vassar. But far from it. I found myself in this world and not of it. One after another of the callers at our cottage that first evening was introduced to me, made a remark or two, and then

turned with a look of relief to the members of the hierarchy. Sade had betaken herself to a stroll, and I was first piqued, then amused at my forlorn situation. I had fancied myself cosmopolitan. I knew the cities which ask "Do you dance?" "Can you dress?" "What magazine do you write for?" But I was lonely here, in a world which demanded a private telegraph connection with the absolute as a certificate of respectability. I knew I had no "gift in prayer," and I felt painfully conscious of the fact that my father ought to belong to the New York East Conference and didn't. I grew strangely lonely. The situation made me think of a passage in one of Starr King's sermons where he pictures the loneliness of a Wall street business man, snatched from his home and his office, stripped not only of his business suit, but of the mental powers he had used in his business, and set with his dwarfed, unpracticed soul-powers, face to face with the duties of the spiritual life. I wandered out into the damp, soft, evening air. It seemed the same air which used to blow in at the windows of the Sunday-school room where I learned "Jesus, Gentle Shepherd"—air which never dreamed it was made of oxygen and hydrogen and carbonic acid gas! I sat down on the rough steps, and thought myself back into the summer Sunday afternoons of my childhood. A deep voice broke in on my reverie—

"It is a very beautiful night."

I looked up. The speaker was a very tall, very handsome young man, who had been introduced to me a few minutes before as Bro. Hammond, of the Zion Conference. I was absurdly grateful to him for coming to talk to me, and devoutly hoped that I might not shock him. Both feelings were so novel that they embarrassed me. I murmured an inaudible "Very."

He went on to speak of the beauty of the grove.

"Yes," I said, heedlessly, "isn't it a pity to spoil it?"

"Spoil it! How?" And he shot a keen glance from under his heavy eyebrows. "Do you think the camp meeting spoils it?"

I vehemently denied this heresy, explaining that camp-meetings would be heaven, if one could have them without cottages or tents or noise, and he appeared to be satisfied.

I liked the man. We talked a long time. He said he had fancied I was lonely. He was lonely there himself. He had been up in Canada, and it was weeks since he had seen his wife and baby. Would I like to see their pictures? Of course. So he showed them to me—a pretty girl, and a chubby, laughing baby.

"I always carry them," he said, simply. "I find them a great help to me.

I glanced up. I meant the glance to be one of sympathy. He labelled it inquiry:

"Yes," he went on, "Very often when I want to talk to a man on the subject of religion, and know he wouldn't listen to me in any other way, I get to talking to him about my wife and baby, and ask about his, and he'll finally listen to anything I have to say."

My first impulse was to flee. My second, to tear up the man's stock in trade. Fortunately, before I could act on either, the bells chimed out for the evening service, and Bro. Hammond lifted his tall hat and departed. I never wanted to see him again, but I did. His handsome serious face was oftener seen in the children's meetings, or comforting some distressed and very juvenile sinner, and I learned to believe that he really loved his wife and baby better for giving a share in them to the men he tried to reach. But it was my first sight of a man who, as he himself would have said, had "laid all upon the altar" and considered himself an ambassador of God, only "granted liberty to lead about a wife who was a sister," that the "obvious human bliss" might link him closer with the humanity to which he was divinely commissioned.

Those "children's meetings" were a pretty sight. Sister Lent had charge of them. The name suggests a meagre female in a mortified bonnet, but in reality, "Sister Katie," as

her friends called her, was a sweet-faced girl with a curly brown crop, who swung her hat in her hand while she talked to the children, and had audacious little knots of blue ribbon all over her muslin dress. These same bows greatly scandalized the Rev. Delamater, for "Sister Katie" was a clergyman in good and regular standing, with a church and a people.

Every child brought a verse of Scripture on a subject previously given out, and Sister Katie would give a comment, a word of admiration, or an explanation, as each recited. They sang a great deal, and she gave them a ten-minute sermon. The meeting was especially a boon to the little waifs who, coming to the ground for the day with their parents, had no playmates among the cottage children, and nothing to do but swing their feet from a bench in "big folks' meetings," which they could not understand. It pleased me to gather up these tiny strays and bring them in, for in that atmosphere of busy work, it was very hard to be forced by conscience to be a drone. The ten-cent novels I had brought, proved utterly tasteless. Sister Lent took pity on me, and furnished me with a fat volume of Robertson, and my first acquaintance with him was made curled down on the moss in a sunny spot outside the camp, while she sat by and pondered her next day's sermon.

The "nine o'clock meeting for Christian workers," was my great delight. Of course, the tent was closed to no one, but the crowd never came to that hushed, early service. I shall never forget one of those meetings—the fresh morning air—the shadows playing over its roof and side, and the rapt faces of those who knelt around the altar (a pine board in front of a straw-covered space.) They might have been a knot of early Christians chanting:

> "Be it flood or blood, the path that's trod,
> All the same, it leads home to God."

They were singing in a whisper an act of consecration, before beginning the work of the day,

"Not for fame nor earthly treasure,
Not for ease, my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee."

One seldom hears from orthodox lips a recognition of the impossibility of an adequate universal religious phraseology. But the woman who sat next to me that morning prayed for "those whose wants could scarcely voice themselves in *our* vocabulary."

The great work of the meeting, in the eyes of its directors, is done in the general prayer-meetings, and the conversations which follow them. I always liked to see the leader gather a prayer-meeting. There was one Elder whose method was to mount the preachers' stand and thunder "To your tents, oh Israel!" Israel generally stared in open-mouthed wonder for a minute or two, and then meandered off to his cottage. But usually, two or three "workers" would enter a tent and begin to sing a familiar hymn. Passers-by would stop to listen, and be invited in. I remember one funny occurrence, when a brother, with a particularly fine voice, had stationed himself at the tent door, singing a solo. Every one who entered naturally took up his position facing the music, and consequently with his back to the altar, where the perplexed leaders were waiting to begin the service, so that the meeting had to be turned around, man by man.

These services were like ordinary prayer meetings, except for the invitations always given to those who desired prayers or counsel, to come to the altar. After about half an hour of prayer, speeches, and hymns, the meeting resolved itself into a religious sociable. The workers went about among the people, talking with those who would listen. I was struck by the tact they displayed, and also by the predominance of ethical over emotional teaching. Tears or agitation, even among those kneeling at the "mourners' bench," were very rare.

The danger which seems to me the great one in these meetings, lies in the opportunity offered for the delicate intoxicant

of public speaking. I believe in the sincerity of most of the *habitués* of the Canaan camp-ground, but I think the temptation 'to make the Father's house a house of merchandise,' to make capital of our highest and our holiest, is a terrible one.

The good of the camp-meeting seems to me to lie in the atmosphere of universal brotherhood which pervades the place, rather than in the definite resolves made or incentives given there. I realized its influence in my own person, and if this was so for me, what must it have been for the people who could let themselves go whole-heartedly with the current? What must it have been for some of those people to be in daily companionship with Sister Katie, with Brother Hammond, with Bishop Simpson himself? Just the mere contact must have done them good. "For whether in the world of the apostles or in the world here and now, ... It is always the lesser growing out of the greater; the weaker being grafted into and drawing life from the stronger; the son of man forever saved and sanctified and fitted for heaven by the Son of God."

De Temporibus et Moribus.

LIFE IN A COUNTRY HOTEL.

In these days of elaborate public accommodations, when the word "hotel" has become in many places almost a synonym for the perfection of household elegance and convenience, one hardly cares to give a thought to hotels built forty years ago. But such a hotel forced itself upon my acquaintance when I was too young to sigh for marble halls, or to dream that there could possibly be outside its walls any life more delightful and exciting than mine.

This hotel was a low, square, white, wooden building, whose broad, vine-covered piazzas, looking on the east to the lazily-flowing river and a little Episcopal church, on the north and south through those vistas common in many New England villages,—long, wide, quiet streets, with rows of overarching elms and maples,—and flanked on the west by a deep orchard, went far toward compensating for the inconvenience of the internal arrangements; of which even I, in later days, in spite of my love for the place and the people, became dimly conscious.

But the chief glory and charm of the hotel was its boarders. There was old Dr. Graham, who was as erect as a general, and who treated the ten-year-old girl with the same dignified courtesy which he would have shown toward the woman of thirty. He early became interesting to me. His rooms held

a marvellous collection of birds, pictures, minerals, coins, and curious mechanical contrivances. How was I to know that the stately, white-haired gentleman, who displayed for my benefit the purple crystals of amethystine quartz and the glistening sheets of mica, who allowed me to "smooth" the white heron's back and look into the yellow eyes of the great owl, who taught me to listen for the sweet, subtle notes of the Æolian harp in his north window, who never wearied of looking, with me, at the changing figures in the kaleidoscope, was, in the estimation of the village people, both a traitor and an infidel; inasmuch as his only son had been an officer in the Confederate army, and he, as he himself avowed, in all his minerals, birds, and books, had found no evidence of the existence of a God.

A year or two later I became one of a rather heterogeneous quartette. The most beautiful lady in the world had come with her husband to board at the hotel. City-born and bred, she had the manners and the education which fall to the lot of Fortune's most favored daughters. She was of medium height; but always seemed taller on account of her long, trailing dresses. Her eyes were hazel; but, in certain lights, approached very nearly the color of her curling reddish-golden hair, and her whole face was full of a bright audacity which was not belied by her conversation. This lady's name was Mrs. Burnham, and she was the first member of our quartette.

Mr. Hardy, the hotel clerk, a fierce gentleman with a faint moustache, of whom I stood in mortal terror, and who, in turn, frankly confessed that he was not fascinated with small, homely children, was the second member.

Mrs. Wolcott, a slender, gray-haired, blue-eyed, sweet-voiced Southern woman, was the third, and I the fourth.

We fell into a quartette naturally enough. Mrs. Burnham and Mrs. Wolcott were the only ladies in the hotel whose ages and tastes at all approximated. Both, accustomed to city life,

regarded the country as something to be explored, admired, and wondered at, and since my eyes were in such a state as to render study and play alike impossible, in pity for my forlorn condition, they took me up. Mr. Hardy, as the only gentleman of leisure, was, perforce, our escort. And so we played croquet, and went rowing together in the summer; later, we took long walks for clematis and bitter-sweet; and later still we went sleighing and played whist.

But Mrs. Burnham was the leader in our diversions. She had that New England "smartness" which is usually considered the peculiar property of little women with snapping black eyes and sharp tongues. In a woman of education and culture it would not, of course, display itself as in the genuine, uncultivated, New England "smart" woman. But it was the same thing, after all.

It was this trait which caused her to be at once respected and disliked by the village people. They recognized it when it appeared in the form of an elaborate dress, every bit of which had been planned and cut and made by Mrs. Burnham herself. But in its more unfamiliar phases they did not recognize it, and so were mystified, and, as a result of mystification, grew suspicious. They could not forgive what they could not understand. They did not see that it was the same trait displaying itself in a different manner that often caused Mrs. Burnham to make witty but reprehensible remarks. For instance, at a little evening sociable, a very correct, polished, and conservative gentleman, glancing out of the window, made some observation to her upon the stars. Her eyes flashed a merry glance outside, and then fixed themselves on him, as she said with emphasis, "I see but one." The gentleman, shocked out of his dignity, smiled in return; but it was considered by the village gossips to have been an extremely unbecoming and questionable remark. Mrs. Burnham was always fertile in expedients. When we were out rowing and wished to carry home some of the little fish that crowded around our boat, it

was she who opened her large yellow silk umbrella, and plunging it under water scattered cracker-crumbs over it, and thus drew in a number of unwary fish; proving, as did the astronomer who, in looking at the stars, stumbled over the stones, that fish as well as philosophers cannot, with safety, give their exclusive attention to what is going on overhead.

If any one wished to trim a hat, or play a joke, or get up a charade, it was to Mrs. Burnham that she came first of all. I do not remember that I ever heard her speak about a serious subject. She was always bright, merry, elegant.

If I have as yet said nothing about Mr. Burnham, it is because his part did not come in the first act. He was a pompous, fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, who was very proud of his wife, and was always arguing with my mother on doctrinal points. I stood in awe of him, partly because I was under the impression that mamma was afraid of him and partly on my own account, because I seldom saw him, as he was away in the city all day. But after a while I had a definite reason for disliking and fearing him. One evening he came home very late in a close carriage, and was conveyed to his room by Mr. Hardy and the ostler as noiselessly as possible. In the morning Mrs. Burnham did not come to breakfast. During the brief time that elapsed between breakfast and dinner, I think she must have grasped the situation, summoned her courage, and decided upon her plan of action; for in all the long time of pain and humiliation that came afterward, there was no other deviation from her customary habits, no outward sign of suffering. Through the summer and the fall Mr. Burnham was oftener and oftener brought home in the carriage; to see him walking with unsteady gait and flushed face became so common as to attract hardly a passing comment, and I, who had always regarded him with a measure of dread, now resolutely avoided him. But one afternoon he came home early and found Mrs. Burnham seated in a low chair reading to me, as I stood beside her. He did not notice me, but, walking

unsteadily across the floor, pushed an ottoman to her feet, sat down, and throwing his arms around her waist, looked into her face. Child as I was, the glance frightened, repelled, and made me ashamed all at once. But she was imperturbable. Neither flush nor shadow crossed her face, and there was no tremor in her voice, as, passing one of her white hands caressingly over his hair, she said lightly, "It may be my lord is weary."

But the end came. Thanksgiving day Mr. and Mrs. Burnham came to dinner as usual. She was dressed carefully and elegantly in a heavy, dark-green silk, and from the beginning of the meal, when little Frankie Wolcott announced, "Mrs. Burnham's dot she new dress on," to the end when the old minister at the head of the table said, "For all Thy mercies, good Lord, we thank Thee," she was the life of the party. Half an hour later we found her, in tears at last, preparing for a speedy departure and a final separation from the hotel and its inmates. Her father arrived in the night, and the next morning she went home with him. Mr Burnham disappeared soon after. Later came mysterious rumors of a forgery; then an account of the arrest of a Mr. George Burnham, and in a few months the report that he was in the State Hospital for the Insane.

During the two years that followed Mrs. Burnham's departure, I was away from the hotel, and on my return the whole family seemed to be changed. Old Dr. Graham was dead, Mrs. Wolcott and Frankie were in California, Mr. Hardy was in a great hotel in the West, and Mrs. Burnham was gone. But in time I grew accustomed to the new order of things, and the old faces began to grow vague and dreamlike.

The new family was a conglomerate affair, gathered, it seemed to me, from the four corners of the earth, so dissimilar were the elements of which it was composed. There was Mr. Lakin, the lumber merchant, with bushy, curly hair, and cunning, disagreeable eyes, who was rich and vulgar and preten-

tious. He appeared every morning in a new neck-tie, each one more flaming than its predecessors, while his coats and vests were absolutely unlimited in number and unapproachable in ugliness. He felt very bitterly toward women, and would have quite agreed with Bartle Massey that "everything had better ha' been left to the men." His fellow-boarders were under the impression that he had been "disappointed"—in what I do not know. As his room was adorned with a large, highly-colored picture of a luxuriant female holding in her hand a letter which set forth the merits of the "Rising Sun Stove Polish," I think perhaps he may have been "disappointed" in never being able to find a woman approximating his ideal. Mr. Lakin also purchased, while I knew him, a large, gilt-edged, heavily-bound Family Bible, which he used to read with great ostentation, Sunday afternoons, in the upper hall. He used also to be periodically afflicted with the asthma, on which occasions the whole household was much wrought upon. There would be a great brewing of various concoctions in the kitchen, the halls would be full of half-giggling, half-frightened maids hurrying to and fro to fetch and carry medicines; all the physicians in the village having been summoned, they added to the confusion by politely quarrelling on the stairs, and, above all, would be heard the most appalling sounds, half shriek, half groan, issuing from Mr. Lakin's room.

In striking contrast to Mr. Lakin was Mr. Talcott, who was born a gentleman, and in whose veins flowed the bluest blood of New England. Trinity, Yale, and Oxford had a share in his education; his rooms bore little resemblance to Mr. Lakin's. In place of the highly-colored, half-dressed woman, was a painting in a deep frame; a lovely woman's face, with soft waving hair, and dark up-turned eyes,—a profile of Mr. Talcott's mother. There was something pathetic in these different pictures of women. They showed so clearly the different grooves in which the lives of the men must run. Mr. Lakin and Mr. Talcott were alike unconscious, or, rather, never gave

a thought to the fact that each picture was an index to its owner's character. In the one, vulgarity and ignorance were manifest, in the other, refinement and education. It is the pathos of life that character, most mysterious and individual of all things, can, by a gesture, a word, a smile, a picture, be so bared and betrayed that all who run may read.

Mr. Talcott was the Episcopal minister, and a man of great executive ability. He built up his church literally and figuratively; for he not only increased its membership, but caused an addition to be made to the church building and a stone wall to encircle the whole. I am not sure that this was not to guard his fold from the prowling wolves of the other denominations; for he was very conservative, and who could blame him? Was there ever an Episcopalian who was not conservative? And think of an Episcopalian who was born on Litchfield Hill and educated at Oxford!

But, most conspicuous of all, was Mr. Keith, a Scotchman whose family traced itself back to Mary Stuart. This last "heir of all the ages" was a man of striking personal appearance. His forehead was broad and prominent, with great protuberances above the large, dark, deep-set eyes, while his black hair, large nose, broad chin, wide mouth, and sallow complexion seemed to point to a Gallic rather than a Scottish ancestress. One could not but wonder what wave of fortune had cast his lot in that little village. By turns a college man, a *Tribune* reporter, a city lawyer, he had come at last to fill the position of teacher in a common country school. One's astonishment increased upon acquaintance with him. What could he not do? What did he not know? A few strokes of his pencil would outline Gladstone's strong face, or Savonarola's stern features, shrouded in his monk's cowl. A few strokes of his pen would produce a bright, little poem or a witty piece of prose. With his brushes he would do for you a Mater Dolorosa, with her deep-blue mantle and deep-blue eyes; or, perhaps, his little daughter's laughing face and tangled curls,

He would talk for hours about his favorite English authors, from the time of Baeda to the time of Mr. Freeman. There was no event, situation, or epoch in English history with which he was not familiar. He even ventured upon the dreadful complications in which the Schleswig-Holstein question is involved, though he invariably prefaced his remarks upon that subject with one of Lord Palmerstone's, that there was only one man who thoroughly understood the Schleswig-Holstein question, and that one man was dead.

He would talk metaphysics, religion, poetry, politics, art; and, in all, his remarkable memory and ready wit never failed him. If any one mentioned an out-of-the-way book, Mr. Keith, like Lydgate, would casually remark that he could at one time repeat it by heart, and would verify his assertions by giving copious quotations, as well as criticisms which came from the pens of the critics of that time. He did not care for the modern novelists. He talked of Sterne and Smollet and Fielding. Like a loyal Scotchman he was fond of Scott and disliked Dickens. "Percy's Reliques" and the "Noctes Ambrosianae" were also favorites. He was very genial, and his rooms in the little hotel were always full of callers, attracted not only by the brilliant, jovial, witty man, but also by his bright, practical wife. For, strange to say, this man, with all his genius and his learning, in the prime of life seemed to have passed the zenith of his power. Lawyer, scholar, artist, why was he satisfied to waste his life in a public school? He lacked what many a genius has lacked—ambition, force of will, care in money matters, talent for steady, strong, persistent work.

Let us leave these three men, Mr. Lakin, Mr. Talcott, Mr. Keith, where I saw them last. The windows and doors of the little parlor are wide open, letting in the air and sunlight of a clear September morning. The sunshine flickers through the vines on the piazza, falls on the pale green carpet and lights up the dark red curtains. Mr. Lakin, who, by the way, has quite an affection for Mr. Keith, lounges on the sofa and re-

gards him with an admiring, mystified expression. Mr. Talcott stands near, hat in hand, polite, intelligent, attentive, but not eager. The conversation ranges over Bulgaria, agriculture in the Western States, John Brown, and Aaron Burr. Mr. Keith talks most, and, as usual, gives the impression that he must have devoted the greater part of his life to the study of the subjects then under discussion; for it is he who knows the slight differences between the Bulgarian, the Slavonian and the Servian dialects; it is he who can give statistics in regard to western agriculture; it is he who knew John Brown in Kansas; it is he who is well acquainted with Aaron Burr's political and private life, with the one redeeming feature of his love and care for his daughter Theodosia.

We bid good bye to the hotel with sadness; for we have not Frau Rudolph's philosophy that could say of her boarders, "They come and they go. What's the use of liking people who come and go?' I. C. R., '83.

News from the seat of war—as a million faces bent over the newspaper heading, a million hearts beat quicker at the thought of Washington in danger. To the honest people gathered at post office and village store to hear the latest bulletin, the national city seemed always in peril. Wiser heads might assert its comparative safety, or even maintain its minor importance as a military post; but the sentiment of the loyal American people clung about the Capital as the visible embodiment of national power—fearing its loss with a terror that amounted to superstition. Fathers sent their sons to the front with a thrill of stern joy in adding one more to the defenses of Washington, while mothers choked back their tears and tried to smile as they fancied the new confidence that would inspire doubting hearts by the Potomac, when they knew they were not without defenders. As the hours of each

night wore away, a nation listened for the echo of the sentinel's tread on the Long Bridge, the rays of every morning's sun served to send a reassuring flash from the line of bayonets behind the earthworks of Fort Stevens. Grim warders they seemed of the wide avenues that opened so hospitably into the heart of the city, and yet their very grimness seemed to lie in suggestion rather than in efficiency; for the guns were silent nor did any barricade break the line of the street. War was a tremendous reality to the people rolling bandages among the hills of Vermont and New Hampshire, but to the people who unrolled them in the tented wards on Meridian Hill, it had become a horrible matter-of-course. For two years the wide streets of the city had stretched alluringly out before regiment after regiment of resolute men, for two years the long trains of canvas vans had threaded the avenues until lookers-on hardly raised their heads, so familiar was the sight. But there other sights that had grown familiar, too, the flag that was carried high in the air in the morning came back at night sullenly trailing from the low door of an ambulance, where it covered the stiff form of its bearer. The panic of the first alarm had subsided, people no longer betook themselves to the church at news of a battle, but asked (in a business-like way) for the figures, in order to calculate whether the investment of human life would pay. The business interests of the city had revived; for it was discovered that whatever became of the country, corner groceries could still live. The ardent gratitude of a nation to its saviors was changed to the half querulous comment, "What, more troops!" and delicately booted ladies complained that the ammunition trains made the crossings muddy. War has its inconveniences as well as its tragedies.

Washington was the seat of war—the yellow water rolling in turbid streams through the shallow gutters and pouring in a glittering torrent down the mouth of the wide sewer at the corner of the street, was hardly less impressed by the fact

than seemed the rest of the city. But stop, the oldest inhabitant declares that Washington never had snow nor spring freshets until the Yankees came and took possession. The antics of a black and tan, as he spies the body of a dead rat in the current are quieted by the order "Be still, Dixie," from his blue-eyed master, as he crowds a very grimy knuckle into the damp clay of the ring, and takes fatal aim at the center agate, which he has felt for some time ought to be his. On the stone horse block which spans the hurrying amber of the gutter, is perched a chubby little girl, busily employed in building up a breastwork of twigs along the most exposed side of the bridge, and in placing at regular intervals heavy artillery in the shape of hoop sticks. "That's what we ought to have done at Stone Bridge," she remarks slowly and with effort, at the same time reaching out for another twig, as she half turns to the dusky figure that looms up beside her, and that replies with a "Law, now, honey, yer done say so"—while it wistfully eyes the game in progress just beyond. Suddenly the boys start up, pocket their marbles, and turning round, while they slowly rattle their wealth of "nibs" with conscious proprietorship, exclaim, "Hullo, here's Tops, why shouldn't she show off?—come on, Tops!" The little girl left her mimic fortifications and the boys clustered about the negro girl, whose awkward figure and vacant grin promised little entertainment. But black Topsy had two recommendations to the favor of her small public—she had been a slave, and she was double-jointed, besides being surprisingly thin, so that she was even more interesting than the manikin in the doctor's study. She had all the airs of her sex, too, and always protested a long time before she would dance, thus adding another element of mystery to her interesting personality. Topsy had just reached the climax of her hand-springs, clog-dances, double-shuffles, and chuckle accompaniment, when the group was joined by a tall man, who stood looking at the girl's splay-footed gyrations with a curious smile, half-humorous, half-

pitiful, but wholly indulgent. A slow movement of his broad shoulders threw a cold shadow into the very heart of the spring sunshine flooding the upturned face of the little girl, as she watched with childish wonder the human panorama before her. Conscious of a new presence, she looked up to see who the intruder was, crying, "Oh, it's Mr. Whitman!" as she sprang to his side, seized his strong hand and began to fondle it as she talked eagerly to him, looking constantly into his face for the kindly attention she never missed. The little group had undergone a reorganization; Walt Whitman was manifestly the center now, the boys pressing closer and closer, yet respecting in their half contemptuous way the prior claims of their weaker companion, whose flow of childish prattle was never interrupted by any doubt of its reception. Happy and assured, the little face was lifted up to her hearer with perfect frankness, as her roguish desire to outshine the boys was marked by a little air of insistence. Meantime a kind of paralysis had come upon Topsy. Standing alone on the outskirts of the little circle, there was a touching lassitude in her whole figure—the energy and animation of the few minutes before were in total collapse, a weary, inefficient awkwardness expressed itself in her attitude as she looked slowly from one person to another. Her large eyes rested for a minute with a kind of wistful admiration on the flushed, interested little face, and then were lifted to the other kindlier one bending over it. The protest of a whole race was uttered in the dumb appeal of that look. Arms and munitions of war, forts and hospitals were insignificant enough to the poor girl, but the serene charity of that man's face she could understand. The strong humanity of the past found recognition alike in the claim of the Saxon and the trust of the negro, while the simple directness of his manner was illustrated as he turned to her and said, "Well, Topsy, how are all your people to-day?" Topsy grinned vaguely at finding herself again the object of any attention; but presently a flash of intelligence came into her

face, and her eyes twinkled as she said, "Law, now, Mr. Whitman, ain't it 'bout time you was down to our house? Massa Edward he's gone bought more things, seems sif he couldn't noways gin up but what we's all going back to the plantation." There was a kind of patient amusement in Mr. Whitman's tone as he replied, "And what is it this time? Not more checked linen, I hope," glancing meanwhile at the blue and white plaid of Topsy's dress, that made her look like an animated ebony towel-roller. "No," said she, balancing herself on one heel and slowly twisting round in order to execute a mud pie of unusual size and perfection of finish, "'Tain't; it's rakes, some of 'em hain't got heads and most of the rest don't seem to have no handles; there's an awful heap of 'em piled up under the high stoop. Missis looked powerful glum when she sor them things driving up in a cart, spec she'd most rather a had her firewood not quite so smooth"—the impish satire of the girl's voice ended in a pathetic break, and there was a moment's silence, interrupted by Mr. Whitman's cordial tones, "I will come down this evening, Topsy." There was no more ardent Union man in all the city than the poet, while Massa Edward was a bitter Secessionist, as yet unconvinced by the logic of events, whose only claim to tolerance was the hopelessness of his cause. With such a man, argument was out of the question, remonstrance useless; but the absurd business investments which were to result so splendidly when "the South triumphs," were sometimes forgotten in the press of other interests, if only somebody could be found to patiently bear with the vagaries of a soured and broken man. So even stupid Topsy had learned to connect Walt Whitman's visits with a little more consideration on the part of her master, with fewer sighs from her mistress. Meanwhile the conversation had grown tiresome to one at least of the hearers, who, after moving restlessly from one hump to another of the uneven pavement, and judiciously selecting the reddest bricks on which to step, had finally taken possession of a brown jug

which Mr. Whitman had been carelessly swinging. Leaning her cheek against the rough gray of his coat, she slowly traced with her fat forefinger along the side of the jug the outline of the simpering Rebecca who stood with her pitcher by the row of speckled blocks that represented a well. "Come, Topsy," said she at last, "let's go over to the pump and fill Mr. Whitman's pitcher for him; you pump and I'll hold." In a minute they were off on their willing errand, jumping over the muddy places and landing at last on the broad, mossy stone trough below the oozy old spout in a way that was little short of a miracle. Topsy pumped with a will, and it was with wet sleeves and cold red fingers that her companion shortly afterward lifted the pitcher to the level of the manly hand held out to take it. "Thank you, child," said he, "and now, perhaps, you can tell me what time this afternoon the ambulance is going to the hospital?" "Four o'clock," was the answer, as the stalwart figure of the poet turned slowly away and went through the wicket gate, up the walk and into the house. It was an old-fashioned frame house, with a balcony over the door and a garden at the side, where dry stems rattled against each other over the box borders and scattered curling leaves on the gravel paths. The next house and this had once been twins, but now there was a difference between them. Not to mention the old, battered look of this, its scarred paint and rotting fence posts, there was a kind of dreary suspicion about the place that told the quick observer that it was the home of a "Southern Sympathizer." The same sun that flecked the path with patches of light and glinted against the diamond panes of the front door, as the "Yankee boarder" rang for admittance, shone into the windows of the Old Capital, where the only son and brother of two heart-sick women was imprisoned. Sometimes the bitterness of their disappointment at the delayed success of their beloved cause made them almost hate the man but for whose chivalry disappointment would have had a sharper edge.

After all, neither the warm spring sunshine nor the outward quiet of the city could long conceal the fact that Washington was the seat of war. Side by side, beat hearts whose one desire was the destruction of each other's hopes; but in all that crowd of fanatics and partisans, there were few who kept the integrity of the patriot and the charity of the man as steadfastly as did the Good Gray Poet.

My summer vacation was to be spent in Sandy Spring, and a July afternoon found me in the Washington depot waiting for the starting of the train. Half an hour's ride brought me to Laurel, where the old-fashioned Sandy Spring stage awaited such passengers as the train should bring; as it was Saturday evening, the large, jolting vehicle was filled to its utmost capacity. The passengers offered an excellent opportunity for character-study, a not less striking specimen being the driver. Short, stout, busting, and officious, he made, with his fun and good nature, a most favorable impression. He seemed to take a personal pride in the road, and all that might attract attention by the way, and his lively talk and gossip helped much to beguile the long ride. Passing through the straggling factory town, at the edge of which the station stands, the road runs through such a wilderness of pine and scrub-oak as is only to be found on the worn-out corn and tobacco lands of Maryland and Virginia. In many places the old tobacco ridges and corn hills are still visible under the thick carpet of pine needles and arbutus leaves. For several miles the wheels sank deep in fine sand, throwing it in clouds around the coach, and making the operation of breathing a very disagreeable necessity.

This hopeless looking tract crossed, the farms on either hand began to improve in appearance, and at the end of nine miles the change was wonderful.

The stage had deposited a passenger, now here, now there, till at last were left only two besides myself. One was a stout

maiden lady of uncertain age; remarkably short-sighted, but with a tongue long enough to make up for any deficiency in length elsewhere. Within an hour, we knew her own history and that of all her friends, whose name was legion, having listened to the genealogy of each, carried back to the earliest time. I am by no means sure that she did not gain as much information as she gave. She was charmed to have made so many pleasant acquaintances, and gave us each a pressing invitation to call. The only one whom she could not manage entirely to her satisfaction was the old gentleman who sat next to me. He seemed to frame his answers to her questions so as to increase her already strong curiosity without gratifying it. He was more communicative to me, however; a question in regard to the game of the neighborhood brought forth a long stream of hunting stories and anecdotes of adventure in the Blue Ridge. He knew the ridge from one end to the other, and though far past eighty, he still continued his hunting trips, from one of which he was then returning.

The stage now turned from the public road and passed through half a dozen well-kept, highly-cultivated farms. Each house seemed more tastefully adorned than the last. My old friend told me that this tract was generally known as "The Manor," this name dating back to Colonial times, when this Snowden's Manor was almost as noted as Carrol's. It had been bought by my friend's brother Caleb some fifty years ago, when it was only scrub-oak and pine, like what we had seen before that day in the neighborhood of Laurel. As Caleb's sons had grown up and married, the property had been divided among them, and from a log cabin in a sedge field these beautiful, even luxurious homes had grown up by perseverance and energy. Caleb now lives with his only daughter, and a greater contrast can hardly be imagined, than between his old, simple style of living and that which he now enjoys. He seems to relish the change, however, and as the stage passed near the door the old man was seen sitting on the

porch laughing and joking with his friends, while watching games of archery and lawn tennis, with which a large company of young people were amusing themselves. I should have been well satisfied to stay and enjoy this charming picture, but fate, otherwise the driver, said "No;" so, only stopping to hand a mail-bag to a big shepherd dog who ran to receive it, we drove on.

The farms still looked thrifty, and we soon observed one of the prime agents in securing this result. The imperative need of fertilizers for the exhausted soil had prompted some enterprising genius to start a factory for the production of bone dust and other like materials. This we perceived from afar by other senses than that of sight, which showed us only the tall brick chimney of the works. The pungent and not altogether agreeable odor of old bones was perceptible for a long distance; and however good those articles in a pulverized condition may be for crops, they certainly added no virtue to the air for the laborers' families who lived near.

My ride, which was long enough to have been tedious, had there not been so much of interest to divert me, was now almost at an end. We had come to Ashton, where my friend had directed me to leave the stage. The village, a flourishing place, is situated at the intersection of two roads. As we entered it, a row of pretty, new cottages attracted my attention, and the driver told me that part of the road went by the name of Widows' Lane, as there were no less than seven living within five hundred yards, three, indeed, in one house. The driver stopped to water his horses, and, before I could get out, the face of my friend Benjamin appeared at the coach door. I could not have felt otherwise than at home after his cordial greeting; and while he transacted some business and discussed the evening papers with a group of friends, I had a chance to look around.

Whoever is unacquainted with a country store has yet something of great interest in reserve, and he could have no better

opportunity for studying its peculiarities than in the one where I now found myself. It combined all the advantages of dry goods, grocery, hardware, apothecary, notion, china, and furniture stores, with the stock of a confectioner and tobacco merchant. The long room, lined with cases and decorated with gorgeous advertisement cards, looked very picturesque with the last rays of the evening light coming through the western window. This effect could not be destroyed even by the glare of oil lamps, which contrasted painfully with the summer twilight. The working men were beginning to gather for their Saturday night smoke and chat, the proportion of the colored population indicating that we were south of Mason and Dixon's line. Attracted by music and laughter, I went toward a group of negroes collected around one man who was playing a Jew's harp with unusual skill, while one of his companions danced a jig which would have made his fortune as a minstrel.

I had not noted half the points of interest in this scene, when Ben informed me that he was ready, and hoped I had not lost my patience while waiting for him and my supper. To describe the home to which I was taken, the meal set before me, or my charming hostess and her family, would be a task requiring a more skillful pen than mine. I will say, however, that they left nothing to be desired, except that there were more such in the world.

The next morning at breakfast Ben asked if I would go to their Friends meeting. The novelty—if it happened that day, as it often did, to be a silent one—might serve to keep me awake, besides, it would be such an excellent chance to see the people together. As we rode along to meeting, all nature seemed uplifted and glorified by the Sabbath spell which rested on it; no better preparation for the hour of worship could be devised, than that peaceful morning ride. We passed through the village of Sandy Spring, containing the post office whence the neighborhood derives its name; and I could but

think that a place with so wide a reputation should be more decent in appearance. The neatness which had characterized all that I had seen before was visible here only in the ivy-covered building used as the office of the Sandy Spring Savings Bank and Fire Insurance Company. The store, in painful contrast to the one I had seen the day before, was a low, whitewashed building, with shabby green blinds. Its general effect, as it stood shut up for Sunday, was that of a degenerated representative of former respectability, asleep on the roadside with his hat over his eyes. Turning from the main street in the midst of the village, I saw the large brick meeting house in a grove just ahead. When we drove up to the porch quite a crowd had already collected, and other vehicles were constantly arriving. There was only one thing in the appearance of the crowd which would have indicated to George Fox or one of his cotemporaries, that this lively and rather fashionably attired assembly had been reared in the Society one of whose fundamental principles is plainness of speech, manner, and apparel,—that was the strictness with which the men kept on their own side of the house and left the women to theirs. Soon a general movement toward the interior began, and, for the first time, I was in a Quaker meeting. The plain, bare interior made a vivid contrast to the luxury of some of our churches. However, much as I disapprove of extravagant churches, before that hour was over, I began to think that a little more regard for comfort would not have been out of place, when those benches were planned; an aching back is not conducive to a devotional state of mind. More intelligent faces than those were are seldom seen, and some of the older ones, under broad brimmed hats, or scoop bonnets, were studies. Some of those faces preached a sermon which had more effect on me than many of far greater pretentions which I have heard. For one hour the only sounds which broke the solemn stillness were the distant call of a partridge, the coo of the pigeons on the roof, or the buzzing of the flies on the win-

dow panes; then, as with one accord, the elders who occupied the head of the meeting shook hands. This signal of dismissal seemed to give the young folks entire satisfaction, if one can judge by the babble of voices which instantly arose.

Half that I did and saw and heard in the next week would fill a volume, but one which, I am sure, would not be without interest. One thing further I must tell. I had mentioned my loquacious traveling companion, and found her no stranger to my friends, but, on the contrary, quite well known in the neighborhood as a natural curiosity: I had already found out to my satisfaction that she had her fair share of this quality. But as Ben's wife described Miss Ann's boarding place as one of considerable interest, I decided to accept her pressing invitation to call. I found that half the wonders of the old-fashioned house had been left untold, and thus was partially consoled for the absence of Miss Ann, who had gone out walking. It was a large brick house with a gambrel roof, and on the left an addition of later date, but equally ancient in appearance. Crossing a green yard studded with shade trees and bounded by corn fields, which sloped steeply to the road, we entered a long hall communicating with a room beyond, through the open doors of which the brilliant borders of an old-fashioned flower garden were visible. The large parlor, which also opened into the hall, showed a pleasing mixture of modern comfort and old-fashioned solidity. A heavy mahogany and hair-cloth sofa stood below a mirror which was fastened to the wall when it had been built more than a century ago. The large, high-backed arm-chairs seemed to invite one to their embrace; but, on yielding to their attractions, one realized the deceitfulness of appearances. The tall clocks in the corner had told the hours with unfailing regularity for at least four generations, and seemed good for as many more. But now look at this corner cupboard: what would a collector not give for the treasures it contains! Its glass doors, formed of oddly shaped panes, have guarded for years real old India

china with its decorations of dark blue; enormous platters of all wares and designs; tureens with conventionalized red rabbit heads for handles; cups and saucers; glass ware,—everything, even a patriotic brown teapot with the motto "No Stamp Act!" Tradition says the bricks of which the house was built were brought from England, and much of the furniture, such as high-posted bedsteads and brass mounted book cases, might easily be imagined to have kept them company.

But a description which confines itself to the merely physical aspect of Sandy Spring would do it but scanty justice. I dare say there is not in the Union, a country neighborhood which equals this in culture and refinement, and by few cities is it surpassed. Wealth is, of course, impossible, where the farmer has to struggle with such poor land; but economy easily obtains comfort. The advantages derived from comparing notes on farming, and the pleasure of meeting in a social way, led the farmers to form a club, which should meet at the homes of its members in regular succession. The success of this association, which has been in existence now for nearly fifty years, led to the formation of others. The wives of these same gentlemen, being shut out from the meetings of the Club, organized one for themselves, and shut out the men as rigorously as they themselves had been excluded. In due time, two more Farmers' Clubs were formed; and then a Home Interest Society, including both husbands and wives. The younger people have a Sociable, in which conversation and literature are judiciously mingled; while a Musical, which in summer becomes an Archery Club, is of later growth. The Benevolent Aid Society provides for the needy; a branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and a Band of Hope agitate the temperance question; while a flourishing Grange professes to look after the interests of husbandry. Other names might be added to this list were it not already long enough. Given, besides all these, a large number of dinners, teas, and evening companies, and you will have fully as much as any set of peo-

ple, however active, can possibly accomplish. Some of the Sandy Springers think seriously of petitioning the Legislature to add another day to the week, so that everything may be done properly. The relationships are most puzzling to a stranger, and even some of the natives get mixed on that point; but one who thoroughly understands the subject, told me that two or three more marriages would complete the circuit, and make every one related to everybody else.

The whole neighborhood seems like one large family, such are the ease and good will which prevail. Strangers are taken in at once, and after the first visit they always feel that there is one homelike spot in the world, if all others prove unfriendly.

Editors' Table.

The new Board makes its most polite bow to the public and proceeds to do its best.

The enthusiasm of a Vassar audience is something unparalleled. Nothing like it can be found or has ever been heard of except in a gathering of small boys. It is a humiliating statement to make, but none the less true. Without doubt, however, every student from Senior to Prep. will rise up in righteous indignation at this statement and declare that it is no such thing. Now enthusiasm, like all other good things, is excellent in moderation; but, in excess, it loses all the good it might ever have possessed. It is very flattering and encouraging to any performer, whether speaker or musician, to see before him an appreciative audience; but what must his sensations be when the enthusiasm reaches a point where it finds no limit? It is almost too much to expect a paid artist to respond to limitless recalls, and it is certainly unkind to require any one who is entertaining us out of pure courtesy to give us three times as much of his talent as he intended. We had a striking illustration of this boundless enthusiasm in our late impromptu concert. At first, the applause was the spontaneous expression of pleasure; but, when encore was followed by encore, it became tedious. Not only did the whole body of spec-

tators seem impelled to applaud every encore to the echo, but they must need applaud every action of any one who aided in the entertainment. Now is it not almost too much to expect that anybody is going to be pleased if an audience, presumably intelligent and sympathetic, insanely claps his every motion? As long as applause retains its present meaning, being an expression of the pleasure and approval of an audience for the gratification of the performer, let it cease when the purpose has been accomplished. We would not wish to discourage enthusiasm in the least. Far from it. But do let us express our enthusiastic applause with some regard for the feelings of its recipient, and above all, as ladies, not as hoydens.

We sincerely hope that the rumor which is going about the college, to the effect that the faculty contemplate changing our weekly holiday from Saturday to Monday, is unfounded. Wellesley has already made this radical innovation on a time-honored custom; but we think this is a point wherein Vassar may advantageously live up to her reputation for conservatism. Wellesley did it on the double plea that her crowds of Saturday visitors from Harvard were so great as to seriously interfere with the work which must have its place in even the holiday of an earnest student, and that the alteration would lessen the temptation to Sunday study. In the existing state of Poughkeepsie society, the first of these arguments has no force at Vassar, and we think the force of the second is greatly over-estimated. "Keeping Sunday" is a matter too personal to be regulated by law—legislation on the subject, in State or family, always fails. If the college sentiment is against Sunday study (and we believe it is) college sentiment will tell. If the sentiment of the college is not in favor of observing Sunday as a day of abstinence from ordinary pursuits and amusements, still, the only effect of the

change in holiday would be to increase in us that tendency to put things off till the last miuute which used to make "Monday morning Silent Time" the synonym for a frantic struggle with untouched lessons. We do not believe it would in any way make Sunday a more helpful or restful day to us, but the contrary. The busiest of us gets on Saturday, at least that partial rest which comes from change of work, and the substitution of essay or critique for note-book and crayon helps to fit her for the more perfect rest of the next day. The Saturday holiday gives us an opportunity to fasten the loose threads of the week; to go back along our path and pick up the odds and ends of fact and theory which have slipped from our laden memories. If the holiday is changed, and we are forced to carry the burden of the college working week up to 9.35 Saturday night, which one of us has strength of mind and force of will sufficient to enable her to throw off then the sense of unfinished work, and rest as she ought to rest till Monday morning? Which one of us would be willing to carry with her into Sunday morning chapel, the list of minor duties—letters to write, dresses to mend, subjects to be looked up—which Friday night stamps on our brains, and which it is the business of our holiday to check off one by one? Yet who could leave them outside the door, if Saturday and Monday change places?

On other grounds, too, we must own, we object. The change would strike at one of the strongest associations of our student life. Saturday afternoon is always longer, sunnier than any other, to our thinking. It is so even when the shade of the catacombs falls upon it, and the flapping of much essay paper cannot chill it wholly, for the source of its light and warmth lies beyond their reach, away back in our childhood. No one can make us believe that a mere faculty decree could change Monday into Saturday. We could believe in transubstantiation sooner! Saturday cannot be defined as a day minus recitations and bells. The difference between it and other holidays

is as positive as it is intangible. Philalethea, Founder's Day, Washington's Birthday, are very well in their way, but it is not Saturday's way. They interrupt, they break off, they excite. Saturday completes, rounds out and rests. *Could* one mend on Monday? Could one make calls? Would not the atmosphere of the corridor blight our attempts at cheerful sociability? Spare us, good faculty! Spare us further innovations till we recover the mental equilibrium which we lost when the weights of our silent times were lifted!

The tendency of modern philosophy is undeniably toward utilitarianism; but, in spite of the ravages of this unromantic school, we had flattered ourselves that the naturally light and diffusive character of the feminine mind would protect it from the baleful effects of a too close adherence to the school of Benthaur and Mill. But nom: it seems that the feminine mind, under the influences of a higher education, betrays new and unexpected qualities, and that utility is prominent among them. To be sure, it is a little to be regretted that this philosophic tendency should have made its first appearance in a way which threatens to narrow that breadth of culture which is supposed to be one of the most desirable ends of college training. It even seems somewhat unaccountable that, at the first raising of its head among us, utilitarianism should shake that philosophic head at the department of elocution, a department heretofore supposed to be moderately desirable, even from a practical point of view. Indeed, there comes to us the remembrance of an old-fashioned saying to the effect that a cultivated voice is an "excellent thing in a woman." Now, although the benefits of a higher education have undeniably given us incalculable advantages over our less fortunate grandmothers, are we logically bound to throw away the few insignificant virtues which they possessed? It seems to us that since we

devote ourselves without a murmur to several branches which cannot be said to bear with unerring directness on our practical work in life, we could consistently go one step farther, and accept, at least, what some really intelligent educators have considered a desirable study.

"How silly! strange that Harvard students should descend to such trash," was our mental comment as we read the so-called "Vassar Letter" which appeared in a recent issue of the *Harvard Herald.* That one of our own sex was the author of the production did not occur to us; that one of our own students had written the thing was farthest from our thoughts. Both possibilities have, however, been presented to us as very decided probabilities—as almost certainties. We cannot believe such a thing possible. It seems inconceivable that any girl who has breathed the atmosphere of Vassar College for more than a year could so forget her womanhood. We do not wish to believe that even in the ranks of the Preps., among whom the reported author is found, could exist a student so disloyal to the college, so untrue to all her better instincts. If it is true, it is a truth to make one blush for her sex. When men and women are looking with critical eyes upon girls in the higher institutions of learning to see what fruits their education will develop, when it is an open question whether the female mind is worth cultivating, to have a Vassar student do a thing so inexcusably silly—not to use stronger terms—is sickening. To be sure, the reported writer is a Prep.; but that is a fact of which the editors of the *Harvard Herald* are, presumably, not aware, and so Vassar College gets the credit of the production, and Vassar girls are judged by its standard. If our own girls will spread abroad such disgusting nonsense concerning the College, we cannot be surprised at the perpetuity of the vulgar banister, chewing-gum, and other like stories. We wish

that the author of the article, if she is a Vassar girl, could have heard the strong expressions of sorrow and disgust made to various members of the Board by the older students; we think that she might have modified her views concerning what doubtless appears to her as an exceedingly witty and brilliant achievement. We have our own opinion concerning the good taste of the *Harvard Herald* in publishing such a production. Indeed, it has been a matter of constant surprise to us, as we have read the various articles upon Vassar which have emanated from the brain of the college student masculine, how their authors could reconcile such effusions with their ideas of the fit and gentlemanly. We do not mean that we cannot enjoy a good joke when made at our expense. We can, we do, and, when we have been fairly hit, we have laughed most heartily; but we cannot enjoy, we cannot even endorse as gentlemanly, productions like that which has just appeared in the *Harvard Herald.*

HOME MATTERS.

Those of the Miscellany readers who chance to see *Music*, a New York publication, whose mission may be implied from its name, have, perhaps, happened upon an item in regard to the new organ at Vassar College, which runs something on this wise: It has long been a matter of surprise to the friends of Vassar, that an institution of so much wealth should not provide the students with a more suitable organ. We are happy to be able to state that the authorities of the College have at last wakened to a realizing sense of the situation, and have just purchased a fine $8,000 instrument. We are then informed that the aforesaid organ "will begin its career of usefulness" in a concert to be given by the New York Philharmonic Club, and also that "a chorus of 300 of the students is now in training" for the momentous occasion. Here is news indeed. Even

Chicken Little, with his falling skies, is nowhere beside it. We trust we are not too much puffed up by a knowledge of our unbounded wealth, and our full ranks of students, of whom 300 seems to be but a small and insignificant fraction. Our organ bears up nobly, and has even lived through a dedication since.

On Friday, March 17th, an air of unwonted cheerfulness and expectation seemed to pervade the College, which from behind the scenes might be translated into "The eventful day has come at last." We were all invited to be present in the chapel at half-past three to participate in the services for the dedication of our organ, a summons which we most gladly obeyed. The chapel was well filled with guests, many of the trustees of the College being present with their families.

Of course the organ was the centre of interest, and all waited eagerly to hear it. The services appropriately opened with improvisation upon the organ by Dr. Ritter, which we all enjoyed, but we could not avoid the thought that our Professor of Music hardly did himself justice. This was followed by an arrangement of the 95th Psalm, by Dr. Ritter, and although the chorus of "300" voices proved to be only one tenth as large as we had been led to anticipate, we found it, in accordance with the well-worn story, "good enough, what there was of it;" and more than good enough, it was excellent. The rendering of the Psalm was followed by a prayer, and then we listened to a Latin Hymn, the music of which Dr. Ritter had composed for the occasion. It was most beautiful and appropriate, and we were proud that its composer belongs to us.

After this introductory music, Mr. John H. Deane, who has the honor to be, as he himself informed us, the intimate friend, even a connection by marriage, in short—the husband of the generous donor of our organ, was introduced to us, and made the presentation speech. Any one who could hear the spontaneous round of applause that greeted Mr. Deane, and see the bright, happy faces which were turned upon him from all over

the chapel, could not doubt that we thoroughly appreciated his noble gift. The speech was worthy of the giver—bright, witty and graceful. Dr. Caldwell followed with an elaborate and finished address upon music as the expression of religious feeling, and the place of the organ in religious worship. Then the organ was allowed to speak for itself, which it did most beautifully under Miss Finch's skillful touch. Another prayer was offered, and the Doxology was sung by the whole audience.

Upon the close of the chapel services we were all invited to the dining room, where a most bountiful collation was served. Of the after-dinner speeches, Dr. Ritter's was perhaps the most happy, giving us, as it did, a racy little account of the history of the organ.

After the collation our friends began to leave, and we were soon by ourselves again. In the evening we had a rare and unexpected treat. Mr. Walter Damrosh, son of Dr. Leopold Damrosh, was one of the guests of the day, and he kindly accepted an invitation to try the new organ. Like wild fire the news ran through the corridors that Mr. Damrosh would play in the chapel at eight, and when the hour arrived, nearly every inmate of the college was found seated in the chapel ready to enjoy. Nor was any one, we venture to say, disappointed. For nearly two hours we were charmed by the little impromptu concert. That we enjoyed Mr. Damrosh's music goes without saying. He delighted us, both upon the organ and the piano. We were not confined to instrumental music. Miss McIlvaine sang for us, and two ladies who were guests in college, kindly added their share to the music of the evening. Finally, our own pianist, Miss Fridenberg, played for us the Spinning Song from the Flying Dutchman. When the musical finally came to an end, and we regretfully tore ourselves away from the chapel, it was with the feeling that we had spent one of the most delightful of evenings; and with the eye

of faith we saw many more of the same sort in the future, now that our new organ has become an established fact.

The vague rumors which had been afloat concerning mysterious negotiations with a certain New York manager, made the audience an expectant one, which, gathered in Society Hall, on the evening of March 18th, waited for the curtains to rise on "Esmeralda."

The acting of the play, though necessarily somewhat intense, seemed neither strained nor overdone, and "Esmeralda" had the basis of all success—a well chosen caste. Miss Lathrop showed excellent taste in the management of her role of the heart-broken lover, and perhaps the best tribute to her success were the tears which some of the most self-possessed seemed unable wholly to restrain. Miss Gross was in no way inferior to her hero, and by her delicate insight and skillful rendering, gave us a perfect picture of the timid, shrinking girl throwing off the restraints of her childhood, and putting on a woman's strength. Miss Spaulding did not need the aid of her effective costume to make her acting one of the most attractive features of the evening. It is always a pleasure to welcome Miss Southworth on our stage, and, as "Esmeralda's" mother, she but increased the debt which we already owe her. What more can we say of Miss Jenckes than that there was "an atmosphere about it." Miss Stanton, as Nora, made us wish that the part was a more prominent one, and the minor characters were such only with regard to the length of their parts. Each, possessed with the spirit of the play, was natural and unaffected.

We must not forget to mention Miss Glenn's exquisite playing, and Miss McIlvaine's singing. Miss Cooley's playing on the violin was a pleasant novelty.

Considering the widely different scenes to be represented, the stage effect was well planned, and the studio scene especially effective.

Our pleasure in anticipating the Philharmonic concert was doubled by the knowledge that one of Dr. Ritter's compositions was to be given. And the position of this, "the goal of our desires," as the last on the programme, insured our greater enjoyment of it; for who could be otherwise than appreciative after listening to the Adagio movement of the Haydn Symphony, No. 3 in G major? It was played with exquisite smoothness, and the perfect unison of the six instruments was remarkable We listened closely to the Andante, led along by the animated little melody, now coming out boldly and distinctly before us, and now hiding shyly among the skillfully-executed variations. The "Rêverie du Soir," by Saint-Saens, which followed, was a cry of sadness made most effective by the sobbing accompaniment of the double bass.

We were pleased with the "Extras," an Abendlied by Schumann, Beethoven's Turkish March, and one of Schubert's Moments Musicals. It was delightful to have a Concerto with orchestral accompaniment. We do not scorn a second piano; but it cannot give the completeness of stringed instruments. Two movements of Beethoven's C minor Concerto, op. 37, were given. Miss Fridenberg, as pianist, is to be congratulated for her finished execution of many difficult passages, while her musical comprehension and appreciation were very evident.

Naturally, Dr. Ritter's Serenade brought our interest to its height. Seven instruments took part, and an agreeable variety was afforded by the six movements. If it were necessary to make a choice, perhaps the graceful and significant Scherzo would be called the most gratifying. Indeed, the characteristic charm of the whole composition was its depth of meaning and abundance of suggestiveness. The melody in the Notturno was beautiful and finely rendered by the French horn, and after the exciting and interesting Finale, our hearty applause was certainly most sincere.

A few initiated Art students had been hinting for some time to their less fortunate friends that "something delightful was to happen before the Easter vacation;" and when on Thursday evening, a short business meeting of the Exoteric Society was called, it was with great pleasure that those friends listened to Miss Goodsell's invitation for an evening in the Art Gallery.

As we directed our steps thither on the evening of March 24th, we could not help remarking upon the festive appearance of our staid old Art Gallery, and the promise without was amply fulfilled by the gayety within. Here we were cordially greeted by our hostess. Then followed an agreeable half hour, spent in studying the pictures, which, under the gaslight, seemed strangely unfamiliar. Soon the appearance of waitresses announced the arrival of various delicacies, which, judging from their rapid disappearance, were fully appreciated. The Gymnasium was thrown open, and many repaired thither, ot "trip it on the light fantastic toe." According to Vassar's time-honored custom, the Virginia Reel closed the evening's festivities. The vote of thanks tendered to Miss Goodsell expressed the sincere feeling of every guest.

After all, there is wonderful satisfaction in being left alone. Such, at least, seems to have been the consoling thought of the unfortunates who were left behind to spend the holidays at College. Few rules were stipulated, and still fewer obeyed. By way of relaxation from previous restraint, each resolved, as by general consent, to do what was least expected of her—to rest. The result of this tacit agreement was a vacation of unusual quiet, in spite of the merry time that was reasonably predicted from the large number of students remaining after the good-byes were said. To us even April first was uneventful; but this was not the experience of the two teachers who expected to breakfast that morning at the usual hour, but

found an insuperable barrier between them and the breakfast room, in the shape of a rope connecting their door-knobs with neighboring water-tanks.

Occasional gatherings in Room J. for games and dancing, a straw ride, and readings in the officers' parlor were about the only evidences of concerted sociability throughout the College. Even these pleasures were enjoyed in such moderation as to preclude the suggestion of gayety. But spare your sympathy, good sisters, on your return; for we enjoyed our vacation, and doubtless feel better prepared than you for the coming weeks of study.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Prof. Backus lectured March 10th, at Crozer Theological Seminary, Upland, Penn.

The breakfast tardy bell is no longer rung. Two strokes of the bell are now given five minutes before the regular signal to assemble for breakfast.

Mrs. DeSaussure has returned to college.

Dr. Ritter lectured to the students, March 10th, upon *Church Music.*

The new catalogues appeared March 13th, and show that some changes have been made in the amount of preparation required for entrance examinations, as well as in the college curriculum itself. Applicants for admission to the class of '87 will be required to pass examinations in the whole of Plane Geometry, four books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and twenty chapters in Gray's *Manual*, including the analysis of thirty species of flowers. The number of students in the college is 297, the Senior class numbering 39, the Junior 39, the Sophomore 29, and the Freshman 38.

A new electrical machine has been obtained for Dr. Allen's use. It has two rheotomes, one interrupting the current quickly, the other, slowly.

Two fires enlivened the monotony of the First South March 13th. One, caused by the erratic movements of a match-head, destroyed only a wall pocket. The other was not discovered until it had gained considerable headway; and but for the presence of mind of the occupant of the room, who, as she opened her door, saw her table-spread and carpet in flames, it might have proved a serious matter.

The outside windows have been taken off.

The honor-list of the class of '82 is as follows:

S. C. Coleman,	A. C. Southworth,
M. F. Easton,	L. B. Stanton,
E. M. Howe,	E. C. Semple,
M. B. King,	H. Warren,
J. M. Patterson,	S. Yamakawa.

Valedictorian—J. M. Patterson.
Salutatorian—M. F. Easton.

The class honors are as follows:

Orator—F. B. Taylor.
Historian—M. R. Sanford.
Sibyl—L. F. Glenn.
Spade Orator—M. E. Shove.
Marshal—L. C. Gross.

Class Day Committee:

Chairman—L. B. Kountz.

E. Warder,	A. M. Nickerson,
M. E. Case,	G. L. Morrill,
E. G. Buckland,	E. B. Varnes.

Committee for class supper and Senior auction:

Chairman—A. S. Phillips.

E. Bartlett,	C. L. Shailer,
W. Learned,	J. F. Wheeler,
I. Howgate,	E. M. White.

The class were given the option of appointing their valedictorian themselves, as has been done for several years past, or of leaving the choice to the faculty. They preferred to make their own selection.

Miss Sharpe has been chosen Junior spade orator; Miss Markam, Junior marshal; Miss Wilkinson, Sophomore marshal; Miss Chubb, Freshman marshal.

New hymn books have replaced the old ones, which have been banished to the Lecture Room for prayer-meeting use.

The choir has been reörganized. It now consists of twenty members, arranged so as to form a double chorus.

Miss Goodsell furnishes flowers every Saturday for the infirmary—one of the many thoughtful acts for which the students have daily to thank the new Lady Principal.

The classes in gymnastics excused!

PERSONALS.

'72.

Married, April 11th, 1882, in Louisville, Ky., Miss Pattie B. Semple, formerly of '72, to Mr. Edward Effinger of Staunton, Va.

'81.

Married, April 11th, 1882, in New York, Miss C. N. Glenn, to Mr. Leicester Sargent of New Haven.

'84.

Married, April 5th, 1882, at Sparta, Wis., Miss Eliza J. Canfield, formerly of '84, to Herbert Kendall, M. D.

Miss Kirby of '72, Miss Hamlin of '74, Miss Cornwell of '77, Miss Bernard of '78, Miss Darling, formerly of '79, Miss Loyd of '81, and Miss Cooper, formerly of '83, have visited the college during the past month.

Died, March 16th, at Vassar College, Henry Manning infant son of Prof. Wm. B. Dwight.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

There is nothing like upholding a cause in its infancy, and apparently the *Collegian* is resolved not to be behindhand in this particular. Cornell University has given its influence on the side of coëducation, Oberlin approves, and now the *Collegian*, freely confessing its former scepticism concerning the preservation of "feminine gentleness, trust, modesty, and refinement," if put to the awful test of contact with "the rude, ill-bred, boisterous, and coarse boy," skips cheerfully into step with brother and sister reformers. Such boldness is refreshing, and we would be the last to mar its effect by any hypercritical observations in regard to the use of the dash as a medium for expressions of remorse and courageous resolutions for the future. Still, momentous causes may be checked by apparent trivialities, and we would suggest that the *Collegian* abjure the use of the word "female." We are glad, also, to observe that the *Collegian* distinctly asserts that it is not moved from the "even tenor of its way" by contact with "the rude, ill-bred, boisterous, and coarse boy;" as some little irregularities in the correction of proof, might have led us to believe that its "gentle, trusting, modest, and refined" head was a little turned.

The *Concordiensis* for March is a very pleasing number. The opening article, a dainty poem, is much above the average. We have faith to believe, however, that, in amateur poetry as

in everything else, "practice makes perfect." An able sketch of President Arthur's college days is the most notable article in the number. According to the writer, General Arthur was a specimen of the class of students who benefit a college by belonging to it. The Editorial Department has a number of good articles on practical topics. The magazine closes with a collection of very ordinary jokes and some carefully written exchange notes.

After an absence of several months, the *Critic* again appears on our exchange table. We are glad to greet it once more, for, in some parts, it is refreshingly bright. We should like to say this of every one of its departments; but the fact that it is a very uneven production prevents us. The editorials are sometimes remarkably well-written, and the department "On the Fence," is quite interesting; but the literary department is rather crude. We suppose that this is unavoidable, and it does not prevent the *Critic* from being one of the most readable exchanges on our list.

Let not the undiscerning college press be too much alarmed by the name on the cover of the *Princeton Tiger* to turn its leaves. A second glance shows us "William of Orange (and Black") and assures us that *Tiger* refers, not to the temper, but to the colors of Princeton. Indeed, the new bimonthly, which we are glad to welcome, abounds in illustrations, for the most part humorously suggestive of the paper's name. It seems resolved, too, not to be behindhand in the matter of poetry, and that of a character which is not open to the "soft impeachment" of sentimentality. Altogether the paper is an entertaining one, and the *Tiger* will make an interesting addition to the menagerie of the college press.

The last *Atlantic* is naturally an interesting number for us; the rather shadowy Vassar heroine in *The House of a Merchant Prince* is developing into quite a respectable ideal of a Vassar

girl. We quite feel that we owe Mr. Bishop a debt of gratitude. We are so accustomed to the glowing eulogies of *T. Carlyle Smith* and *Cipango* that we have grown to feel that the public regards Vassar girls as freaks of nature. Miss Phelps' story, besides its intrinsic merits, attracts curious attention from the resemblance of plot to *Dr. Breen's Practice.*

CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

Senior, who doesn't see the joke. "My head is pretty large and it takes a little while for the thought to travel through it." Freshman, "Is that what you call 'thought flying through space?'"—*The University Herald.*

Amherst is to have a new library capable of holding 230,000 volumes. From the present endowment, some 3,000 volumes will be yearly added.—*College Rambler.*

The National Educational Convention, in session at Washington, has made an appeal for educational provision for the inhabitants of Alaska.—*Harvard Herald.*

"I occasionally drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste basket.—*Illini.*

The matriculation list of the new Royal University of Ireland contains the names of nineteen girl students.—*Harvard Daily Herald.*

Amherst has a new gymnasium in prospect, to cost $50,000. It may come before '83 leaves college.—*Crimson.*

Smith College has opened an art school. The instructors of the Yale School of Arts make weekly trips thither to lecture and teach.—*Ex.*

"Sun, moon and stars forgot," quoted a Junior, after flunking in astronomy.—*Williams Athenæum.*

A young lady in one of our prominent educational institutions recently inquired anxiously when April Fool's Day came this year.—*Yale News.*

English Universities have no papers published by students.—*The Oxonian.*

Prof. (in Logic): "What would you say of the argument represented by a cat chasing her tail?" Student: "She is feline her way to a cat-egorical conclusion."—*Chronicle.*

The trustees of Harvard College have secured a fund to be devoted to the medical education of women.—*Rockford Sem. Mag.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

We have received from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a *Portrait Catalogue of Books*, containing a list of all their publications, except Law, Medical, and School Books, together with portraits of eminent authors. The catalogue gives, in convenient form, information very desirable to possess. The publishers wish us to state that they will mail a copy of the book to any address, on application, free of charge.

The *Columbiad* lies upon our desk and deserves a more extended notice than our limited time will permit us to give it. It is in excellent form, and its matter—well, it is so often beyond the comprehension of the Vassar mind, that we forbear to say what the matter is.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Acta Columbiana, *Acta Victoriana*, *Album*, *Amherst Student*, *Archangel*, *Argo*, *Argus*, *Ariel*, *Athenian*, *Athenaeum*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Bates Student*, *Beacon*, *Berkleyan*, *Boston Times*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Brunonian*, *Carletonia*, *Century*, *Chi-Delta Crescent*, *Chronicle*, *College Cabinet*, *College Courier*, *College Mercury*, *College Olio*, *College Rambler*, *College Record*, *College Student*, *College Speculum*, *College Times*, *Collegiate*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Concordiensis*, *Cornell Era*, *Cornell Review*, *Cornell Sun*, *Coup d' Etat*, *Crescent*, *Crimson*, *Critic*, *Dartmouth*, *Dickinsonian*, *Dutchess Farmer*, *Exonian*, *Good Times*, *Hamilton College Monthly*, *Hamilton Lit.*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Harvard Echo*, *Harvard Herald*, *Harvard Lampoon*, *Haverfordian*, *Hellmuth World*, *Horae Scholasticae*, *Hesperian Student*, *Illini*, *Kansas Review*, *Lafayette College Journal*, *Lantern*, *Lasell Leaves*, *Lehigh Burr*, *Madisonensis*, *Magnet*, *Monmouth Collegian*, *Minden Collegian*, *Nassau Lit.*, *Northwestern*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Occident*, *Otterbein Record*, *Penn. College Monthly*, *Philadelphia Evening News*, *Palette Scrapings*, *Phillipian*, *Polytechnic*, *Po'keepsie Daily News*, *Princetonian*, *Princeton Tiger*, *Progress*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Res Academicae*, *Reveille*, *Rockford Seminary Magazine*, *Republican Journal*, *Round Table*, *Student Life*, *Syracusan*, *St. Nicholas*, *Swarthmore Phoenix*, *Targum*, *Tech*, *Transcript*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Tuftonian*, *Undergraduate*, *University*, *University Herald*, *University Magazine*, *University Portfolio*, *Wabash*, *Williston*, *Woman's Journal*, *Yale Courant*, *Yale Lit.*, *Yale News*, *Yale Record*.

The Vassar Miscellany.

Editors from '83.
C. Lena Bostwick, Martha Sharpe, S. F. Swift.

Editors from '84.
M. F. L. Hussey, Justina H. Merrick.

Business Editor: Anna H. Lathrop.

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FORMATIVE INFLUENCES IN THE LIFE OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

In my imagination, I see a New England town, a town, not like our Middle States' villages, filled with the bustle and hum of business, but quaint, with an old-fashioned and substantial air. The place seemed once, in its small way, to have been quite a metropolis, with its wharves and hive of old store-houses, which were probably in the height of their glory when England closed the Boston port and placed the custom-house at Salem.

Here it was that Nathaniel Hawthorne was born, and here he spent his boyhood, wandering about among the deserted and decayed warehouses, up and down the elm-shaded streets, playing by the grassy way-sides, or lingering, deep in thought,

in some sheltered corner to avoid the cutting Northeaster, whose force was unimpeded, as it swept along from the sea across the dead level of the town.

At fourteen years of age, Hawthorne left his native village for the wilds of Maine. In some ways, this was a great change for the boy. The place he left was old—even more antiquated than the typical New England village. The people were out of the reach of the current of business and change which was sweeping over the states. They were not only in themselves restricted, but restricting. From among such people, Hawthorne went to a place where there were very few people of any kind with whom to hold intercourse, no decayed and ruined buildings to rove through; but he had more,—a limitless, unknown tract of country was open to him, where he could wander, at will, along the course of some brooklet, or on the shore of the lake, among the majestic pines, hearing no words except those uttered by the leaves and branches, as the wind moaned through the depths of the forest. Their whisperings were clear to the boy. They told of lives and thoughts that were real to him. They were a bond between him and the realm in which he was, in spirit, a dweller. At night the shadows, cast by the fitful moving of the trees in the clear, cold moonlight, played hide and seek over the boy's face, as he lay dreaming on the mossy turf; or, in the winter evenings, they would throw fleeting shadows over his features, as he swiftly skated along the edge of the frozen Sebago. Among the shadows and in the solitude, the poetical and profound side of his nature was expanded, and he gained his keen insight into the beauties of nature which were hidden from a less sensitive man.

After several years, he returned to Salem, where he spent one year in preparation for college. Shortly afterwards he entered Bowdoin. During his college life, he still wandered aimlessly about. His rod and gun were the companions in which he most delighted; the ones most trusted. His friends

were few, but they were all he desired. With them he lounged away a good share of the time he ought to have devoted to study, or spent it in such a way as would not have met the approbation of the faculty, had they been at all aware of his actions. However, he could not have been entirely negligent of his books; for he must have had some knowledge of Greek and Latin, as well as of other branches, or he could not have graduated.

After the completion of his college course he returned to Salem. His home there was the one which, for nearly two centuries, some one of the same name had occupied. He had no companions of any kind, and scarcely saw even the members of his own household. His only occupation was writing. This filled his hours of daylight; but, in the evening, he would wander forth, at a time when the rest of the world was sleeping. Every object he beheld was under the mystic influence of night, whose darkness veiled even his own shyness.

Thus shut away from the world in his solitary life, this man spent twelve of what ought to have been his best years, in work for the public. These, however, in regard to the formation of his character, may be considered the most beneficial. As it was at that time, he acquired his habits of deep thought and meditation. His seclusion increased his shyness, so that, in after years, even the ring of the door-bell would cause him to seek refuge in his library. Through the aid of political friends, Hawthorne received an office in the Boston Custom House. At last, after his long years of solitude, he was to be in the world—a man of the world—as an actor, not as a mere looker on. He received his appointment with joy, and set about his tasks with a light heart. But the bustle of business soon became wearisome, and the task of loading and unloading vessels irksome. Coal and salt were not the things of pleasure he had imagined. He writes at this time,—"I pray that in one year more I may find some way of escaping from this unblest Custom House, for it is a very grievous thraldom.

I do detest all offices." And who could wonder at this? What was there that was the least in harmony with the man's character, unless the grim shadows cast by the coal dust upon the countenances of the workmen, as they plied their weary shovels? He goes on,—"I do think that it is the doom laid upon me, of murdering so many of the brightest hours of the day at the Custom House, that makes such havoc with my wits, for here I am again trying to write worthily. . . . When I shall be free again, I will enjoy all things with the fresh simplicity of a child of five years old. I shall grow young again, made all over anew. I will go forth and stand in a summer shower, and all the worldly dust that has collected on me shall be washed away at once, and my heart will be like a bank of fresh flowers for the weary to rest upon." His life in the world of business did not meet with the success he had anticipated, so at his first opportunity, he left it and entered upon a new undertaking. He determined to make one more attempt to aid the world in its own fashion, and to this end, he joined the Brook Farm Association, composed of earnest men who had given themselves up to work for the regeneration of society. They strove to make "such industrial, social, and educational arrangements as would simplify economies, combine leisure for study with healthful and honest toil, avert unjust collisions of casts, equalize refinements, awaken generous affections, diffuse courtesy, and sweeten and sanctify life as a whole." Hawthorne was not sanguine of success; but thought that if there was any chance of his accomplishing anything for mankind, he was willing to make the effort. The trial was a failure, except that its memories furnished the theme for "Blithdale Romance." The scene of the book is laid at Brook Farm; but Hawthorne professes that he did not take his characters from those of any of his associates. If they are not taken from real life, but are only characters of his own imagination, he succeeded admirably in portraying those which would be in harmony with the scene. This book was the only

practical result of the whole enterprise. It differs from Hawthorne's other works, in that it is nearer reality. His characters are clearer in delineation. In fact, his only true personations,—those in whom we feel that life ever existed,—are depicted in this work. It has, in common with his other works, weirdness and imagination ; but the action does not always lie on the borderland between the spiritual world of ghostly thought and the world of business. His works are most perfect representations of himself. In every one can be felt his shyness, the loneliness and desolation of his early life, and his "catlike faculty for seeing in the dark."

Hawthorne, as the result of these influences, was a man, shy and reserved; a man who always looked on the shady and mournful side of life, and one whose imagination and fancy were his prominent characteristics.

C. L. P., '84.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

I set myself, a certain night,
To track a star by its shifting light ;
I set myself, with toil and pain,
That star for the light of my world to gain.
Hours grew to days, 'midst hopes and fears ;
Days grouped them into months and years ;
Till at length, my star toward the earth did bend,
And I thought, "My work will be crowned by its end."
When lo ! it fell at the feet of my friend.

I said, "He is worthier far than I ;
God's token well may have passed me by.
It is meet that my star at his feet should lie."
So I put by the hours of my useless strife,
I gathered the shards of my shattered life,
And strove from its fragments to kindle a light
Which haply might brighten some sad heart's night.
With my own life's blood, the flame I fed,
And clear, to my sight, was the light it shed.

Not white and pure, like my lost, lost star—
It would never flash down the years afar—
But I thought it might serve, in a little place,
To throw back the smile on a loved one's face!

My friend walked forth in the world one day,
And straight one came to me to say,
"Your dim light pales in the light of his eyes,
Which have caught the gleam of eternal skies.
Too long we have followed its flickering ray,
And stumbled along an uncertain way,
And tried to believe that its light was good,
But now, we have seen and understood!"

Then I put away my useless toy—
The lamp at whose making I wrought with joy—
And smiled through tears. "What matter," I said,
"He or I, so more light on the world is shed?
I have failed. No wonder, with dreams so wild.
I can gather fireflies to please a child!"
Humbled and weary, forth I went.
The dew was falling, my day far spent.
The bright things danced in the evening breeze,
They lightened beneath the shadowing trees,
They gleamed in the distance near and far,
As bright, as elusive, as erst my star!

In the wood where I plied my weary quest,
In the cool of the evening, my friend sought rest.
The crowd that followed the light he bore,
On his burdened heart and brain pressed sore,
And he chanced where I, that summer night,
Was following fast the fireflies' flight.
The wee, bright fireflies circling sped,
And gathered, an aureole, round *his* head!

Weary, disheartened, I waited a while;
But at length, my pale lips forced a smile.
I cried, "Still he is my friend, my friend!
My useless life with his own doth blend."
Weeping, I cling to his outstretched hand,
And homeward we passed through the twilight land,

While Heaven's own peace dropped with the dew
On a world that was made for two—for two!

A stranger met me at his door;
My friend had need for me no more.

S. F. S., '83.

MISS MEHITABLE'S GUESTS.

The towns along the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania have a distinctive topography of their own. The houses cluster around a central square, from which lead out the four principal streets at rigid right angles. In some of the more ambitious towns, this central spot is beautified by a grass-plot and fountain, but the majority of them are but howling wastes of cobble stones, and serve chiefly as a play-ground for the small boys of the village and a rendezvous for market wagons. The village of X was especially unfortunate in its "square," for it was not only bare and desolate, but, owing to the position of the town on a slope of a hill, had a sudden droop along one side, as if it had become suddenly discouraged in its effort to keep its footing, and had settled down into broken-backed despondency. The buildings around its four sides were dingy, and had that forlorn look of shabby gentility which belongs to dwelling-houses partly transformed into shops. One corner was beautified by several handsome old trees, that shaded, with noble impartiality, the only remaining dwelling-house in the square and its plebeian neighbor —a small milliner's shop. This shop had a decided character of its own. Small, commonplace, a story lower than the adjoining buildings, it had, nevertheless, a quiet air of self-assertion which was attractive Its ornamentation was striking; paint and plaster were of subdued tints, but this tribute to conventionality was compensated for by the brilliant decorations of the shop-window and show-case. Here the coloring

was vivid; broad bands of shining red, white, and blue ribbons, narrow ones combining the three hues, ribbons covered with tiny flags, ribbons with the stars, ribbons with the stripes, ribbons with both, were stretched from top to bottom of the window, wreathed the gas fixtures, were arranged in symmetrical patterns on the counter—filled the whole range of vision. The owner was evidently nothing, if not patriotic. The warm light of this August evening of '63, brought out the colors in all their gorgeousness; they shone with so much brilliancy as even to cast a glow over the figure of the small assistant as she came out from the shop and passed the window on her homeward way. Her mistress, Miss Mehitable Hearn, the proprietor and originator of this blaze of loyal color, stood behind the counter, arranging some odds and ends preparatory to closing up for the day.

Miss Hearn's fondness for striking decoration is evidently confined to her surroundings; she herself is a small, demure, quietly dressed body, brown-haired, and with the delicate skin which, even at forty, retains the trick of blushing. And now the last end of ribbon is rolled up and put away. The little milliner glances around to assure herself of the orderliness of her domain, before she steps to the door of her shop and looks across the square. The light of the summer evening is fading rapidly; the last tints of the sunset can be seen in the west, and the radiance from the clouds sheds a faint rosy light over the dingy square. But Miss Mehitable is not looking at the sunset,—her eyes are fixed abstractedly upon the opposite row of houses. A sudden clattering of hoofs on the cobble stones arouses her from her reverie, and a detachment of troops wearing the blue uniform of the United States rides into the square. The little milliner's eyes kindle. She looks searchingly, almost intently, at the dismounting men. The sight is no rarity, for these war-times have made both blue and gray uniforms familiar to the people in this part of the country. Still, she watches them closely. She looks almost expectant.

But the question which she seems to be asking is doomed to remain unanswered, for just then there is a cry, "The Rebs—the Rebs," and a bullet from the advance guard of the approaching party whizzes by. A couple of gray coats appear at the foot of one of the streets leading into the square, and a few seconds later a troup of mounted Confederate soldiers dash down the hill to join them. As they advance, they fire; the Rebel yell sounds through the street. The Union soldiers are taken at a disadvantage, but they rally quickly and open a brisk return fire. The inhabitants of the square prudently retire from the scene of action, and take refuge in those corners of their houses which are furthest from the flying bullets. Miss Mehitable, apparently, is of stouter stuff than her neighbors, for she retreats no further than the threshold of her little parlor behind the shop. The firing continues until, under cover of the dusk, the Union soldiers retreat, leaving the field in the hands of their enemies. Miss Mehitable's womanly curiosity is strong, and while the combatants are exchanging the parting shots, she comes forward to get a glimpse of them. As she peers out through her show-window into the uncertain dusk, the shop door is pushed open and an unsteady step crosses the threshold. Miss Hearn looks around to see the tall, slight figure of a man standing just inside her door. He comes forward a few steps, looks around uncertainly, then drops into a chair and quietly faints away. Miss Mehitable is a woman of action; in the twinkling of an eye she locks out possible intruders, and drops a curtain over the glass half of the door. Her heart beats a trifle quickly as she bends over the unconscious man; no; he is a stranger, young, and wearing the uniform of a lieutenant in the United States army. She loosens his blouse at the neck, and as she does so, she sees that his clothing is stained with the blood from an ugly wound in his shoulder. As Miss Mehitable bends over him, he stirs, opens his eyes and looks at her with the blank gaze of one to whom consciousness is just returning. Gradually he gathers

intelligence: "Ah, I remember!" he says, "my horse was shot and I was nearly made prisoner. Providence must have guided me here. I had heard of you from a comrade whom you had helped. Can you shelter me for the night? I am Lieutenant Neal of the — th New York." Miss Mehitable's face flushed. "You shall stay here until your wound is healed." "But Madam—" "You must," says Miss Mehitable, a little grimly, glancing up after an inspection of his shoulder. "Your wound won't let you move for days to come, and besides, they say the Rebel army is surrounding the place, and by to-morrow you won't be able to get through the lines."

"But the danger to yourself?"

"Sir," with gentle dignity, "I have a brother in the Union army. While he is fighting for his country, I can't shirk my part of the work here." Her guest demurs no further,—the exhaustion and pain from his wound plead eloquently for Miss Mehitable's plan.

Yet, in spite of her ready hospitality, she was somewhat puzzled to know what to do with her guest. His presence must not be known, if she wished to prevent his being taken prisoner by the Rebels. Fortunately, there was no one else then in the house, the one servant who did the work of the modest establishment having gone for the night. She had plenty of unoccupied rooms, but none where she could conceal a wounded man. At this moment she thought of the garret, running the length of the house, and divided by a central partition into two rooms—the inner one of these would serve her purpose. She assisted the young man into the parlor, and dressed his wound After he had rested a while she conducted him up the two steep flights of stairs that led to the garret. "You will be safe here," she said, "and I will do my best to make you comfortable; you needn't be alarmed by footsteps you hear—no one ever comes up this last flight but me."

"If you were as safe as I feel,"—he began, but she interrupted him.

"No one saw you come here—they were all hiding from the bullets—and no one will suspect it; besides, I am not afraid of the Rebels."

He had hardly exaggerated in speaking of the danger his hostess incurred. Public sympathy in this border country was about equally divided between the North and South, and the intensity of their conflicting feelings heightened the interest which neighbors naturally feel in each other to a degree which was sometimes inconvenient. Miss Mehitable, especially, had found herself irritated by these attentions, as her next-door neighbors were bitter "Secesh," and the outspoken loyalty of the milliner's shop was a thorn in their flesh. As had been rumored, the Rebel army was on the advance; the skirmishing party was an *avant courier*, and two days later the town was in their possession. Some few families left the place, others aided in the hasty flight of one or more of their members who found it prudent to avoid Rebel attentions, but the majority contented themselves with burying their valuables, and stayed quietly to meet the fortune war might bring. Miss Mehitable was one of the latter. She kept demurely on her way, not even making the concession of removing the red, white, and blue streamers from her window. The wounded man upstairs was recovering slowly. Miss Mehitable's nursing powers were taxed to their utmost; she had not dared to call in a physician, for fear of arousing the suspicion of her lynx-eyed neighbors; but with the aid of the experience volunteer hospital work had brought, she had taken the responsibility and care upon her own shoulders.

"Why will you take all this trouble for me?" the young man said one day. "I am not worth it, nor the risk you run. The Rebels are here still, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"How can I ever repay you for the care you have given

"Would you feel more comfortable if you thought you could repay me, as you say? You may have it in your power to do me a great service."

"How?" She hesitated a moment and then said:

"I have a brother in the Union army. You have never seen him, have you?" a little wistfully.

"Hearn—Hearn—what is his first name?"

"Robert."

"What is his rank?"

"I don't know."

"What is his regiment?"

"I don't know."

"Is he in the volunteer service or the regular army?"

"I don't know."

Lieutenant Neal looked surprised; he was about to speak, but Miss Mehitable interrupted him.

"I haven't seen him since he was nineteen years old. He left here soon after father died, to make a fortune for mother and me, he said. He went South, and at first we used to hear from him regularly, but he gradually stopped writing, and after mother's death he never wrote at all. I haven't heard from him since."

"How long since he left?"

"Sixteen years this summer."

"But, Miss Hearn, how do you know he is in the army?"

Miss Mehitable's eyes flashed, and the sudden pink color came to her cheeks. "Where else would a man be at such a time? Do you suppose my brother is a coward or a shirk? He is in the Union army."

"But, Miss Hearn—"

She waved aside his interruption. "I know he is there—I feel it—and he will come back home again; but"—with a sudden change of tone—"he may be wounded sometime, or a prisoner, or in need of help—if you should meet him—"

The young man looked at her a moment: "I will remember whose brother he is."

Neither spoke for a few moments, and then Miss Mehitable began again, resuming to he usual tone of conversation. "I almost forgot what I came to tell you. They have searched the houses of several Union people in town, and I think they're coming here. I believe those miserable Secesh next door know there is some one hidden here."

"But how could they have found out?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. It may have leaked out through the servant. I never told her anything, but she's a sharp piece, and she may have noticed something out of the common."

Lieutenant Neal was silent for a while. "It is rather hard to be taken like this, when I can't defend myself. I'd rather be captured in open fight—I'd rather die than be made prisoner by them."

"You won't be made prisoner."

"Why, your house hasn't a secret chamber, has it? How will you manage?"

Miss Mehitable smiled mysteriously.

"Keep your door shut and your window open, and trust to me; and keep perfectly quiet, no matter what you hear outside here."

Miss Mehitable was not wrong in her surmises. The next day brought a file of men and a Confederate officer to her house. "You are suspected of having some of the enemy hidden in your house. Is it so?"

"Some of the enemy? No. I don't shelter Rebels."

"Come, madam, no impertinence. I have orders to search your house. Will you conduct us, or shall we find our way ourselves?"

"I'll go with you."

She led them over the house, from the cellar up. Every nook and corner was searched, the walls tested and the floors examined with painstaking care.

"Might I ask whom you expect to find? General McClellan and all his staff, I suppose. They're not in that cupboard."

The officer muttered something uncomplimentary about "tricky women," but Miss Mehitable calmly ignored the reflection upon her good faith. They passed on from room to room, until nothing remained but the garret.

"We have seen every room below, certainly," said the officer.

"You certainly have," answered Miss Mehitable. "Come up to the garret now."

They climbed the narrow stairs, and Miss Mehitable waited before the closed garret door until they were all up at the topmost landing. Then she pushed it open, and a blinding, choking, suffocating cloud of sulphur smoke poured out. The exploring party precipitately fell back, and stopped to cough.

"Great Heavens, woman, what have you here," exclaimed the captain.

"Only my bleaching apparatus. You know I'm a milliner. I bleach hats with sulphur. It isn't bad after you're used to it. Won't you come in?" Miss Mehitable stepped over the threshold and looked inquiringly back.

"Thanks, no! Do shut that door and keep that confounded smoke in. No use going in there"—to his men—"no mortal could live in such a place."

Miss Mehitable saw them well out of the house, before she extinguished the fire of her bleaching apparatus; and then found her way through the smoke to the door of the inner room and passed in. She stepped to the open window and held up her hand to test the direction of the breeze. "It was fortunate there was a west wind to-day," she said, "or the smoke might have troubled you."

Lieutenant Neal did not answer immediately. His eyes slowly filled with tears; then he said,

"You have saved me twice."

A few days later the Confederate army left the town, and Miss Mehitable's guest could depart with safety. On the evening fixed for his start he was pacing up and down the little parlor in the dusk, waiting for his hostess. Presently she

entered. "The arrangements are all made," she said, "your horse is ready for you at Farmer Galbraith's—the last house this side of the toll-gate, on the Northern turnpike—a small, white house, remember." He stepped up to her with outstretched hand, "Miss Mehitable, how can I ever thank you?"

She looked up at him. "My brother—"

"Our paths will meet, and then"—he stooped and kissed her hand and was gone.

It was a dreary winter evening, six months after Lieutenant Neal's departure; the wind had risen since sundown, and occasionally dashed a few drops of rain against the window-panes. Miss Mehitable was sitting by her open fire, knitting gray woolen socks for the soldiers. A large box of clothing was to be sent away to hospitals in the West the next day, and Miss Mehitable intended to contribute at least a dozen pairs of socks to it. She sits in a low rocking-chair, with her feet on the fender, and the skirt of her dress folded back over her knees. The room is not brightly lighted; a small lamp stands on the table by her side, and the glow of the fire lights up the centre of the room. The knitting-needles fly swiftly and almost mechanically; the worker's thoughts are with the soldiers in camp about twenty miles off. She has never seen Lieutenant Neal since that night, six months before, when he left her house. She knew he had gotten away safely, and had since been constantly in the field. He might be with the army now encamped near—perhaps—who knows? Robert might be there too. Her heart beats more quickly at the thought. Sixteen years and a half since he went away; she remembered him perfectly, the expression of his face, the jaunty twirl of his cap as he turned the corner that hid him from their view. And she imagined what he must be like now—taller, of course, and bronzed by sun and wind, but she knew just how he must look in his blue uniform—very handsome and very brave—he always was a daring boy—and just how his forage cap would

set on his head; she had looked wistfully for that familiar pair of brown eyes under the brim of many such a cap during the past two years. Suddenly, a vivid mental picture rose before her of a field after a battle, and Robert lying there among the wounded! She stirred uneasily, as if to put away the pain of the thought; her knitting dropped into her lap. At least he would come back to her, sick, perhaps—perhaps with an empty coat-sleeve—she would be all the prouder of him—he would have done all he could for the cause. The quick tears of pride rose to her eyes; she wiped them away, but they came faster and faster, until Miss Mehitable gave herself up to them, and sat with her head bowed down on her hands.

"I pray that he may come back safely; he must, and he will—" A low, hurried knocking at the shop door interrupted her. She dried her eyes and listened. It came again. She ran to the door and opened it. As she loosened the bolts the door was pushed from the outside, and a man rushed by, exclaiming, "Fasten it, quick!"

He motioned toward the door, and then pushed past her into the parlor beyond. Miss Mehitable obeyed, with hands that shook slightly, and then followed him into the parlor. He stood there in the shadow. He was tall, gaunt, shabby; his clothes were stained to an indistinguishable hue by contact with the damp earth; a bandage was tied around his head, and over that he wore a slouch hat pulled down over his eyes. Miss Mehitable felt strangely nervous; her interrupted thoughts had not been the best preparation for such a happening as this; she grasped the back of her rocking-chair for support. The man came forward a little.

"Don't you remember me?"

Miss Mehitable trembled—the voice had an oddly familiar tone in it. He stepped into the warm circle of firelight and threw off the hat which had partially hidden his face; still she did not stir. "Hitty!" He stretched out his arms to her. The sound of her childish name thrilled her, it broke the spell that had bound her.

"Oh, Robert, Robert!"

Her brother had come back to her out of the world of shadows she had been conjuring up.

She clung to him, sobbing; but her tears seemed to be for a joy as purely imaginary as the sorrow she had just been mourning over. After a moment he loosened her arms.

"Did you fasten the door, Hitty?"

"Yes." She could not let him go; she still needed the evidence of actual contact to convince her of his reality. She led him over to a seat by the fire, keeping her hand upon his sleeve; the coarse fibres of the cloth under her fingers gave her actual pleasure. He sank into the chair with a little sigh of satisfaction, and as he did so, the warm light fell full upon him, and showed the changes sixteen years had made. The man who sat there was haggard, unkempt, shabby; he looked worn, not only as if by the exactions of service, but by an irregular life. His face showed lines which not even sixteen years of toilsome life should have made. Even as he sat there, he did not get rid of an air of alertness, hardly definable, but yet present; he seemed to be continually on his guard. His quick-glancing eyes looked almost furtively around the humble little room. But Miss Mehitable noticed none of this; she saw only that he looked worn and weather-beaten; her attention was now first attracted to the bandage around his head.

"Robert, you are wounded!"

"Only a scratch—but those cursed Yanks were close after me."

Miss Mehitable started; for a moment she felt curiously sick and faint, but she recovered herself with a little mental shake—she had not heard aright—she was still dazed by the shock of his arrival.

"I came pretty near being caught, but, luckily, I gave them the slip. Can't you give me something to eat, Hitty? I've been lying out here in the fields for two days, and it's pretty dreary work."

"But, weren't you with the army?"

He laughed—"It's rather too far down in Virginia to be handy just now."

"Virginia! it's just across the country here."

"Those are the Yanks. You don't suppose I belong to them?"

He stretched himself out more comfortably in his chair and looked into the glowing fire. "You're very cosy here, Hitty!"

Miss Mehitable gazed at him with a sort of terror—it could not possibly be true! She knelt down by his chair. Her voice faltered slightly when she began. "You've said it twice, Robert—but it isn't true, is it?—I know it can't be true. You are a Union soldier, Robert?"

He gave her a look of amusement which had a little disdain in it.

"Union! Where did you get that notion, sis? Do you think I'm one of that mean Northern set!"

She interrupted him:

"You don't know what you are saying, Robert. You must belong to the Union army. There are no Rebel troops near here."

"No, I'm sent on ahead, as it were, to make preparations for them—to find out about these Unioners. Why, Hitty, you look scared."

"Robert, you don't—you aren't—"

He laughed again. "Did you ever hear of a man named Dennis, whom the Yankees particularly dislike? Don't look so pale, I shan't inform on you, though you are such a good Union woman." He laid his hand on her shoulder. "Come, Hitty, you've entertained the Northerners—do a good turn for the other side. Let's have some supper."

She brushed his hand off and started to her feet.

"My house shall never shelter a Rebel! a spy!"

Her implied threat roused the brutality of the man. He caught her dress as she turned away from him. "Hetty, see

here! I'll have no nonsense. Once dare to let those Yankees know I'm here, and I'll—perhaps you would like me to go out and give myself up." He still remembered his boyhood well enough to know how to rule this sister. But she shook him off; her face did not soften.

"Don't touch me! You, a spy!"

"Listen here! I narrowly escaped being caught to-night. I ran in here to escape them."

"How did you know but that there was some one here?"

"I knew you lived alone. I've been round here three or four times before, and I'm used to using my eyes. Still, I wouldn't have risked it if I hadn't been pushed."

"Here three or four times before—and going away again without coming here! Oh, Robert, after all these years!"

The faithlessness to her country roused her anger and scorn; the indifference to herself wounded her to the heart. Her brother looked at her with a certain grim satisfaction in her distress; he was safe under his sister's roof. She brought him food, and watched him silently as he ate it with the ravenous hunger of a man who had been lying out in the fields for two days. At length he pushed his plate away. "Where can you put me for to-night?" "Come," she replied, laconically. She led him up-stairs; as he passed one of the bedrooms he halted. "Not there," she said, "the servant might see you in the morning. You must take the room in the garret."

Miss Mehitable's house again held a fugitive, and again was liable to be searched. The man Dennis had been traced through the town, and had narrowly escaped capture; he had been recognized as a well-known spy, and the Northern authorities were on the alert to prevent his getting through their line to the enemy. He had been seen in the "square" late the night before—so Miss Mehitable learned from the gossip of customers. She listened with a curious indifference, all the time with a sickening consciousness of the man up-

stairs, who was "wanted," and was her brother. She did not think they would search her house for him—she was too well-known as a Union woman to be suspected of harboring a spy. They would probably go next door, and even in her trouble she felt a little malicious satisfaction in having the tables so turned. If the worst came to the worst, she still had the bleaching apparatus to fall back upon. Robert was on the lookout, and had his directions. Some figures darkened her window as she considered. Some soldiers halted in front of the house, and the officer in charge pushed open the door and walked in. Miss Mehitable nervously sorted over the ribbons in a box, as she gathered her courage for the ordeal. A cheery voice broke in upon her silence, and a hand was stretched across the counter; she looked up to meet Lieutenant Neal's friendly eyes. "We meet again, Miss Hearn. How has the world gone with you? As well as you deserve, I hope."

She did not answer, but he went on without noticing her silence. "Miss Hearn, I confess I am here to-day on an errand I am ashamed of. I just joined my regiment last night, and was ordered here this morning to search your house for a spy, Dennis, who has been hanging around the camp. They say he was traced to this house last night—of course its a mistake—I feel that I insult you by the suggestion. Surely no one has better reason than I to believe in your loyalty—pardon me, Miss Hearn, are you ill?—you looked so white. No! well, as a matter of form will you give your word that you have no such person in hiding? I'll take the responsibility of not searching the house. The man is not here?"

Miss Mehitable struggled a moment for her voice; then she met his glance composedly.

"No, he is not here."

"Thank you. I almost feel as if I ought to apologize for asking."

His voice took a different tone; he hesitated, and then approached the subject indirectly.

"Miss Hearn, have you found out your brother's regiment yet?"

"No." She spoke calmly, without a tremor of voice or a change in a muscle of her face. Even as she answered, she found herself wondering at her own composure.

"I shall keep on the watch for him. I'll see you again soon. Good morning."

He gives the word of command to his men and they march off. His former hostess watches them out of sight, and then turns, wearily, to leave the shop. She goes on, upstairs. At the top of the second flight Robert meets her.

"How did you get rid of them? What did you do?"

She turned on him almost fiercely—"I lied for you."

That night Robert Hearn, *alias* Dennis, the spy, left the house. Under cover of the darkness he got away safely, and rejoined the approaching Southern army. A few days later the two armies met on the level meadows south of the town; the battle lasted all day, leaving neither side in possession of the field. The loss was great on both sides, and, in the next morning's newspaper, prominent among the list of the dead, Miss Mehitable read the name, Robert Dennis.

E. M. H., '82.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

A society entitled, "Society for the Encouragement of Home Study" had existed in England for several years prior to 1873, when an association of similar name and purpose was established in Boston. Miss Ticknor, the present secretary of the American Society, hearing of this English organization, conceived the plan of founding one of like nature in this country. She gathered about her a few friends, interested them in her project, and through their efforts a society, with the slightly varied title, "Society to Encourage Studies at Home," but differing essentially in its methods from the English original, took definite form and substance. In its first year six ladies constituted the working force, and the students numbered forty-five. In 1881, the working force reached 174, and the students numbered 960. Of the 960, 426 were members of more than one year's standing; 205 were taking their second year's course; 109 their third; 72 their fourth; 23 their fifth; 16 their sixth; and one, her seventh. The geographical representation has become an extended one. In 1881, the homes of the members comprised thirty-six states and territories of the Union, three provinces of Canada, and Bermuda. In 1879, a resident of Japan was upon the list. During 1881, 9349 letters were written to students and 8453 received from them. The society owns a lending library, which is constantly increasing, both from its own funds and from gifts of friends.

It held, last year, 1133 volumes, and during the term, 967 were sent out to members. The fee is small, one-half cent a day, and even this is remitted, on request, for needy students.

The purpose of the society is conveyed in its name. It cannot give the instruction of a teacher, and it does not aim to supply the place of school or academy. It offers, first of all, encouragement to self-effort and incentive to self-guidance; but, so far as its methods render possible, it adds to these primary objects, suggestion and assistance. It endeavors throughout to lead the student to test her own knowledge and to read and study with care and thoroughness. Its circular opens with this sentence: "The purpose of the society is to induce young women to form the habit of devoting some part of every day to study of a systematic and thorough kind." It does not require that any particular programme of study shall be carried out in a fixed period. It demands only that the work shall be regular and thorough, however limited in extent. And the limit depends in each case upon the ability and leisure of the student. The effort of the society, from the beginning, has been to check superficial acquirement, and to urge upon the pupil the benefit of the complete mastery of one or a few subjects. The following quotation from the last annual report bears witness to this endeavor: "It is a mistake to attempt prematurely two or more courses, not only on account of the thoroughness demanded by our methods, but because some of the advantage is thus lost of learning how to pursue a special line of research. Hereafter beginners will not be allowed to do this."

The work of the society divides itself into six departments: History, English Literature, Science, Art, German Literature and French Literature. There is a lady in charge of each department. Further, the departments, excepting those of German and French Literature, are subdivided into sections, with a lady at the head of each section These subdivisions have taken place as the number of students has increased, and

have kept pace with the variety of subjects called for. The ladies directly in charge of individual students, are called correspondents, and their number depends, of course, on the size of the sections. For instance, the department of History subdivides into: I. Ancient; II. Mediaeval; III. Modern European; IV. American History. Science divides into: I Botany and Zoology; II. Physical Geography and Geology; III. Astronomy and Mathematics. There are certain general rules to which all departments conform; but, in the main, as regards courses of study and methods of procedure, the departments are independent. The ladies in charge are specialists, and are subject to no supervision except of the most general nature.

Necessarily the only source of communication between correspondent and student is by letter, and the fundamental basis of the society is a regular monthly correspondence. The student is required to send every month a letter stating her progress and difficulties, and to enclose a report consisting of notes (from memory), an abstract of some chapter or topic, or answers to examination questions previously sent by the correspondent. The duty of the correspondent is to answer this letter, and to give such aid or suggestion as the case may require. The use of the different tests, memory notes, abstracts, and examination questions, varies with the subject under consideration, and the proficiency of the student. In the literary departments, greater stress is laid on memory notes and abstracts; in the scientific, upon recorded observation, drawings, and description of specimens. The students in Botany and Mineralogy are requested to send to their correspondents specimens obtained from their own neighborhoods, with drawings and descriptions. Small collections of rocks and fossils are supplied by the society, and are either loaned or sold.

The class of girls which, in the opinion of the original promoters of the society, was to profit by its establishment, comprised the large number of those who, after their school-days are over, return to their homes, and do not enter upon any

professional occupation. These are bound by no requirements outside the comparatively irregular and uncompelling duties of home-life, and are in danger of drifting into superficial habits of thought and reading. For this class the society has, beyond question, met an important need. But its usefulness has extended beyond this limit. It now includes women in all positions of life, from the wealthy girl who asks from it only the incentive to more serious and persistent endeavor, to the poor clerk in the country store, who cannot afford to pay the small admittance fee of three dollars, and must request the use of society books free of charge.

Last year there were among the students 134 teachers. Some of these seek the help of the society to increase their proficiency in the branches they teach; others, for maintaining a separate course of study and keeping alive an interest in subjects outside the school-room. There are mothers among the number who are instructing their children. I recall one interesting case of a mother who was studying Botany, and who, in her daily walks with her children, taught them the brief lesson of the day, or that portion of it which she could profitably convey to them. And, if I do not mistake, there has been a grandmother on the list,—certainly a lady old enough to fill that honorable capacity. There are also a few advanced students, who hardly need suggestion or guidance, but find in the society a healthful regulating influence and a sympathizing coöperation. It is a notable fact that a so-called lady of leisure, if she is a person of energy and resource, is often less in command of her own time than the busiest professional worker. Her leisure time is regarded as the legitimate prey of the Sunday School picnic, the club and the philanthropist's scheme. Now, although such things as these are not underrated by the woman who desires to be a useful member of her community, she may well feel grateful for any outside control, which will help her to keep unimpaired for self-culture some portion of the day or week. And the busy

housewife who, without disregarding the claims of house and home, realizes the necessity for mental activity, has found a grateful stimulus in the monthly letters of her correspondent. One of these, now two years a student in the Science department, writes: "If I allowed my interest to decline all these years (while her children are growing up) I know it would be dead beyond hope of resurrection by that time. I know, too, that it is just as essential to the moral and intellectual welfare of my family that I keep my mind bright, as it is to their physical welfare that I make shirts and darn stockings."

The class of women benefited and the quality of the benefit, cannot better be illustrated, perhaps, than by giving a few examples. A young woman, clerk and book-keeper in a remote country town, wrote, when she joined the geological section, "It's of no use to go on geological trips, for there are no rocks about here." But in the course of the winter she sent to her correspondent some thirty specimens containing fossil coral, and she found every month "something new." Another who feels "as if she had lived thus far with her eyes shut," has found "a lovely stone wall," and had not dreamed before that "there could be so much beauty in a stone." A teacher in the far South is studying entomology, and is instructing "forty bright boys" in the subject. "The study," she writes, "has put new life into my school-room." Another young student wrote at the end of her first year: "I have really learned a good deal, though it may not appear so, and I wish to thank you for teaching me *how* to study."

An annual meeting is held in Boston in June, to which all members are invited. During May, essays are voluntarily contributed by the different departments, and two or three are selected for reading at this meeting. The secretary's report is read, and brief addresses given by invited friends. A social gathering follows the literary exercises, and thus an op-

portunity is offered for a pleasant interchange of spoken word between those who may have previously known each other only through the written page.

One of my earliest recollections is that of being taken by my mother, when I was a very little girl, to call upon certain old ladies of our town. Well do I remember the wrath, the righteous indignation which used to fill my soul, when I was dragged from my play, put into my best dress, and otherwise made to feel that my hour had come. But I never submitted without a struggle.

"Don't want to go," I would wail, "I don't see what I have to go for."

My mother, who doubtless thought a little discipline of the kind would do me no harm, would answer:

"Why, don't you suppose that when you get old you will want to have little girls come and see you once in a while?"

"No, I don't. I don't want to see them and I don't believe they want to see me," I would retort; but neither argument nor entreaty availed: go I must, and go I did.

Those poor old ladies! What a useless and unnecessary element of the population I considered them! And yet, it was not that I disliked them all. Some of them were not half as bad as others. Indeed, there were one or two who used to give me cookies and crackers, of whom I was quite fond. But if there was any one person on whom my childish dislike vented itself in full force, it was Miss Thankful Fox. I hated her then, and I have not developed any love for her since; but now I can endure her, and, as a unique specimen of the human race, even find her an interesting study. Her appearance is by no means prepossessing. Her own mother, if she could see her, would hesitate before calling her plain, and think of a stronger term. She wears her hair, still black for reasons

unknown, smoothed low on the temples, and drawn over the top of her ears, in the fashion of some forty years ago. She has high cheek-bones, a very large mouth, with full lips of a brilliant, unnatural crimson, staring grey eyes, for the most part mercifully hidden under spectacles, and—last but not least—a nose. Not that it is so large, both George Eliot and Savonarola had larger, but the nostrils! surely Nature was paying off some grudge against mankind when she opened those caverns in poor Miss Thankful's face. Once seen they are never forgotten. And yet the fates were not wholly unkind. One and one only redeeming feature did they deign to bestow on this unsightly countenance;—a beautiful set of teeth, still so white and strong as to excite the envy of sixteen. As to the rest, she is somewhere between sixty and seventy years of age, tall, thin, large-boned, and angular, with a stoop in her shoulders, and a perpetual whine. She is not very strong, and, being of a hypochondriacal turn, always thinks her ills the worst that ever befell mankind. Nor can she bear her various maladies in silence. If you go to see her, you have first to make up your mind to listen to a detailed account of the "tumor in her side," the "spine in her back," and to hear "last night she was fairly tied in a double bow-knot with cramps," etc., etc., all related in such a faint, melancholy voice, with such a die-away manner, that you can only wonder how she manages to survive from one minute to the next. But wait till that subject begins to approach exhaustion, and by a question here, and a suggestion there, you will soon make Miss Thankful's eyes begin to brighten, and presently she will be talking away in as cheerful a voice, and with as much animation as could be desired, telling you how "Miss Brown sent her some milk she knew had been skim," and how "those miserable little Jones boys had been throwing mud at her front door;" and enlarging on the one never-ending, limitless theme, as to why people don't come to see her oftener. Of that last topic Miss Thankful never tires. She seems to think

that people ought to flock to her house in crowds every day, and never realizes for an instant how very unpleasant she makes it for them, and what a charity it is for any one to come at all. And so, by the time you go away, she will be as well as you are, and will be persuading you with as much pertinacity as an old Jew, to buy some of her tooth-powder. For Miss Thankful is a bit of a quack, and earns her humble sustenance by selling what she herself advertises as "T. Fox's Indian Tooth Preventitive." Where or how she ever discovered its secret nobody knows; but sell it she does, and that without any difficulty, for her own beautiful teeth are an argument in its favor too strong to be resisted.

A more absolutely tactless person never lived. When you go to see her, she will heap a perfect tirade of abuse and reproaches on your head for not coming before, while you, meanwhile, are registering a mental vow never to go again. If you take her a cake, she will say:

"Thank you, but I wish it had been bread," whereas, if it had been bread, cake would have been the one thing lacking. She expects everything to be done for her, and she returns nothing, not even thanks. Never was woman more wrongly named; for whatever else she is, she assuredly is not thankful.

Another peculiar, and in my opinion, intensely disagreeable old citizen of my native place, is Mrs. Wiggins, commonly entitled Aunt Abigail. But not to her face! no, indeed! Never address her as Aunt Abigail, unless you expect to be utterly annihilated by a single glance. She is as forbidding as Gibraltar, and about as hard. In her youth, some time back in the dark ages, she was a school-mistress, and she has never forgotten the habits of sternness there acquired, if indeed, they ever were acquired.

When I was a little girl, she used to frighten me almost to death by stopping me in the street, in church, or wherever we happened to meet, and asking me questions. I remember,

with frightful distinctness, one tea-party of my mother's, at which Aunt Abigail was present. I was frolicking about among the guests, having a delightful time, when suddenly I found myself opposite Aunt Abigail. Before I could get away, she had fixed her cold, gray eyes on me, and was commanding, with a piercing glance, "Spell knoll!" Poor me! my wits all forsook me, and althoügh usually a tolerable speller, I could only gasp despairingly "N-o-l-e, knoll." It goes without saying, that Aunt Abigail has never had the same respect for me since. But her greatest fault is her consuming desire to know all about everyone else's business. Never did any woman have a larger bump of inquisitiveness! She will ask question after question, permitting no evasions, and acknowledging no rebuffs, until, whether you will or not, your whole history is safely in her keeping. I say safely advisedly, for Aunt Abigail is no gossip. She pries into family matters simply for her own amusement, and they go no further. If she had only devoted herself to law, she would have made the finest cross-examiner living.

Not less disagreeable than Aunt Abigail, though in quite a different way, was another of my childish abominations, Miss Sarah Chillon. She was a woman of very good family, but poor; and ever since I can remember, she has done sewing in our family, quite as a favor (?), for she would scorn to be called a common seamstress. She is a selfish, crabbed, opinionated old woman, whose manner seems always to be saying, "I am just as good as you are, and I'll have you know it, too." But I have learned now that there are a great many excuses for the poor soul. Only an angel could have endured her trials with patience or equanimity, and I doubt if many would have come out as well. You would never dream, to see her now, a little, wizened old maid, with wrinkled skin, firm set lips, drawn down at the corners, a few scattering locks of grey hair gathered into a knot on the back of her head, and a generally combative expression of countenance, that she was once

a bright, merry young girl, noticeable among a group of pretty sisters for the extreme length and beauty of her hair, and the gayety of her manners. As they grew up, her sisters were married and went away, one after another, until only Sarah was left at home, and she was not to wait long either. She had been, for some time, engaged to a gentleman, quite as eligible in every respect as her sister's husband's, and very much wealthier. In short, Sarah was about to make *the* match of the family. Nor was she marrying merely for money : she loved and was loved in return. But only three or four days before the wedding, when everything was ready,—guests invited, bridal dress waiting for the bride,—Sarah fell suddenly very ill. After a sickness of months, she recovered, only to mourn the sudden illness and death of her lover. In the months of suffering that followed, all her good looks faded, her beautiful hair became thin and silvered, and the light-hearted girl was lost in the sober, prematurely aged woman. But trouble did not cease here. Within a year or two, both her parents died, and she was left alone, with very little for her support. Her sisters would have had her come to them; but she hesitated to increase their burdens, and besides, it hurt her pride to think that she who, with her more brilliant prospects, had formerly held her head higher than any of them; should now have to depend upon their charity for her daily bread ; so she went to work at sewing, her only useful accomplishment. She was not one of those souls who see a discipline in every trial. She rebelled against her fate, she envied others more fortunately situated, her naturally sweet disposition became embittered ; and in time she developed into a hard, lonely old maid, unloving and unloved. But misfortune seemed determined never to let her alone. The last stroke came a few years ago, when all her little property, the hard-earned savings of years, which she had been hoarding up against the time when she should be unable to work, was lost in a great bank failure. This was too much for her; her spirit seemed

to break. She realized that now, whether she would or not, she must, some time, sink into dependence; she had fought out her battle with the world, and the world had won, Since that time she has become quite softened, she even tries to make friends; and, although at her age, to change the nature entirely, would be impossible, still she has succeeded, to a great extent, in throwing off the mask of hardness which formerly repelled even pity.

But these antiquated acquaintances of mine are not all disagreeable. Some of them are very genial, not to say amusing. Such a one is Miss Martha Sherwood, a milliner, who makes bonnets for all the oldest inhabitants for miles around,—those who can remember when "Marthy's" was the fashionable emporium, and who don't know but that it is still. I have never been inside Martha's shop, but if her bonnets are as antidiluvian as herself, and I suppose they are, it must be a genuine "Old Curiosity." Miss Martha scorns all "new-fangled trumpery"; she gave up attempting to keep up with the styles some twenty years or more ago, when enormous hoop-skirts were the thing, and has remained dressed in the fashion of that period ever since. I never see her except on the street, when she always wears a short, plain, skirt, of some brown and white checked material, which stands out around her little figure like a cheese, several inches above her ankles. Beneath her petticoats her little (?) feet peep in and out, clothed in white woolen stockings and rubbers. Rain or shine Miss Martha always wears rubbers. I infer that she has slippers under them; but this is only inference, as they never are seen. About her shoulders she wears a long, black alpaca cape, something like the modern circulars, and her bonnet is a black poke, decked with a bunch of bright flowers. With her will or against it, Miss Martha is, to her intense surprise, gradually coming into fashion. As for the rest, she is a very generous woman, who, in her quiet way, does a great deal of good.

Miss Volona Corning is another belated maiden, very like Miss Martha in appearance, except that she wears a wig. It always was the greatest mystery to my childish mind why Miss Bologna, as I called her—firmly believing what my brother had told me, that she was named after a Bologna sausage—always wore her hair smoothed down so completely as to cover her ears. I used to wonder if she had no ears, until finally one of my friends, more knowing than myself, told me that she wore a wig. She is not one of the lean and withered species of old maid. She is very stout indeed, and as she lumbers along the street, her great hoop holding her skirts out around her, she pretty effectually drives all before her. She still lives at home with "Papa and Mamma," and is the daughter of the house. Her age is a mystery which a little girl at home once attempted to solve by asking, "Say, Mamma, which do you suppose is the oldest, Bolona Corning or her mother?"

But the queerest of all my old ladies is Miss Olivia Stanley, or Levia, as she is more generally called. She has been slightly demented for years; but as the turn her mania takes is perfectly harmless, she has, until quite recently, lived alone in her own house, and been allowed to go about at will. When she was young she was very pretty, and, as her father was one of the wealthiest men of the place, she was considered a great belle. According to her own account, she might have married almost any one she wished; but, for some reason or other, she chose to remain single. The reason of her present state I do not know; but people first began to suspect that she was "not quite right" because of the extreme peculiarity of her attire. Every one knew that she had a rich store of beautiful old brocade and moiré dresses, the remnants of her own and her mother's wardrobes. But imagine Miss Levia's appearing on the street, one icy cold winter day, arrayed in a pale lavender and white silk, of the fashion of some fifty years ago, with a delicate barége cape about her shoulders, and a

green and white parasol. She had always been "queer," but from that time her oddities became more marked than ever. A young lady in town was married, and a friend of hers, telling Miss Levia about the wedding, was very much astonished to hear her say,

"I suppose you didn't know that I gave the trousseau; but I did. I have given her all her clothing for years." Then she went on to explain how she had always taken an interest in Clara because she had at one time been engaged to Clara's father. And that is her prevailing hallucination; she believes that every man in town has, at some time or other, offered her his heart and hand. She concludes, naturally enough, that on this account the ladies are all jealous of her, and, in this belief, she rests happy. Several years ago, before I knew that she was crazy, she frightened me almost out of my senses. I met her in a store one day, and she said to me:

"Are you Mr. Page's little girl?"

"Yes," said I.

"Well," said she, "you seem to have the rickets." What the rickets were I did not know; I had never heard of them. Accordingly I rushed home, and looked in the dictionary. Never shall I forget the horror which seized me when I read that rickets was a disease afflicting children, in which the head often grew to the size of a pail. It was weeks before my parents could convince me that my head was not abnormally large.

But I have not yet exhausted my list of ancient worthies. There are one or two more who certainly deserve immortality. Mrs. Bowman is the dearest, sweetest, most unselfish little woman that I ever met in my life. She is almost the only one of my ancient friends whom I did not really mind visiting in my childhood. She lived with her mother, Aunt Polly, a very, very old lady, in a tiny, little, old, white house. I think those two women must have spent their time baking; for I never went there in my life, but that Mrs. Bowman brought

out a tin of crisp, warm, funny little crackers, of a kind that I never have seen, and never expect to see, anywhere else. Aunt Polly is dead now, and Mrs. Bowman lives all alone in her three little rooms; but still she seems as bright, happy, and contented as ever. She is very pretty to look at, too, being small and delicate, with a complexion that flushes up still, like a girl's, whenever she is surprised or pleased. She is one of those persons who literally do not let their right hands know what their left hands do; but she makes the lives of all those who come in contact with her brighter and better.

In strong contrast with Mrs. Bowman, last but by no means least in importance, there comes before my mind's eye the figure of Dame Atkinson. I am sure I don't know who gave her that sobriquet, but it suits her admirably, for a more perfect specimen of the *grande dame*, at least in appearance, I have never seen. I always think of her in a long, sweeping, black silk dress, of the kind that "can stand alone," with a white Chuddah shawl over her shoulders, and an airy structure of black lace and pink ribbon on her head. I never could see why ladies, as soon as they get old, should throw aside all pretty bright colors, and wear only sombre black; and I think the Dame must agree with me. She decidedly affects pink, and the result is very pleasing. It lends color to her faded cheeks, makes her blue eyes bluer, forms a pleasing contrast to the grey curls bobbing on her temples, in short—she is a very pretty old lady. This suits her to perfection, for she loves to be admired, and is still as fond of society as a girl. She is not one of those pessimistic persons who think nothing is so good now as it used to be, and, although she does not exactly approve of the manners of the present generation, still she enters with the heartiest pleasure into all their enjoyments.

And these, good, bad, and indifferent, are my old lady acquaintances, whom I have known from my childhood up. In

spite of their oddities and disagreeable ways, I can truly say that there is not one whom I should not feel sorry to miss; no, not even Miss Thankful Fox herself.

L. P., '83

With Rossetti's death, the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood has lost its most worthy representative. The man's whole identity —both name and antecedents—was in complete harmony with the spirit of his fraternity. William Morris must shrink from the sight of one of his own business cards, but Dante Gabriel Rossetti bore his title in his name! The spirit of a tender mediævalism brooded over his childhood. If any poet can be justified in forgetting that he was born a man before he was made an apostle of the beautiful, perhaps this one might have been. But contrast his tribute to Alexander II.,

> From him did forty million serfs, endow'd
> Each with six feet of death-due soil, receive
> Rich, freeborn, life-long land, whereon to sheave
> Their country's harvest,"

with the utterance of that "discreet soul," whose oddly-named "Sonnet to Liberty" declares that except for the fact that

> "The roar of her Democracies,
> Her Reigns of Terror, her great Anarchies
> Mirror its wildest passions like the sea,"—
> Might all kings
> Rob nations of their rights inviolate,"

and it "remain unmoved."

The son of an exiled Italian poet, whose life was devoted to the study of Dante, hot Southern blood in his veins, and the temptations of the artist-nature before him, we might have feared to find in him the extreme of his school. He is far less the painter-poet than Morris is the decorative artist. From his earlier volumes, one sometimes suspected him of having

laid down the brush for the pen, not because he had found something beyond the power of brush or pencil to express, but because he fancied that the pen would give him more delicate lines, more exquisite gradations of color in the work of the portrait painter. But he is less the colorist in his last book, "Ballads and Sonnets." It contains no creations like the "Blessed Damozel,"—a mediæval figure thrown flat against a back ground of dead gold—though the artist is still unmistakable—

> "How large that thrush looks on the hawthorne tree!
> A swarm of such, three little months ago,
> Had hidden in the leaves, and let none know."

> "In the hair dark-waved, the face lay white
> As the moon lies in the lap of night."

We came to the reading of "Ballads and Sonnets" fresh from an article in the "Princeton Review," whose author brings against Morris, Rossetti, and Swinburne (whom he calls "the Wilde school!") the triple charge of sentimentality, sensuality, and irreligion. Doubtless, Prof. Hunt has a right to make his own classification, though he seems to us to make Oscar Wilde the corner-stone of a poetic arch on which he is merely an ugly excrescence, but against these charges, we think that Rossetti, at least, out of his own mouth is justified. Was the author of these lines an advocate of dream-life?

> "Unto the man of yearning thought
> And aspiration, to do nought
> Is almost in itself an act,—
> Being chasm-fire and cataract
> Of the soul's uttter depth unsealed,
> Yet woe to thee, if once thou yield
> Unto the act of doing nought."

> "Stand not ye idle in the market-place.
> Which of ye knoweth *he* is not that last
> Who may be first by faith and will?"

Do "Last Days" and "Heart of the Night" prove him a sentimentalist? Or is it in poems like "Place de la Bastille" that he shows his "sickly sentimentalism" under the microscope of the reviewer?

> "How dear the sky has been above this place!
> Small treasures of the sky that we see here
> Seen weak through prison bars from year to year;
> Eyed with a painful prayer upon God's grace
> To save, and tears that stayed along the face
> Lifted at sunset, yea, how passing dear
> Those nights when through the bars a wind left clear,
> The heaven, and moonlight soothed the limpid space?"

In proof of his charge of sensuality and a low tone of morality, the Princeton reviewer refers to the ballad of Rose Mary and the Beryl Stone, into which "none but the pure might look." We should as soon think of condemning Mrs. Browning on a charge of irreligion, citing the "Lay of the Brown Rosary" against her. Turn to Rossetti's dainty love lyrics,

> "My lady only loves the heart of love;
> Therefore Love's heart, my lady, hath for thee,
> His bower of unimagined flower and tree."

> "Sweet dimness of her loosened hair's downfall
> About thy face; her sweet hands round thy head
> In gracious, fostering union garlanded;
> Her tremulous smiles;
> What sweeter than these things, except the thing
> In lacking which, all these would lose their sweet;—
> The confident heart's still fervor."—

Does this breathe the spirit of Swinburne? Is it "of the earth, earthy?"

As to "irreligion," granted, it was perhaps a poor theologian who wrote, in the "White Ship,"

> "I know not where his soul did wake,
> But I saw him die, for his sister's sake."

In fact, he openly repudiates theology.

> "Let lore of all Theology
> Be to thy soul what it *can* be;
> But know—the Power that fashions man
> Measured not out thy little span
> For thee to take thy meting rod
> In turn, and so approve on God
> Thy science of Theometry."

But—*irreligious?*

> "To God at best, to Chance at worst,
> Give thanks for all things, last as first,
> But wind-strown blossom is that good
> Whose apple is not gratitude,
> Even if no prayer lift up thy face,
> Let the sweet right to render grace
> As thy soul's cherished child be nursed."

> "Lord of work and peace! Lord of life!
> O Lord, the awful Lord of will! though late,
> Even yet renew this soul with duteous breath;
> That when the peace is garnered in from strife,
> The work retrieved, the will regenerate,
> The soul may see thy face, O Lord of death."

Rossetti's ballads are charming. Of the three in this volume, the "King's Tragedy," a rhyme of the murder of the "Poet-king of Scotland," James I., before the eyes of the Queen for whose sake,

> "To the sweet bird's note
> He framed a sweeter song,
> More sweet than ever a poet yet
> Did give to the English tongue,"

as told by Catherine Douglas.

> "I, Catherine, am a Douglas born,
> A name to all Scots dear,
> And Kate Barlass they have called me now
> Through many a waning year.

The scenes of "that wind-wild eve in February," are stiring ballad-stuff, and the poet has thrown the gloom and force of the incidents into strong relief by touches of exquisite tenderness.

"Then he smiled the smile I knew so well
When he thought to please the Queen;
The smile which under all bitter frowns
Of fate that rose between,
For ever dwelt at the poet's heart
Like the bird of love unseen. . . . .

And the song had brought the image back
Of many a by-gone year;
And many a loving word they said,
With hand in hand, and head laid to head,
And none of us went anear. . . . .

And he caught the pale, pale Queen in his arms,
As the iron footsteps fell—
Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
Our bliss was our farewell! . . . . .

And now the rush was heard on the stair,
And 'God, what help?' was our cry,
But God he knows what help may mean,
If it mean to live or die;
And what sore sorrow and mighty moan
It may cast on earth, e'er yet a throne,
Is filled in His house on high. . . . .

With the crown, the King was swept away—
The Knight was reft of his battle-array,—
But still the Man was there!"

Stedman's hope has been fulfilled. Rossetti finished the erection of the "House of Life" before he died. It now comprises 101 sonnets, among them some of the loveliest in the English language. We have quoted largely from them above.

"A Sonnet is a moment's monument."

This Sonnet-Sequence is a noble monument of the years of the poet's life. In it, he tells us that Death seemed to him

"An infant child,
Which her worn mother Life upon my knee
Has set to grow my friend and play with me."

Now that his "incommunicable ways" have followed the "desultory feet of Death," has his soul

"Stooped through the spray of some sweet life-fountain,
And culled the dew-drenched, flowering amulet?"
Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air,
Between the scriptured petals softly blown,
Press breathless for the gift of grace unknown,—
Ah! let none other alien spell so e'er
But only the one Hope's one name be there,
Not less nor more, but even that word alone!"

Editors' Table.

Reform of any sort must always be attended with more or less disturbance to both reformers and reformed; and the present Junior class, occupying as it does, in this matter of reform, a position bordering both upon that of the agent and the acted upon, suffers the discomforts of both. The expense of the Junior party has been gradually assuming proportions which people in general and the faculty and older students in particular, have regarded with serious disapproval. Still every Junior class, "on hospitable thoughts intent," and intent, too, on not being surpassed by any other class, has hesitated to bring about the much needed change, and so the Junior party has continued to be an elaborate and, by a critical public, much condemned entertainment. Not that we have deserved all the censure received. The majority of outsiders seem determined to regard Vassar students as inordinately extravagant, and, accordingly, have magnified the expense of the Junior party into an amount corresponding to their preconceived ideas of what we would be apt to spend. However, we have been extravagant, and reform was needed. As exponents of the higher education, we ought to be above making any display for display's sake; we ought to be sensible enough to keep our expenditures within the limits of moderation. The class of '83 realized this, and were made still more sensibly aware of the fact by the action of the faculty when the plan for the Junior party was submitted for their approval. Of course it is hard, exceedingly hard, for the class to cut down its expenses

as it has been obliged to do. The fact that, in order to give the Seniors any sort of desirable entertainment and still keep the sum expended as small as necessary, '83 has been compelled to omit the teachers from the number of its guests, is one which causes the class deep sorrow and mortification. If, however, as seems true, the sacrifice was necessary for the good of the college, no loyal daughter of Vassar can regret that it has been made. The party, as we understand it, is designed as an entertainment to the Seniors, and, of course, as such, must, as far as possible, be arranged so as to give them the greatest possible pleasure. The charm of the occasion is that it takes us away from the old haunts and gives us a few hours of out-of-doors among new scenes; and that it should degenerate into an entertainment given in the college buildings does not seem to us desirable. The absence of the teachers from the day's festivities will be one deeply felt and deeply regretted; but one which, we trust, will not be misunderstood. Of course, the class of '83, like every other class, would have preferred not to subject itself to the charge of discourtesy by so radical a reform in the matter of expense; but, for the interest of the college, it lays itself upon the altar, and enjoins its sisters who come after to go and do likewise. Setting aside selfish considerations, every student must rejoice at any change which bids fair to raise Vassar College nearer the height which she ought to attain.

What religious privileges have we Vassar girls? The problem is one which has never been forced on our consideration so strongly as this year. Since we are informed that the spirit and action of the college in regard to the religious instruction of its students has been the same since '76, this probably indicates our lack of public spirit before election to the *Miscellany* staff. Prior to '76, the catalogue distinctly stated

that students whose parents desired them to attend church in town, would be allowed to do so. Sometimes the clause was inserted, "provided that suitable arrangements be made," sometimes not. In '76, both statements were omitted, and have been ever since. But until this year, permission for occasional attendance upon church services has been easily obtained by non-communicants, while girls with relatives or friends in town, were even allowed to attend church with them at regular intervals, if they so desired. This year, the college gates are closed to us on Sunday morning. It is far easier to get permission to go to the theatre than to go to church in town. Communicants can, of course, not be debarred from their monthly privilege; but we do not think that the action of the college, in refusing religious instruction to the rest of us, except through the medium of its own appointed mouthpiece, is likely to swell the numbers of those who draw near the Feast of love and charity.

We feel so strongly on this subject that we scarcely dare write, lest we ourselves overstep the bounds of that liberality and kindliness which it seems to us the college violates here.

Ought not "all appearance of evil" in a matter of liberty of conscience to be avoided? Ought it to be possible for our girls to feel and say that the college authorities "want to put a premium on church connection," or "care more about getting us into chapel than about doing us good?"

Again, is this course fair to those parents who strongly desire that their children shall not drift from under their own church influences during their college life? Ought it not now to be distinctly stated in the catalogue that no student is, under any circumstances, allowed to worship God outside the college building? This is hardly a rule to "go witout saying" in a college for the "liberal education of women!"

It is not possible for any one man to be fit preacher and pastor to our motley crowd of Jews, Romanists, Agnostics, Trinitarians and Unitarians. Neither is it possible that Pough-

keepsie should furnish adequate pasturage for all our "ring-streaked, speckled and spotted" lambs. But we should feel so much better satisfied if we were now and then allowed to browse on Sundays in places that look like possible "green pastures"—in places where, at least, we see reflections of our own homes, in the faces of fathers and mothers and little children!

Amid the various evils and blessings which attend the early days of Spring, no one thing makes us feel so strongly the approach of the season as the numberless articles, à la Spring, Gentle Spring, which flood our local newspapers. Those of us who are deprived of the luxury of such exponents of public opinion have quite as faithful an almanac in the college papers. With the approach of the venturesome bluebird, articles appear, scattering at first, but soon found in every paper, bearing either directly or otherwise upon athletic sports—their use and abuse. This latter method of announcing that Spring is actually at hand in all its virgin loveliness, has an advantage over the former in being sensible and productive of some result. Nothing is more natural after the restraint and confinement of the winter months than a desire for active exercise. Whether a person aspires to the title of athlete or not, this same wish is apt to be felt in a more or less well-developed form. Thus far in the year, with us, it has taken a harmless, but very commendable turn, showing itself in frantic manipulations of a racket, or equally active management of a pair of oars. The recent act of our Faculty in giving a free use of the boats to the students has yielded an impulse in the right direction. We have good grounds for tennis, and boats are at our disposal at any time; nothing is now needed but a continuance of the interest in their use, which has shown itself so universally thus far in the year. We are not anxious to be-

come champion oarsmen or tennis players; but we do want to enjoy the possible pleasures of Spring as much in our way, as our college friends do in theirs.

As the semester draws to an end, and the time for the numerous elections comes on, it seems suitable to address a word to the wise, in regard to the election of the treasurers and secretaries. A proper degree of enthusiasm is exhibited in selecting the right girl for president, and the vice-president as chairman of committees, is an important person; but, when nominations for secretary are requested, blank silence prevails, no one has thought of one. After gazing around and selecting an underclass woman, who looks as though she had not effrontery enough to "beg to resign," some one nominates her, and the class, club, society or whatever it may be, with a gasp of relief, seconds and elects her, with most flattering promptness. The same performance takes place on the election of the treasurer. The lots of treasurer and secretary are not happy ones; but they are of more importance than they are usually credited with. They are, moreover, entitled to more courtesy than is usually shown them. A treasurer is frequently made to feel as though she were soliciting private alms, instead of collecting voluntarily incurred obligations. It is easy enough to be excused by the president for any good reason. It seems as though some girls joined societies merely to appreciate the charms of non-membership. A word, too, about the secretary and the communications which she has to make. A secretary's business is to compile any communication strictly from the minutes which contain the movements of the society and, therefore, the wishes of the majority. If the society has been too eager to "get through the business," and seconds and carries any motion, understood or not, there are sure to be misunderstandings. The secretary can not ex-

press what she believes to be the spirit of the meeting, but she must stick to the letter of the minutes.

In fact, greater attention should be paid in meetings; for, of late, they have been far too disorganized and unparliamentary.

The end of our college year approaches, and visions of future freedom swell the hearts of encaged college girls; visions which dictate the utterance of mighty resolve on the subject of discontinuing a course of education which the ardent Sophomore or Junior feels all too irksome. We say Sophomore or Junior; for, generally speaking, the desire for freedom seems comparatively dormant in the college-bred mind, until it has passed the boundary of the Freshman year. Whether it is that the discipline of that period is so severe as to subdue any other flights of fancy than those connected with Cæsar's wars in Gaul, or the metres of Horace, we cannot say. But Sophomoric dignity seems to insure the beginning of an alarming fickleness which sometimes threatens to destroy whole classes before they attain the serene immutability of Seniors. For—is it a case of extremes meeting?—once a Senior, and it seems to the mind of the college-worn student again worth while to press on to the end.

Considering the number of would-be deserters, it is truly surprising to see how well our classes hold their own, and, in fact, can only be accounted for on one of two suppositions. Either the parents and lawful guardians of feminine youth must differ radically from them, or the students themselves cover loyal intentions of pursuing their education uninterruptedly by playful pretenses of desertion.

We can understand what the irksomeness of an enforced college course must be, and can sympathize with rebellious spirits thus afflicted, even though we might suggest that an infliction gracefully borne is by so much lessened. But, in the

other case, however engaging playful pretenses may be, it seems hardly worth while for the sake of them, to run the risk of being considered living examples of the mutability of womankind in general. We have more than once heard it said that the irresolution of girls in relation to their education proves how unfitted they are for any continuous intellectual effort, even more than any doubt as to their ability.

Then, so long as we hear it asserted that Vassar is still an experiment, is it not worth while to bear the torture, if it be torture, with a smiling face? or, if not,—as we believe to be true in the majority of cases—to say frankly what we mean, that we are happy in that part our of lives which we spend at Vassar?

HOME MATTERS.

The Art Gallery has recently received a valuable addition to its collection, in the shape of a fine painting by Gustave Courbet. The donor of this generous gift, Mr. Rezin A. Wright, has already made himself well-known to our students, by many kindnesses similar to the one for which we are now indebted to him.

The picture represents a ragged little urchin of eight or nine years, sitting cross-legged upon a rough sheep-skin, and rougishly watching the grotesque motions of a jumping-jack which he holds in his hand.

The subject is treated broadly, after the style of the modern French realists, of whom Courbet is the head. One sees the impression in the mind of the artist embodied in the canvas, and not a smoothly painted surface of flesh or fabric. It is to the absence of detail that the work owes its greatest strength; so that, though no one part would in itself be considered a good model, the entire composition forms an harmonious whole. To this breadth of style Courbet adds a sure and rig-

orous touch, and rich though subdued coloring. His flesh tints are natural, and his shadows luminous and effectively arranged. The amused expression of the boy's face is finely rendered, and his attitude extremely life-like. The figure stands out well from the canvas, and is full of action.

A certain touch of quiet humor is displayed in the slight resemblance traceable between the wooden features of the child's toy and those of the First Consul, against whom Courbet cherished no good-will. This likeness, though subtile and produced merely by a clever stroke of the brush, has, nevertheless, given us a fair copy of the Napoleonic physiognomy.

The painting is one which will prove especially instructive to the students in the Art Department, and will also afford much pleasure to those who may not wish to study its technicalities.

Owing to the delay occasioned by the tardy arrival of the new organ, and the time consumed in putting together that massive structure, Dr. Ritter has been compelled to postpone his concerts until now, and will be unable to give the usual number. The return to the matinée, which was in such high favor among us for four or five years, is a pleasing innovation on the customary evening concert. Dr. Ritter's first Matinée of April 29th was the occasion of the introduction to the Vassar audience of several promising *débutantes*.

The opening selection was an Allegretto and Allegro from one of Beethoven's sonatas by Miss Wellman, and though somewhat lacking in feeling, her rendering was very clear and accurate.

The andante of Beethoven's, which Miss Skinner played on the violin, was a most delightful feature of the afternoon's entertainment, and was greeted with prolonged applause.

Miss Douglass' performance of Das Veilchen by Mozart-Kullak, was very fine, and given with a firm, clear touch;

moreover it was full of feeling, and ranked second only to that of Miss McMillan's in its expressiveness.

Miss Slee sang "Tit for Tat," a very pretty ballad. Although rather embarrassed, she sang sweetly, and won the sympathy of her audience.

Any selection from Weber is welcomed with pleasure, for it is almost sure to be full of some delightful melody. His Rondo in opus 24, has a very quick tempo, and is one of his most difficult and exquisite compositions. Miss Henderson, although a *débutante*, played the Rondo with great skill. The clearness and evenness of the runs, the smoothness with which she went from one passage to another, and the delicate finish of the whole, gave evidence of great strength, and excellent technique. By giving a little more attention to the study of expression Miss Henderson will undoubtedly become a fine musician.

The organ solo of Merkel, by Miss Lester, gave to the entertainment a variety and grandeur which organ music never fails to do. Miss Lester's execution was smooth and accurate, and she managed the stops with ease and care.

"All is not Gold that Glitters," was sung by Miss Hancock with a distinctness and finish which were most pleasing to listen to. Her middle notes are sweet and clear.

Miss Griffith's performance of Mendelssohn's Caprice was in good time, and although rendered a little indistinct by a too frequent use of the pedal, was smooth and delicate.

Miss Gorse's voice is strong and promises much. Her singing of "Praise of Tears," though slightly marred by an untimely huskiness, was given with a good, full tone.

Miss Foster is well known to us all. Her interpretation of Dr. Ritter's Promenade and Valse, which are very difficult, was characteristic of her playing, and evinced much careful study.

"Good Night, Farewell," is a song full of pathos, and well adapted to Miss Dean's voice She has a good compass; her notes are sweet, and she sings with much feeling.

The concert, one of the most enjoyable which Dr. Ritter has ever given, closed with a brilliant trio, a Capriccio of Mendelssohn's. Miss McMillan, who had the first piano, played the Andante very expressively, and, although the Allegro contained many rapid passages, she executed them with clearness and delicacy. Her playing is brilliant and suited to that style of music. With the exception of a little unevenness in the tempo of the final passages, Miss Mabury was in sympathy with the first piano.

The spirit of Leigh Hunt, poetic champion of May day festivals, might have rejoiced in Room J on Monday night.

The fact that we are usually a little too well able to prophesy the nature of our college entertainments, made Miss Brace's plan for a May night observance doubly happy. The pleasant expectancy in the minds of the guests was first gratified by a delightful talk from Miss Brace, giving us a bright word-picture of old-time May day customs in England, and the alternating attempts to revive and crush them, which have since been made.

Afterward readings by the students were followed by a pleasant hour of conversation, during which our hostess played the hospitable part of seeing that everybody was abundantly supplied with the refreshments which had been brought in.

Our American Mayflower was not forgotten, nor its relation to the Vassar Memorabilia, for each girl was allowed to take to her room a blossom to remember a pleasant May night in Room J.

Founder's Day came a little later than usual this year,—on the fifth of May instead of in the latter part of April, as has been the case for the last three or four years. After we had

been watching in vain during the preceding Thursday afternoon for the customary festooning of greens in the corridors, we began to wonder whether Founder's was really coming at all. When by Friday morning our curious eyes had not yet been satisfied, either by the sight of the greens or any pictures on the corridor walls, we were in a state of mysterious wonder as to what the celebrated committee on decoration were planning. It was not until evening, when the parlors were thrown open, that our curiosity was satisfied. Their appearance was so rich and home-like, that for the time we forgot the customary bareness, and were only haunted by the thought that,

> "Such violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die."

The abundance of flowers in dainty vases added greatly to the general pleasantness of the atmosphere, from the large quantity of trailing-arbutus to the pale calla, near the languid aesthete's bower. The lack of greens and pictures in the corridors, was supplied by the abundance of hot-house plants. A very pretty effect was gained by throwing open the two rooms at the ends of the second corridor; the one at the north, was tastefully arranged as an art parlor, and the one at the south was transformed into a coffee room. The dainty display of bric-a-brac added greatly to the artistic appearance of the latter.

The number of guests from out of town was unusually large, and by eight o'clock, when the procession marched up the south aisle, the chapel was full. This is the first time since the dedication of the organ, that we have had the pleasure of ushering so many guests into our chapel, and it was with feelings of pride and personal ownership, that we marked their silent admiration of this recent and generous gift.

Dr. Caldwell opened the exercises with prayer, and after a short, but appropriate address of welcome by Miss Stanton, Mr. W. W. Thomas, of New York, sang *The Yeoman's Wedding*

March. Mr. Thomas' voice is well adapted to the size of our chapel, and its extreme pleasantness greatly delighted the audience.

The address of the evening was delivered by Dr. M. R. Vincent, on *Doing Something*, or *The Law of Construction.* To say that he kept the closest attention of his hearers throughout, is the best testimony to the common sense and delicate humor which pervaded his whole address. He gradually developed his subject from the man who, like Barnum's armadillo, makes a show of being very busy but never accomplishes anything, to the man who makes plans systematically, and accomplishes his purpose. The application of the idea to the occasion, on our Founder's anniversary was well brought out.

After the address, Mr. Thomas closed the exercises in the chapel by singing an *Old German Song*, by D'Alquen. Although it was enthusiastically received, we cannot but criticise such a selection for such an occasion.

All then passed from the chapel to the dining-room, where the collation was served. The idea of seating the guests around small tables is a decided improvement on the plan of giving them chairs as their only furniture. Promenading occupied all the time while the dining-room was being cleared for dancing. Soon the doors were again thrown open and the band played strains suggestive of Terpsichorean joys, in the form of quadrilles and lanciers.

It seemed as if the evening were only half over, when an ominous bell reminded us that the seventeenth anniversary of Founder's Day was over, and that our festivities must be brought to an end. It was with lingering regret that we obeyed, after having spent so enjoyable an evening.

We cannot close without thanking the energetic committee for their successful endeavors.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss M. Rosa Herschel, daughter of Sir John Herschel, was the guest of Prof. Mitchell, April 11th.

The English classes began their meetings the week after vacation closed.

The committee for the Sophomore tree exercises has been appointed.

Mr. Champney has presented Chapter Delta with a photograph of his picture " A Boarding-School Green-Room."

The boats, enlivened by a fresh coat of paint, made their appearance upon the lake April 18th. Henceforth they are to be for the use of the students free of charge, and are to be at our disposal at all hours from 8:15 A. M. to 5:15 P. M.

Prof. Backus preached in Philadelphia April 23rd.

It was voted in the Philalethean Society to omit the fourth play, and, in accordance with the advice of the Faculty, to modify the third to some form which will demand less work from the committee and performers. It was also decided that the committee for the first play of next year should be elected in June for the purpose of giving them the additional time afforded by the summer vacation.

Prof. Ritter has kindly offered to become the leader of a College Glee Club, which shall be subject to regular training under his superintendence, the price for each student being only fifty cents. This Club is particularly desirable on the occasions of our public receptions, as it has heretofore been difficult to secure unity of action on the part of the class Glee Clubs.

Mrs. Champney gave Chapter Delta a pleasant talk, on April 14th, about her own travels in Spain and Portugal.

The Sophomores have organized a new club, the *Qui Vive* Club, for the discussion of current, literary, and historical topics. Miss Cummock is president ; Miss Barker, secretary and treasurer.

A very fine crayon of Mr. Matthew Vassar, Jr., has been presented to the college by his brother, Mr. John G. Vassar. It is, at present, upon an easel in the library.

President Caldwell addressed the T. and M. Club, April 22nd, upon the Regeneration of Italy.

Miss Goodsell has presented the Philalethean Society with some new furniture.

Mr. Walter Damrosch, whose visit to the college at the time of the dedication of the organ was the occasion of so much pleasure to us, has written a madrigal, which he has dedicated to the " Young Ladies of Vassar College."

Mr. Clark of Cambridge, has put in order the large telescope at the observatory.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson of New York, has been the guest of Prof. Mitchell during the past month.

Those of the students who have seen the dainty china and glass which has taken the place of the heavy college ware upon the trays sent to sick-rooms, probably need not be told that they have the kind hand of their lady principal to thank for the change. We hope that Miss Goodsell realizes how heartily the students appreciate her manifold acts of delicate thoughtfulness.

Miss Finch is to give the students a short organ concert every other Sunday evening at nine o'clock.

Miss Youngman addressed the Society for Religious Inquiry, April 23rd.

Hereafter upon Sunday afternoons, a college policeman will guard Sunset Hill, in order that this part, at least, of the college grounds may be safe for the use of students at that time.

Prof. Backus has been re-elected president of the Literary Club of Poughkeepsie. He has also been appointed president of the Vassar Institute.

Wanted—Vol. IX., No. 1, of the VASSAR MISCELLANY.

PERSONALS.

'70.

Married, April 20th, 1882, Miss A. W. Woods, of '70, to Mr. George C. Ewing, Jr., of Australia.

'75.

Miss Eva M. Tappan, of '75, has opened a private school for young ladies and children, in Stonington, Conn.

Married, March 3rd, 1881, in Taunton, Mass., Miss Annie Dickerman, of '75, to Mr. Clarence N. Andrews, of Easton, Penn.

Died, of consumption, March 13th, 1882, in Taunton, Mass., Mrs. Annie Dickerman Andrews.

'77.

The many friends of Miss Stevens, of '77, will be glad to learn that, after studying with Von Bülow, and, later, for nearly two years with Kullak in Berlin, she is to finish her study in Vienna, returning home in the early autumn to appear before the public in a series of concerts during the coming winter. After playing for Kullak a few days previous to the great master's death, he sent her a most flattering testimonial, acknowledging her brilliant technique and artistic interpretation, predicting for her a most successful future.

Married, Dec., 1881, Miss Mary F. Ames, formerly of '77, to Mr. Herman Burr.

Married, March 30th, 1882, Charlotte Le Breton Johnson M. D., of '77, to Fred Baker, M. D.

'80.

Miss Madge Healey, of '80, sailed for Europe May 3rd.

Married, April 20th, 1882, at Boston, Mass., Miss Mary L. Woodward, of '80, to Mr. Orlando F. Barnes, of Lansing, Michigan.

'81.

Married, May 10th, 1882, at Fall River, Miss Alice Shove, of '81, to Mr. Edward Brooks, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Shaw, of '81, sailed for Europe April 27th.

Married, April 26th, 1882, at Rochester, N. Y., Miss Elizabeth S. Burling, to Mr. W. T. Sampson, Com'dr U. S. N.

Married, May 4th, 1882, at Edinburgh, Indiana, Miss Susie Thompson, to Mr. Henry C. Bailey.

Married, May 5th, 1881, at Newbury, Indiana, Miss Mary Bethel, to Mr. Thomas A. Dodds.

Mrs. Champney of '68, Miss M. A. Pratt of '81, Miss E. M. Smith of '81, Miss Pew, formerly of '83, Miss Atwater, formerly of '83, Miss Dora Nicks, and Miss J. Thompson, have visited the college during the past month.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The April number of the *Lehigh Burr* opens with a wail, and we close it with a sigh. Our inclination to snub the exchange column and not to laugh at the jokes is tempered by the confidingness with which the "one editor left in Bethle-

"hem" throws himself and his April number on the charity of the public. "This paper," he declares, "is a hurriedly constructed mosaic," and proceeds to insert, as the first stone, a mildly humorous dissertation on the impossibility of studying more than one thing at a time in vacation. Then follows, however, a well written, as well as somewhat pathetic article on the subject of over-work in college, which leads us to infer that the Lehigh University student feels himself aggrieved in this particular. Indeed, the tone of the whole paper—not excepting the jokes—is inclined to be lugubrious, and in an article on the subject of a new editorial board, the lonely editor in Bethlehem is positively despairing, apparently finding it a most difficult matter to supply his own place. Be more resigned, O editor of the *Lehigh Burr*; your worth is great, and editorial talent rare, but we do not despair of the continuance of your paper, even after the honors of graduation shall have removed you from the desolated "board."

The *Academian* brings its own welcome, and the April number is not an exception in point of merit. Although coming to us from a preparatory school, it would do credit to an institution of collegiate rank. Especially do we notice the exchange column, showing as it does, a cordial spirit of good fellowship toward the college world. We do not often find it desirable for college papers to yield to the poetic spirit, but the verses modestly entitled "Lines," in the *Academian* are certainly very taking. We wish the *Academian* success, and as much pleasure in her exchanges as she has given us.

It is with a sensation of general satisfaction that we have read the last numbers of the *Brunonian*. Its gradual improvement from a second-rate periodical to an interesting college paper is worthy of notice. We would especially commend the Exchange department; in unprejudiced criticism it is unsurpassed by any of our college papers.

There seems to be a dearth of subjects in the editorial column, however, the greater part of the paper being devoted to light literature. To be sure, such reading is more gratifying to the popular taste, but as long as Brown supports but one college paper, that should distinctly represent the college, as well as entertain the freshman.

The *Yale News* gives us a good standard of comparison for the college daily. Its formal profession is the modest one that it will "be devoted to matters of interest to the students and friends of the college," and the paper has the somewhat unusual merit of fulfilling its editorial promises. The *News* seems able to support its general tone of spiciness without resorting to that annoying condiment—college slang, which so many of its sister sheets apparently feel unable to dispense with. Its pages are filled with piquant criticism and college news, making it one of the most welcome sheets which we see on our editorial table.

The illustrations of *The Century* and *St. Nicholas* are truly "joys forever." About the fifteenth of the month we begin to make pilgrimages to the right side of the Reading Room and look out for the aesthetic brown and tan cover of *The Century*. If the April number was the best ever issued, May is not far behind. One of the most interesting articles is a sympathetic and appreciative essay by E. C. Stedman, on James Russell Lowell. The plot of "Through One Administration" has been thickening and thickening, until it threatens to become fairly solid; yet it holds one's attention with relentless attraction. The articles on "Russian Christianity" and "The Canadian Mecca," are also extremely interesting.

That we exchange with the ancient and aristocratic *Atlantic* is the very tassel to the cap of our pride; we feel as though we ourselves came in for a share of its heavy swell. The two

Vassar heroines in whom we have a sisterly interest, are conducting themselves as becomes alumnæ. The "Arrival of Man in Europe" is a scientific article of exceptional interest.

CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

"Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out and I haven't since."—*Tech.*

England has 1300 colleges, the United States 358, and Canada 40. In 170 of the United States Colleges both sexes are admitted as students.—*Reveille.*

The highest of German orders, *pour le merite*, vacant by the death of Thomas Carlyle, has been bestowed by the Emperor upon Prof. W. D. Whitney, of Yale, in recognition of his services to the study of Philology.—*Ham. Lit.*

They had quarrelled, and she was waiting for him to begin the peace; at length he said, "Je t'adore." "Shut it yourself," said she. He did, and she is still waiting.—*Ex.*

A Senior at Williams has refused the position of Valedictorian, for the reason that he had obtained the honor by a system of marking of which he disapproved.—*The Round Table.*

"Don't you think, Miss, my moustache becoming?" To which she replied, "Well sir, it may be coming, but it's not yet arrived."—*Res Academicae.*

The Freshman class at Cornell contains twenty-one ladies.
—*Ex.*

Irritable school-master: "Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?" Dull boy: "A mouse, sir,"—*Lantern.*

The following brief rules, not found it is believed in any of the Greek Grammars, may be of some service to beginners: 1. If you don't know the tense of a verb, call it second aorist. 2. When you cannot explain a dative in any other way, make it dative of interest in looser relations. 3 If you forget the meaning of a particle, it is generally safest to translate it "indeed."—*Occidental Mirror.*

LOGICAL SEQUENCE.—A comfortable reflection for the indisposed—a lazy boy is better than *nothing*. *Nothing* is better than a studious boy. *Therefore* a lazy boy is better than a studious boy.—*Academian.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

We have received from G. P. Putnam & Sons, a little book entitled "First Aid to the Injured." We recommend its first thirty pages of "Surgical Outlines" as a convenient manual of physiological terms. The remainder of the book consists of minute but concise information on the subject which its name implies.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Academian. Adelphian, Acta Columbiana, Amherst Student, Archangel, Argus, Ariel, Atlantic Monthly, Athenaeum, Bates' Student, Beacon, Berkleyan, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Century, Chi-Delta Crescent, Chronicle, Ciceronian, Colby Echo, College Mercury, College Olio, College Rambler, College Times, College Speculum, Columbia Spectator, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Cornell Review, Cornell Sun, Coup d' Etat, Crimson, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Good

Times, Hamilton College Monthly, Harvard Advocate, Harvard Echo, Harvard Herald, Harvard Lampoon, Haverfordian, Hellmuth World, Horae Scholasticae, Hesperian Student, Illini, Institute Index, Iowa Churchman, Kansas Review, Lafayette College Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Madisonensis, Monmouth Collegian, Mississippi University Magazine, Minden Collegian, Northwestern, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Penn. College Monthly, Philadelphia Evening News, Polytechnic, Poughkeepsie Daily News, Princeton Tiger, Princetonian, Progress, Queen's College Journal, Res Academicae, Reveille, Rockford Seminary Magazine, Round Table, Student Life, Syracusan, Targum, Transcript, Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University, University Herald, University Magazine, University Portfolio, Willistonian, Woman's Journal, Yale Lit., Yale Courant, Yale News, Yale Record, Virginia University Magazine, Wabash.

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae, recently organized in Boston, held its first quarterly meeting on March 11th, at Chauncy Hall. The president, Mrs. Bashford, (Wisconsin University) opened the meeting by an address, in which she sketched the work which the Association proposes to undertake. The immediate object of the meetings will be the discussion of all questions bearing upon the collegiate education of women.

The topic for this first meeting was "Physical Education of Women," and the discussion was introduced by a paper from Dr. A. S. Whitney (Vassar College). Dr. Whitney considered the subjects of dress, exercise and games, and reviewed the methods employed in the different Colleges for promoting physical culture. Mrs. Richards, Miss Cushing, and Mrs. Shannon, Vassar graduates, took part in the discussion. A pamphlet embodying the opinions of the Association, will be prepared for publication. The next meeting will be held in May, when a paper upon "Opportunities for Post-graduate Study" will be presented by Miss Helen Magill (Boston University).

The Vassar Miscellany.

Editors from '83.
C. Lena Bostwick. Martha Sharpe, S. F. Swift.

Editors from '84.
M. F. L. Hussey, Justina H. Merrick.

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MR. WERDEN: A VICTIM OF LOVE, THEOLOGY, AND A DESIRE TO BE NATURAL.

However incongruous the above-mentioned theological, amorous, and psychological forces may seem, I shall try to show, in this humble, though historically accurate narrative, the vital connection which they had with each other, and with the life of my hero, for whom they wrought much woe and tribulation. For, if he had not been theological, he could not have been in love under the particular and grievous circumstances which I shall recount; if he had not been in love, he might never have desired to be natural. But the combination of circumstances was too much for him; and, being out of joint with the world, he, like many others in the same predicament, spent much valuable time in trying to prove that it

was not his fault, but that of humanity at large. Not that, if you had seen Mr. Werden at the time when my story begins, you would have had a hint of all this. Boys, like puppies, are very much alike in youth. There is a striking similarity in their attacks of measles, of the sea-faring craze, and of love. The difference lies only in effects. One lad comes up from his youthful indisposition with only a healthier glow, and a more elastic step, while his brother recovers from the ordeal a little deaf, and very much weakened in constitution. I fancy it is so with love;—a little neglect in the beginning of the attack, or wrong treatment as it progresses, and the victim comes forth bruised in spirit, and with his mental constitution very much shattered.

But to return to my hero: as a boy, he had been healthily commonplace enough, except for a little exceptional cleverness, which was thought by his natural guardians not so marked as to lead him into any of those erratic courses which genius sometimes takes. The opinion was apparently well grounded; for his cleverness, by the timely application of college and university courses, was subdued into respectable and unalarming mediocrity, serving only to the legitimate end of graduating him from his alma mater, and passing him, at a somewhat youthful age, half-way through the theological school at Princeton. At the age of twenty-two he was, financially, at the point where it is thought not undesirable for a young man, undergoing the process of a somewhat expensive education, to spend his summer vacation in preaching,—with a view to intellectual development. He assumed, in consequence, the pastorate of a little village in the southern part of Vermont; one of those small but lively settlements, which are too poor to support a minister permanently, and so make agreeable summer bargains with ingenuous theologues, thereby laying up, it may be supposed, a sort of spiritual store, which will enable them to hibernate, theologically speaking, through the winter.

The people of this particular hamlet were not unlike those f many unspecified localities in remote country places, being ndustrious and honest, except perhaps the doctor, who could ot, in the nature of the case—that is, in the scarcity of his ases—be the one, and the lawyer, who felt called upon to how his superior knowledge of affairs by not being a shining xample of the other. But even these two, the tip-top of arisocracy in Kennebunk, were bound by a common taste, a ealthy love of gossip, to the rank and file of the place. Ineed, the want of a proper interest in your neighbor's affairs vas taken unkindly in the village, and had good Dr. Dillings nd his professional brother failed in this respect, they would ave been held to take an offensive advantage of their naturaly high position in society. Accordingly, Mr. Werden was talked ver by these functionaries from a scientific point of view, s well as in a less exalted strain by Elias Brown, the blacksmith, and pretty Tilly Rich, the milliner's daughter; ample ime and a good point of view having been offered for accuate judgment, as the young minister walked the crooked ength of the village street on his way to church.

It may be inferred that Elias Brown formulated the opinion f the masculine element of society when he said that, "as to nuscle, and if he didn't have too great a head-piece, the youngter might make a horse-shoe well enough," while Tilly Rich nay be said to have summarized feminine criticism in saying hat, "it must a took a sight o' work to do up them white lo'es he wore." But Tilly was properly snubbed for this carnal view of ministerial environments by her aunt, the wife of prominent deacon,—rather let me say an influential deaconess —who was inclined to the opinion that Mr. Werden's white inen suit might be intended to typify some exalted spiritual ruth to be brought out in his sermon. Whether the lady ound something to satisfy her theory, on this particular Sunay, I cannot say; but certainly the new minister rejoiced all Kennebunk, and made the inhabitants thereof exceeding glad.

Dr. Dillings pronounced him, "deep, very deep, sir," and Lawyer Smart said that, "some of his legal illustrations were really quite apt for a man who had no special training in law."

His deepness, indeed, while generally set down as a part of his cleverness, was regarded, in some special cases, as suspicious. It was feared that a young man who talked about polarity in connection with the soul, must have a sort of geographical heterodoxy,—a mysterious fault, which Kennebunk felt inclined to condone, since it did not prevent him from being a valuable social acquisition, as well as an eloquent and acceptable preacher. In truth, our friend's personality was not a disagreeable one at this period, even when looked at from the critical standpoint of blooming maidenhood, proverbially critical in the case of unsettled clergymen in a state of single blessedness. But, even the extremity of criticism saw, in Mr. Werden, a lithe young man, a little under the average height, but with limbs so well developed by college boating and base-ball that rebellious boys looked askance at him when he visited the village school in his round of clerical duties. His forehead, especially approved by the fair critics above mentioned, was disproportionately high, but crowned by a crop of short curly hair, waving above features shapely and agreeable, except perhaps the eyes, which were light in color, and had an elusive uncertainty of expression.

His character was of the kind on which success acts like wine on a sensitive brain, stimulating its happiest activities. He himself was too prominent a factor in his theory of the universe to allow him the smallest misgiving about any popularity which he might achieve. If he had been so eminently unfortunate as to have been born that target for critical observation—a woman, his mind would have been called essentially feminine. As it was, I may, perhaps, be allowed to go so far as to say that his intellectual processes were not eminently abstract. If he had seen Newton's apple fall, I am afraid he would have thanked Providence that it fell at his feet, instead

of reasoning on the law of gravitation. His truthfulness would have been admirable, if he had not admired it, and nothing made him happier than to discover new virtues in himself, except to have other people discover them. Indeed he was not averse to posing in what he considered a happy light, for the exhibition of any amiabilities which might thus be observed. However, Kennebunk was not delicately analytical in the matter of character, and our fair observer, at least, had no right to complain that Mr. Werden was self-centred, or that his eyes were evasive in the gaze which they bent upon her. The gaze was so ardent, indeed, that it drew the attention of all Kennebunk upon itself; an attention resulting in the popular opinion, again voiced by Tilly Rich, to the effect that "the new minister was paying attention to Helen Fairfield." It was true. Hitherto Mr. Werden had felt the sort of healthy ambition which crystalizes formless dreams into a definite shape, and now he felt the love which inflames ambition. And, as however thoroughly a man's passion may dominate his life, it, in turn, reflects the natural habit of his mind, both love and ambition were, in this case, colored by his intellect. He came to his altar decked, not with flowers, but with philosophy. His tones may have been tender, but they were so through the medium of Emerson and James Freeman Clarke. He may have brought offerings, but they were all bound in calf—when he could afford that sacrificial suggestion—and were dedicated on the fly-leaf, "To one who is a seeker after true culture." But, unfortunately, Mr. Werden was not, at this time, in a state conducive to particular application of general laws, and he failed to see that it was precisely this intellectual element in his devotion, that won the sympathy of Miss Fairfield. He did not perceive that she accepted only what her youth could assimilate; that her ardent spirit was, as yet, only intellectually ardent, and that her precocious mind was deluding him into a false conception of the development of her character. She was not unloving, but

she had toward love-making the passionate objection of a woman who had never known love, and she could only meet the premature expression of her suitor's affection with the astonished refusal of one who has been betrayed into a false position through the inadequacy of her own perceptions. But these, once aroused, were acute enough in any direction, and if Miss Fairfield's sense of humor was equal to appreciating the situation, she was much too honest to amuse herself by it. The offerings were no longer acceptable, however intellectual their nature, even discussions of Emerson and Clarke were prohibited, lest there should be some lurking sentiment beneath, and discourses on the immortality of the soul had apparently lost their savor. Kennebunk was shaken by another event; Miss Fairfield would not "go with the new minister."

Emotions, like physical objects, are not the same from different points of view, and Miss Fairfield had the wrong mental attitude to have read her lover's mind aright. If ever suitor had need of tact, it was hers; but, unfortunately, the law of supply and demand does not apply to mental activity with that nice precision which one might expect from commercial precedent, and Mr. Werden, perhaps feeling this, was unfortunate in his choice of a substitute for that airy aloofness which might have captured her wayward fancy. He had the sort of dog-like nature which indignant dismissal forces into an attitude of forlornness, rather than one of angry scorn. The tenacity which had supplemented his cleverness in the attainment of college honors, he applied to his love-making. But tenacity, in point of effectiveness, is a relative virtue, dependent for its success on the will or caprice of the object sought, and Miss Fairfield was as much annoyed at her lover's persistency, as another woman would have been at remissness of attention. It turned her objection of a purely general emotion into ardent aversion to the man in whom she had aroused it. Now, if Mr. Werden had been a prouder man, he would, ostensibly at least, have returned Miss Fairfield's indifference;

if he had been a more generous one, he would not have thrust himself offensively upon her. But the natures which are least able to bear pain manfully, are the moth-like ones most prone to hover in its neighborhood. And what mortal, with half an eye for effect, could neglect to embrace the opportunity for striking the attitude of the disappointed lover? My hero rushed open-armed toward it, and was not too much overwhelmed to find himself in an interesting situation. Although, at this point, Kennebunk was inclined to censure in Mr. Werden, a growing tendency to unsociability, as displayed in solitary and inexplicable wanderings, his sermons are said to have had an increased interest, and all Kennebunk bewailed the opening session of his university, which removed my languishing hero from their pulpit, as well as from the presence of Miss Fairfield.

But spring no more surely gives blossoms to bursting buds, than freedom to the swelling hearts of young theologues, and in the following May Mr. Werden was at liberty to accept a second "call" from his village parish,—to fly to Kennebunk and Miss Fairfield.

Now a man is first a human being, and then a lover, but Mr. Werden made his humanity second to his devotion. However, human nature is human nature, even in the hearts of young gentleman extremely interesting to themselves, and possessing the favorite virtue of constancy. Mr. Werden was surprised to find himself less disconsolate. Perhaps it was because the extremes of pain and pleasure are akin, that he began to be conscious of a certain mysterious satisfaction in his own wretchedness; he approached the state wittily noted by Holmes, in which he tried to make sorrow rhyme with to-morrow. Need I say that he was beginning to recover? But why should he have been less interesting to his hearers? Was it that his human love had something to do with his divine faith, and that in the absence of the one he was unable to make the other effective? Or is love like electricity in resolving into

its elements whatever its electric current touches? For it was at this stage of his career that Mr. Werden fell a victim to that desire to be natural, hinted at in the heading of this narrative. He became enamored, not of "divine philosophy," but of that school of poetry which adores the untutored impulses of the soul of man, chiefly typified, apparently, by a serene disregard of conventionalities in the matter of dress. Poetic shabbiness accordingly fell upon my hero. His gloves were no longer immaculate, the admired white linen showed a lack of care, and there seemed to be a mysterious connection between his change of soul and the length of his hair. But, most of all, he felt that he had had an experience which the world must know. The modern pulpit, however liberal and many-tongued, will not yet voice the plaints of disappointed love, and Mr. Werden felt himself cramped by what he called the "narrowness of the Orthodox creed." He fled to Harvard and Unitarianism, that expansive and elastic refuge for broad minds and souls with a chronic inability to conform to anything in particular. Alas! Princeton and Harvard are alike in being human, and the aspirant for entire freedom of soul could find it in neither. He forsook the ministry. Need I say that he felt himself obliged in the nature of the case, and for the solace of humanity at large to be a poet? But, whether he had overrated the sorrows of humanity, or his own adaptability to the universal need, the world refused to see a relation between them, although Mr. Werden himself felt the most painfully intimate connection between the indifference of his fellow-man, and his personal environments. He seemed to be gradually falling into an attitude of opposition to the commonly received opinion of mankind; and like most people at variance with society, he felt that the world had been untrue to him, though he said it had been false to itself. Taking up that much-battered weapon of self-consciousness, "To thine own self be true," he resolved that he would be stainless, or die. He scorned offers of political preferment;

he looked with poetic scorn upon the trickeries of professional life. However, when dying comes to be less a matter of sublime and speculative choice than a necessity of nature, under given conditions of escape, opinions on the subject of being true to one's self are liable to undergo unforseen changes. Mr. Werden's clothes took on a shabbiness that was not all poetic; I am afraid his hair grew long because he could not afford to have it cut.

But I will not dwell upon this part of his career. To-day, if you were to visit a remote station on the Indian frontier, you would meet a slight, muscular man of middle age, with rather a deprecatory air,—an air of trying to be true to himself under embarrassing circumstances. The man is Mr. Werden, and he has accepted from the government the position of an Indian agent.

M. F. H., '84.

IDEALIZED BUDDHISM.

Angels of darkness ofttimes shine to men with a brilliancy as dazzling as that which pours forth from angels of light. Even religion, taking advantage of its sacred origin and its natural relations to the human race, may be merely a form, perfidiously concealing the basest of doctrines. With serene and glorious radiance, it may be an angel proceeding from the light of advancement, or like that creed which teaches that in death alone there is peace—the peace of annihilation—it is the angel of darkness, hiding sorrow and woe under its glitter and tinsel. To every man the religion which he has acknowledged, either openly or through the secret consent of his own consciousness, is a standard by which his highest ideas are tested, and by which he measures the existence beyond his own narrow world. Every man acting under a natural im-

pulse is conscious of accepting some religion, be it a religion firmly based upon faith in a great and creating God, or a religion of skepticism denying that faith; be it a religion of priests or of idols; a religion founded on investigations in the mysteries of science, or a religion which satisfies the conscience, while it gratifies the inclination. To every man, his own religion is an angel of light. He is not content to allow the religion which he confesses, to be merely a spontaneous belief belonging to himself alone, and adapted only to the workings of his own mind. He feels the need of expressing it, both for the approval of other men and for their salvation. He not only desires to promulgate it to a respectable class of people, but he wants it to assume an attractive form to those whose social and intellectual positions are higher than his own.

Buddhism is the perfected religion to Edwin Arnold, and is the "light of Asia," to four hundred and fifty-five millions of like-minded men. We ask, which one of all these personal religions is the one, the true religion, the *summum bonum* of faith? It is natural that every man should idealize his own accepted religion to his highest standard of purity and truth, that he should regard it with peaceful satisfaction, and that he should throw about it the warmth of his admiring fondness. The tendency to express an idealized doctrine may result in a theoretical religion. A theoretical religion may be the glorified product of the darkest, the most misguided philosophy; but that is the true faith whose idealized conception is the most nearly indentical with its real nature. There is an increasing tendency among nineteenth century philosophers, to construct a theoretical religion from certain well-known principles of morality. Theory there must be in every man's faith; but true religion must likewise be practical, reaching the needs of the gentle-minded moralist, and capable of satisfying the restless activity of the soul animated by passionate or ambitious desires.

Edwin Arnold claims that he has discovered a religion not only for himself, but for the world of other human beings. He would make it displace even the divine religion of Christ and the Bible. Among Englishmen, his theory has found followers in a few exceptional enthusiasts; but it has been repudiated as a religion by many intelligent men. *The Light of Asia* exhibits the reform originated by Buddha, the doctrines held by Buddhists, and extols the theory of Buddhistic nihilism. The intense rhetoric, the impassioned style, and the mystical faith possess strong attractions for excitable and romantic temperaments, as well as for the calm and moderate disposition. The positive elements which gratify the one class, harmonizing with their impulses, become negative qualities to others, satisfying deficiencies in their natures, calling forth hidden energy. The expression of Buddhistic laws, and the means of following them, is in sympathy with the analytic and critical tendencies, and æsthetic tastes developed by nineteenth century culture. The philosophical, the psychical, and the artistic nature of the poem, is calculated to reach the hearts of our Platos and Plutarchs, our parvenus in aspiration and our plebeians in attainment. The careless reader finds in the portrayal of this religion, human nature and moral laws similar to his own. This coincidence, without a consideration of the accompanying results is flattering. Humanity is studied in a new and pleasing relation. Thus not only the skeptic, restless in his unbelief, but the student, eager in his researches after the curious and beautiful in this mass of pagan mysteries and extravagancies, the philosopher, who, dissatisfied with common revelation, goes searching after the unknown, the unattainable, find an ideal in this philosophy of self-sacrifice. It is the truth of right living, old as the world, which attracts them, and which, in their critical investigations of the subject, they have overlooked This Orient's tale, with its mythical hero, with its soft harmonies of color, its subtle sweetness, and its richness of flavor, has charms for other than scholarly in-

tellects. As long as human blood throbs in human souls man, even in his most depraved form, reaches after his ideal of the noble and the higher. This has the Hindoo worshiper done. The mind of the hesitating Asiatic readily accepts a faith which promises him the fulfillment of his highest desires. The heat of Asia's skies engenders a love of ease and rest, and develops an inordinate imagination. Anything which seems to assume an end to a life of necessary toil, gives material for dreams. These dreams assume an ennobled aspect as a life of self-sacrifice. The Hindoo seeks the causes for the inexplicable mysteries that constantly destroy his peace of mind, and baffled by the fallacies of a dwarfed intellect, this Buddhism seems to put an end to vague and useless activity. Not only is this religion a gratification to natural desires, but the fact that to many of its followers no nobler creed has been offered, and that it has influence as a family belief, makes it desirable to the descendants of Buddha's followers. It is not surprising that the rapid increase of the people should be accompanied by a corresponding increase in the ranks of Buddhism. The teachings of Gautama to-day count among its devoted adherents nearly five hundred millions of the most ignorant, the most neglected, the most wretched people that the sun shines upon. They are men who are wholly unqualified to reason methodically, but must accept blindly what their instinct dictates. We cannot think that the number of believers in that great and remote country, together with the characteristics of a people so degraded that they fail to recognize the necessity for cleanliness, will ever counterbalance the influence of that Christianity which leads man to look above his baser nature, and educate his mind, which ranks together comfort and personal activity, which puts happiness with prosperity, and which uniformly maintains laws productive of good to the individual. It will be long before we pronounce Buddhism the true religion for the civilized portion of the human race, small though it may be. We are not yet ready to allow its supre-

macy over doctrines which have long been considered divine in their origin, and which present many claims to be united into an abiding religion.

Edwin Arnold saw that the faith he would preach was not compatible with the refinement of the people he would convert. The intellectual merits of the theory were attended with the evils of caste, of sensuality, and of squalor. It was not even his own ideal; how could it be an ideal for an unsympathetic people? He saw that the character of his religion with all its attendant relations would be offensive to the culture of an English-thinking race. He must either sacrifice the artistic merits of his poem or acknowledge the deficiencies of his religion. The landscape of his imagination did not suffer. He completed an ideal picture with all the details pleasing to the heart of a true artist. He shows Siddârtha's palace where,—

> "The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,
> White with pink veins; the lintel lazuli,
> The threshold alabaster, and the doors
> Sandal-wood, cut in pictured panelling;
> Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers,
> Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
> Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs
> And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed
> With lotus and nelumbo—danced, and fish
> Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold and blue.
> Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed;
> The blown red roses; birds of rainbow wing
> Fluttered among the palms; doves, green and gray,
> Built their safe nests on gilded cornices;
> Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
> The splendors of their trains, sedately watched
> By milk-white herons, and the small house-owls.
> The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit;
> The yellow sunbirds whirred from bloom to bloom."

Edwin Arnold has taken away all the unimportant surroundings, and he has done more than that. Such luxury of color, such perfection of detail, are not to be found even in

India. He has not merely been inaccurate in an unimportant description; but he has been inconsistent in the treatment of the subject-matter given him. The poet takes us into the life of the prince himself,—

> "To where Siddârtha stood in grace divine
> New lighted from his night-dark steed."

Now Buddha claims to be an ordinary Eastern prince. Such a prince is not exempt from the customary vice and depravity of his race. Accounts of Buddha give no evidence that he was specially privileged in his associations, and we are led to believe that there was nothing exceptional in his early life. Concerning all this Mr. Arnold has kept silence. The impression is given that Siddârtha lived amid a refinement suited to other climates. Only the noble qualities, not the violent passions and impulses of the wonderful youth, are depicted to us. His reverence and devotion to his father, are beautiful and touching; but have not the authority of traveler and student proved that in a heathen home filial obedience is an obedience of fear, and filial love the love that comes by instinct? The poor child-wife of a Hindoo prince is the most wretched of despised, short-lived creatures. The life of a street dog is better than hers. Siddârtha's tender regard for his happy wife, is an unparalleled instance in a land of miserable women.

> "And all this house of love was peopled fair
> With sweet attendance, so that in each part
> With lovely sights were gentle faces found,
> Soft speech and willing service, each one glad
> To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey."

> "And night and day served there a chosen band
> Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
> Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy prince."

The life of the reformer has been made so strenuously ideal that we begin to look for the defects which we suspect exist. We find that the broad background of national customs has

been studiously avoided. Mr. Arnold has made a hero-god, when, from the nature of his argument, he should have dealt with a common prince. He has done this in order to win the sympathy of a civilized people to whom home, love, and personal excellence are natural.

If it is true that only a definite amount of mental activity is given us and that the more we expend on one object, the less remains for another, we must at the same time conclude that the religion which is, in a high degree, sensuous and intellectual must have but a small proportion of practical influence. Buddhism is an example of this kind of religious faith. It is like agnosticism in that it confirms a belief in righteousness attained through self-sacrifice, denies conscious existence, and believes in a first principle from which mankind emanates. It is like the Christian belief in the nobility of its moral laws. This is the only similarity between the two religions. The one shows these moral laws in their intellectual relations to mankind, while the other considers them in their practical influence. The one points upward and onward; the other leads downward. Buddhism, because it is more intellectual than other religions of the Orient and encourages better feelings between man and man, is purer. Its practice imposes imperative submission to certain fixed laws; but absolute obedience of those laws would destroy the human race. Its theory holds forth a sort of ethereal happiness, attained by self-righteousness, and promises the gratification of the highest desires. Men lost in the profound study of the infinite, in questioning the existence of God, and in seeking for the relations of spirit to matter, are only too glad to fill in the gap in their ambitions with such theories of Buddhism. They are ever looking for the lost piece of money. They light their candles and search diligently; but the money which they draw forth from some dark corner is not the coin they are seeking. Agnostics think they have found their silver. The nihilism which they discover, is as the charm which the serpent holds

over its poor victim. It is a religious deception caused by the subtle attraction of passionate expression and artistic images. The religion which Edwin Arnold claims to have rescued from the rubbish and filth of that eastern nation, is one of self-sacrifice. It is not a total yielding up of self for home or kindred, to free one's country from a terrible evil, or to aid one's fellow-men. It is a needless sacrifice of self in order to advance self-interests. It is a sacrifice of personal aims, while it leaves other people out of the question. With neither the purpose nor the inspiration of sacrifice, it appears to the infatuated convert unselfish and noble Its only purpose is self; but there is no goal for selfishness, because "life's thirst quenches itself" with endless rest.

> "Lo as ye lie asleep, so must ye lie
> Adead; and when the rose dies, where are gone
> Its scent and splendor? when the lamp is dimmed,
> Whither is fled the flame?"

Our Christian religion teaches that man may lay down his own life for his brother. This is just. What does Buddhism say if man lay down his life for himself? The Hindoo does not call it suicide. Man must not commit suicide, for that would be a crime, and bring him an hereafter in another form of existence. It is merely a slow, sure, wearing away. Thus the consciousness is satisfied by unconsciousness, and Nirvana is won, "And man who lives to die, dies to live well." This self-sacrifice necessitates a violation of those laws which nature imposes. The body must suffer as well as the mind. The universal adoption of this faith, would do more than make a hopeless life a living death; it would destroy the very germ of life itself. Instead of ameliorating the condition of man, the whole race would be swept from the face of the earth.

Buddhism maintains a belief in the psychological theory of accumulated merit for salvation. It is necessary to discover whether the theory has received the best, the most scientific and philosophical expression under the Buddhistic interpreta-

tion. If we are to be saved through our merits, the most perfect standard of merit should be obtained. Edwin Arnold's religion has only one class, the merits acquired by the obedience of laws. It treats of this practical question theoretically, both in the abstract and in the concrete; but it gives nothing tangible, nothing to help to obedience. It is not broad enough to satisfy the needs of all men. Religion should make righteousness important; but this righteousness should exist in many and varied forms; it should allow of modifications with different individuals, in different climates, under all the various conditions of life.

> "Foregoing self, the universe grows;
> If any teach Nirvana is to cease,
> Say unto such they lie.
> If any teach Nirvana is to live,
> Say unto such they err."

That existence which every child realizes as its own, separate from every other being, Buddhism denies. Nowhere does Mr. Arnold give proof that we do not consciously exist. Until reliable testimony is given us of our non-existence, we must believe that we are something, are entities.

> "The aching craze to live, ends, and life glides—
> Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
> Blessed Nirvana—sinless, stirless rest—
> That change which never changes."

This, then, is all. "The self it wore" with sacrifice and woe, with deprivation and denial, has "sinless, stirless rest." This is the annihilation of body, of soul, and forbids hope in an eternity. Nothing is left behind; no existence, because no world; no time, because no God. The something attainable has proved to be unattainable. There is all despair and no chance to escape despair. Through this vagueness the metaphysician thinks he has found peace for his troubled mind. A light which is to illumine a world must shine with undimmed brilliancy. Like the fire on the altar in the Jewish temple, it

must burn day and night. The light of Asia has not burned unceasingly. Even now its beams are faint. By no one of its priests has its flame been fanned so assiduously as by Edwin Arnold. The question naturally rises, why has not this religion of the intellect been adopted by a nation whose intellectual powers are better qualified to appreciate it? The divine inspiration is lacking. We do not desire the example of a dead man and a few noble thoughts evolved from his life for our religion. If so, we need not necessarily turn to Buddha. Other philanthropists, other generous men, have lived good lives, and have died leaving behind them thrilling examples of sacrifice in a nobler cause than self-abasement. We cannot accept them as founders of a religion, nor believe that their self-examination is suited to our special needs; neither do we desire an ideal tale of ideal exploits. If we did, we might hunt up some pretty story, clothe it in attractive and passionate language, and give it to the world, proclaiming its powers to light the darkness of men's lives.

This "Arabian Night's" tale of Arnold's would attract any child with its glowing pictures and dreamy life. Like Aladdin's lamp, it will give light to those who know the magic by which secrets are revealed; but its charms are embraced in its moral truths, which are at the foundation of every religion.

The light of Asia does not reach the common race of commom men. Its brilliancy does not permeate the darkness of heathendom. Asia still lives in ignorance and brutality. Does not the naked Hindoo race speak with a thousand tongues the falsity of this Buddhistic belief? Look upon these converts, these helpless men and women! Look with pity upon a religion which grants so little bread! The intellect by which man becomes more than a brute, has not been enlightened by this intellectual religion. The true religion of light, has not lifted its pinions over the nation. They have found the semblance of religion, but not religion itself.

"There is no religion which does not contain some spark of truth" "The Light of Asia" is not wanting in some individual merits. We enjoy its luxuriant expression as a literary production; but to be the light of the world, it must possess qualities higher, more ennobling, and more permanent than any other religion claims. These qualities of superior excellence are lacking. The creed is theoretical. Its practical attributes are not those which meet the needs of our conscious wants and desires. As a religion, it gives us nothing that we can test by our experience. It excites no ambitious love in men. We look into the heart of this passion-flower, and we see in its shadowy depths no figure of the cross, no emblem of Him who is greater than a Buddha, in that his power finds daily expression in lives dignified by self-respect and inspired by genuine unselfishness As a created being, Buddha is necessarily finite, and as finite, his fallibility prevents his attainment of superiority over the limitations imposed upon all nature and even upon the whole universe.

G. L. M., '82.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

THE REIGN OF DEW I.

"Polly," said the lord of the manor.

"My spouse," answered pretty Poll. She was a very pretty little Poll, and she knew it just as well as you or I. She had appreciated the fact even more than usual this morning when she put on that little drab morning-gown with cherry ribbons on the pockets, and noted the effect of that jaunty little breakfast-cap against her black hair. She knew that all the gentlemen in Oakland admired her pretty face and saucy tongue, and that all their wives really liked her very much, even though they did say she was a slack housekeeper and no business manager at all. What did she care for that? Wasn't her John as good as gold, and couldn't he keep her accounts straight, and send the drunken cook away when his poor little wife was afraid to go near the kitchen, and didn't he explain to her why turkeys didn't come to market in June? What were husbands made for, if not to make life run smoothly? But this is a digression, and does not belong to the conversation at all.

"Polly," said her liege lord, "do you really think it is worth our while to pay Mary Ann twenty dollars a month for burning our dinner, neglecting to wash our windows, and ruining our bread, our digestion and our temper? It seems to me that considering the fact that we put out our washing, she is an expensive luxury."

That was so nice in John to say "worth our while," when he paid all the bills. It was a little way he had had ever since their wedding-day, six months ago. Polly sighed. "Yes, John, but then you know that Bridget was even worse than Mary Ann, and Norah stole almost everything in the house, and Rosa never would learn to wear anyone's clothes but mine, and Mary was so dreadfully ferocious when she got drunk, and,—well, it's uncomfortable, I must admit, but one is as bad as another, and what on earth can we do?"

"What everybody else in Oakland does."

"Now, John, if you dare say Chinaman, I shall faint or scream, or do something dreadful."

"I'll say Celestial then," retorted John. "Now, Polly, be reasonable. Miss Walton told me yesterday that her Chinese boy washed the windows all over the house every day, and kept his kitchen as neat as wax. They don't break half so much china as the Irish girls do, and they cook well and are always so clean."

"They're not," interrupted Polly. "Think of the way in which they sprinkle clothes, and of the dreadful things they eat, and—well, I never see one in the street but I think of Miss Maloney's description: 'The front of his head shaved claner nor a copper-biler, and a black night-gown over his trousers, and a long tail a-hangin' down behind, and his finger-nails full a yard long, and his two fate stuck into the heathenestest shoes ye ever set eyes on.'"

"But, we can continue to put out our washing if you don't like his manner of sprinkling clothes, and I am sure you are not in the habit of watching the servants at their meals, and it is only the upper class of the Chinese who let their nails grow. Just think of having well-cooked meals served on time every day, and to be able to save a few pieces of our wedding-china. If Mary Ann stays another week we shan't have a plate in the house."

"Well," sighed Polly, "it certainly sounds enticing, but mark my words, John Manning, you'll repent of your proposal

before a week is over. However, since your heart is set upon it, you may go and engage a Celestial as soon as you like—a small one, remember, for I can't stand more than a homœpathic dose. I'll give Mary Ann a month's notice to-day. To tell the truth, John—now please don't laugh, but, looking at it from an artistic point of view, don't you think he will just put the finishing touch to 'Pekin?'"

While John was enjoying his laugh, she glanced complacently about the little sitting-room, at the Chinese matting and rugs, bamboo furniture, Chinese scrolls and fans and various knick-knacks from the Flowery Kingdom. "Pekin" was a very appropriate name for the little sanctum; for, with the exception of a few small articles from Japan, everything was thoroughly Chinese, even to the silk and paper lanterns by which the room was lighted.

"Yes," retorted John, as soon as he could regain his equilibrium," "if he only won't make the finishing touch so expensive as Mary Ann's, he certainly will be a treasure, from a financial as well as an artistic point of view."

The month passed all too quickly for Polly. Mary Ann burned the dinner, cracked a plate, packed up her wardrobe and departed. Polly folded her hands with a sigh of relief, congratulated herself upon having mastered the "pidgin" language during the month, and awaited, with a little anxiety and a great deal of curiosity, the coming crisis. Three, four, five o'clock passed. John was expected home to six o'clock tea, and Polly was beginning to get nervous over the idea of undertaking the meal on her own responsibility, when the bell tinkled, and—behold the new man-of-all-work!

He stood on the porch, a tiny litttle Chinese boy, clad in the ordinary long, blue frock-coat, tight black cap, and wooden shoes, with his queue wound neatly around the back of his head, his little slits of eyes all a-twinkle, and every tooth in his head showing to the best advantage. He was so very tiny, and his face was so chubby and childlike, that Polly was quite

taken aback, forgot her "pidgin," and could only stammer out: "Why, you surely can't be the boy I expected. How old are you? What is your name? What do you want anyway, you funny little monkey?"

The boy's grin became, if possible, a trifle wider, as he answered in a perfectly self-possessed manner: "Twelve year; all lightee; do heapee work; name John." What she would have done or said at this juncture, will always remain an unsolved problem, for just then her husband appeared on the scene of action. Polly clutched him by the sleeve, exclaiming rather incoherently: "John Manning, are you demented, to send me such a baby? I wanted a servant, not a Chinese doll—but O, John, he is so funny and cute! and if he grins at me in that way much longer, I shall die, I know I shall."

"Oh, he's all right," said John, calmly. "He's older than he looks, and you said you wanted a little one. He's smart; anyone could see that. By the way, what is his name? I forgot to ask when I engaged him."

"John," answered the little man for himself.

"That's rather bad, Polly. I shouldn't care to have the little scamp appear every time you said 'John, dear.'"

The "little scamp" laughed, and coolly sitting down on the top step, proceeded to divest himself of his wooden shoes, substituting cloth sandals, as if he intended to stay.

"'He droppeth like the gentle dew,'" giggled Polly.

"Just the thing," exclaimed her husband. "We'll call him Dew." And Dew he remained to the end of the chapter.

Dew entered the Dovecot on Monday, Jan. 5th, 1879. By Tuesday night Polly had decided to mark Jan. 5th as the red-letter day of her calendar; by Saturday night Dew had assumed his sceptre, ascended his throne, and held his subjects in complete, though unconscious subjection. His policy was wonderfully diplomatic for one of his years. With the master of the house he was always attentive, alert and respectful. He cooked the meals well and served them on time, always had

the morning paper ready at the breakfast-table, and never kept his master's clients waiting at the door. But the minute that the lord and master left the house, Dew, the attentive, the respectful, the sober, became Dew, the monkey, the pet, the torment. At first he assumed this role very mildly. He made sure of getting into Polly's good graces by taking all the responsibility of cooking and serving the meals out of her hands, by keeping his kitchen and himself scrupulously neat and clean, and by bestowing special care upon her dainty china. The household wheels ran smoothly for the first time since her marriage, and Polly was grateful. But the minute he had secured the desired end, Dew began to take liberties. In the first place, he never would learn to give people their proper titles. Mrs. Manning was always "Mrs. Bossee," and Mr. Manning, either "Mr. Bossee" or "the boot man," the latter appellation probably bestowed because the master's boots were to be blacked every morning. Polly's sister Carrie, who appeared as the guest of the house soon after Dew's arrival, was rechristened "Miss Cowlie," and every child who entered the door was greeted as "the hoodlum." Polly laughed at each new appellation as it appeared, fell into the habit of going often to the kitchen to talk "pidgin" with Dew, and even began to invite him upstairs to pose in "Pekin," while she was sewing. She reported his original remarks and smart answers every night to John, not always being careful to wait until Dew was out of the room, and though her husband at first shook his head and predicted that the boy would be spoiled, he was too well pleased with the success of his experiment, and the smartness of the smooth-tongued little scamp, to hold out against the attraction long. Gradually he fell into the way of encouraging Dew to talk to the ladies and himself on Sunday afternoons, when they wished to be amused, and it was during one of these entertainments that Dew divulged the fact that he had gone one day to the mission-school.

"What you learnee there, Dew?" asked Polly.

"Be goodee," he answered, briefly.

"What for be goodee?" asked John, mischievously.

Dew looked puzzled for an instant, then, suiting his gestures to his words, said slowly and solemnly:

"Good China boy go way uppee, uppee, set down and play with Lamb. Bad China boy go way, way down—*boil 'em.*"

His limited experience of Christianity did not keep him from learning to swear, as the ladies soon discovered, to their great chagrin. They had fallen into the habit of taking short lessons in Chinese every morning, repeating after him certain phrases which he would dictate and then translate. One morning he taught them an unusually long sentence, but for some reason declined to give them the translation. They noticed a wicked twinkle in his eye, and, suspecting some mischief, threatened to discharge him at once, unless he told them what they had been saying; whereat the youngster pointed his finger at them derisively, and said, in a perfectly shocked tone:

"O-o-o-h! that heapee bad swear! Chinaman say that to you, you no talkee he."

Dew showed great discernment in regard to the social station of lady callers. He was a great respecter of wealth, and seemed to think it strange that Polly did not share this feeling. When he first came, he never failed to announce callers in a peculiar and unpleasant style of his own. There was a long drive leading from the main street to the house, and whenever a carriage turned into this drive, Dew would rush to the door, take a long look to ascertain the quality of the equipage, then, if the ladies were fashionably dressed, would issue the command, "Lun, changee dless, fine ladies coming, heapee style." If they were plainly dressed, it would be, "No changee dless, plain ladies, no style." This performance occasioned Polly no little solicitude, for he sometimes shouted out his command at the top of his voice, and there was danger of his being overheard by the callers themselves. She therefore undertook to remonstrate with him, but, as usual, her remonstrances were met with such ready answers, and the

conversation so adroitly turned into other channels, that she could do nothing but laugh, and let the matter pass. Various other little annoyances of this kind were inflicted, one after the other. He was too bright and smart to be argued out of his pranks. Polly was often obliged to confess that he could outwit her in any argument she brought forward, and he could invent excuses and explanations faster than she could think.

There was one prank of which he never seemed to tire, and for which he prepared a new excuse each time. He would choose some occasion when everyone in the house was up to the elbows in work, then calmly present himself at the parlor-door with the announcement, "Good-bye; me go," and be off like a streak of lightning. To be sure he always sent another Chinaman in his place, so the work went on as smoothly as if he had been there himself; still it was an uncomfortable arrangement, and Polly declared over and over again that if he did it once more, she should send him away. Nevertheless, he was such an engaging little sinner when he returned penitently at night, and he could prove so ingeniously that the act was at the time imperatively necessary, that in her heart Polly was always really glad to hear his funny little "How do? Me come back."

In addition to this failing, he had one habit which was always too democratic for the best Oakland society. To be sure it was Polly's own fault, but she had never expected that one little act of hers, would lead to such disastrous consequences. She had begun by inviting him into the sitting-room to amuse her when she was alone; he ended by inviting himself into the parlor to amuse himself when she had company. In the middle of a ceremonious call from some of the most proper and precise Oakland ladies, she would look up, and as likely as not, behold Dew standing in the doorway, drinking in the conversation with open mouth and eyes, and not in the least abashed at being caught eaves-dropping. If asked what he wanted, the answer was always, "So lonesome in kitchen, me

likee stay here;" and he either couldn't or wouldn't see the impropriety of the act.

Two months passed and he was no better in this respect than he was at the time of his arrival. Mr. Manning was away all day, and saw nothing of the little torment except at night, when he was on his good behavior, and the deeds themselves, though so troublesome at the time, seemed very trivial when they were reported. Polly began to worry, and actually to grow pale from anxiety, for she lived in constant fear of being disgraced in the eyes of her friends by the pranks of that impish boy. Dew noticed her pallor, ran away one morning and returned at night with a box of Chinese rouge, which he presented with the "three bendings and the nine knockings," and all the compliments both of that season and the next.

At last, matters reached a crisis. One afternoon Dew haunted the parlors as usual, and as soon as the last caller had departed, approached Miss Carrie very confidentially with a prolonged "S-a-a-a-y."

"Well," with a somewhat preoccupied air.

"S-a-a-y, why you no gettee hubbum all samee other ladies?"

Poor Miss Carrie blushed crimson, for reasons best known to herself, and replied that she was in no hurry for one. Dew looked incredulous, but said nothing more just then. That evening, however, he spied her walking with a gentleman under the trees in the garden, and evidently was seized with the desire to help matters along for her if possible; for, coming up softly behind them, he whispered triumphantly, "Now me guess you gettee hubbum pretty quick."

That innocent little remark settled Dew's case forever. He was banished ignominiously the very next morning, for though the engaged couple pleaded hard in his behalf, the heads of the household declared that they would never know a moment's peace until the little imp was safely out of the house. Dew was at first disconsolate, but soon cheered up, remarked

that he would make them sorry for sending him away, then packed up his possessions and departed. As soon as he had gone, Polly went down to the kitchen to see whether he had carried out his threat. She hunted high and low, but found nothing amiss, until a neighbor, who had heard the story suggested looking for writing on the wall, as this was the usual method of Chinese revenge. Sure enough, they found in a dark corner an inscription warning all Chinamen to beware of the place, and ending with the words of withering scorn, "No stay. Too muchee bossee here."

J. M. M., '83.

JUNE AND JUNE.

We stood alone in the field together,
  You and I, but a year ago.
Up above us were June skies cloudless;
  Springing life in the earth below:—

Flowers and grass and all tender green things
  Reaching up for the sunshine's kiss;
Fresh young leaves on the boughs were dancing;
  Birds sang merrily, wild with bliss.

I, with eyes bent on a snow-white daisy,
  Softly repeated the love charm old,
Saying: "He loves me, he loves not," over
  Till nought remained but the disc of gold.

"Why do you ask of the flower, darling,
  What I could tell in a sweeter way,"
You whispered low, and my bowed head lifting,
  Kissed me—the thousandth time that day!

Blithely, oh blithe! shone the sun round us, o'er us;
  Blue were the skies, and the birds sang sweet;
Fragrant the breath of the wild white clover;
  Bright were the flowers beneath our feet.

We were alone in the world together,
  You and I, and the world was good.
Love was eternal. We loved each other.
  Hand clasped in hand we fearless stood.

One year ago! Now again 'tis summer,
  June thrills the earth with its sunshine rare;
Once more the meadows are white with daisies;
  Birds pipe and trill 'mong the blossoms fair.

I sit alone at my day's work toiling.
  God knows, not I, what you think and do.
In at the window sweet clover breath enters:
  Love is eternal? Then pain is, too.

A Seaside Library novel! How the tips of the noses go up, and the corners of the mouth go down at the name; but, for all that, who resists the temptation they offer? Its convenient form is the principal attraction of this style of literature for one class of its readers; while the other,—and one fears, but dislikes to own the suspicion—the other and larger class reads it for want of energy to do anything else. Thinking, is for them, a dread necessity, only to be accepted when all else fails; light fiction is the most easily attainable substitute to fill the void, which, in so many people, takes the place of the thinking apparatus. Those to whom the convenience of the Seaside Library is the greatestcharm, read it for rest, they, too, take into consideration its power to prevent thought, and use it as a means to their end,—mental recreation: for the others it is the means and the end in one,—the most entertainment and the least exertion.

As only those works by native authors on which there is no copyright can be published in this form, there are few of these books which describe American life. That fact certainly works against the production of that long-talked-of, and much desired American Novel; for so much of the American read-

ing deals so exclusively with incidents, scenes, and general surroundings which have no counterpart in America, that, in reproducing these scenes, one necessarily forms vague or indistinct pictures; and this vagueness, when it has once become a mental habit, destroys one of the essential characteristics of a creative mind, clearness and distinctness of imagination.

Kith and Kin is by an Englishwoman, a native of Yorkshire, where the scene of her story is laid. The atmosphere is not at all like that of America, and the American girl who can imagine herself living the life of Judith Conisborough, has an imagination strong enough to enable her to set about writing "The Novel" at once. The plot of the story is of no great depth; at the great public meeting, where Bernard Aglionby, the hero, sees Judith, the reader knows at once, in spite of his frequent thoughts of Lizzie, that he has met his fate. His father, Ralph Aglionby, was the son of a tyrannical and passionate gentleman of Yoresett-in-Danesdale, Yorkshire. Ralph, on refusing to marry his cousin, was sent to London, where he married a poor musician's daughter. John Aglionby, enraged at this independence on the part of his son, disinherited him, and adopted in his place his niece Marion, whom Ralph had refused to marry. Ralph died a few years after his marriage, and his father made friendly overtures to his widow; these, however, were not received in the spirit in which they were offered. This confirmed the old man's resolve that never a penny of his should his grand-son have. Years after, when Bernard was a man, he accidently met his grandfather, who was in Bernard's native city of Irkford. The old man learned the story of Bernard's life; but he learned its poverty and hardship only by observation, for Bernard was too proud to complain of that, and he went away without having met with much affability from Bernard, who resented the treatment his mother had received at the old man's hands.

Marion Conisborough was now a widow with three daughters, and the only hope which cheered her life of poverty and

consequent mortification, was that of the money she would receive from her uncle. John Aglionby died within a week after his interview with his grandson, leaving the latter heir to all his property; greatly to the chagrin of Mrs. Conisborough, whose last hope for a comfortable life was thus destroyed.

Bernard went to Scar Foot, the home of his fathers, and in spite of his engagement to Miss Vane, straightway fell in love with Judith, the eldest of Mrs. Conisborough's daughters. This, in addition to his innate honesty, caused Bernard to wish to make some arrangements for the greater comfort of his cousin's family; but Judith, whom he consulted on the subject, refused to take anything at his hand; and, harder yet for him to understand, for she evidently acted against her inclination, was her refusal to receive him as a friend and kinsman at her own home. This, and the various complications arising from it, furnish the entire interest of the story, and the unraveling of the mystery at the bottom of it all, furnishes plot.

Delphine, the second sister, while Bernard and Judith are giving each other lessons in love, was pursuing the same branch of learning under the instruction of Randulf Danesdale. He, the son of the great man of the county, finds his courtship easy work at first, but suddenly Delphine repulses all his advances, and finally refuses him for some reason which she will not reveal; she even resists the entreaties of Randulf's old father, who pleaded his son's cause: again the blank wall of the mystery stops all further progress, and forces the action into a new channel. Bernard and Randulf, sympathizing with each other in their unsuccessful love for these two sisters, become fast friends. Bernard was still bound to the lady of his choice, made before he knew Judith. As Lizzie had accepted him in the time of his poverty, his honor did not permit him to break his engagement, even if his freedom had been the one thing necessary to make his wooing of Judith

successful. His wedding day was near at hand when his fiancée jilted him, for one of his old friends, leaving him to console himself as best he might.

Things are at this dead lock, when Mrs. Conisborough sends for Bernard, and reveals the cause of all the mysterious behavior of her daughters. She had been the mediator between the man whose money she wanted, and the woman to whom he wished to give it, and she had delivered her message as offensively as possible. It produced the effect she desired,—it thoroughly aroused Mrs. Aglionby's anger, and made her reject the offer with scorn; that also in its turn she misrepresented to her uncle. The knowledge of her mother's dishonesty in this affair had come to Judith by accident, and this information had determined her course towards Bernard, and Delphine's toward Randulf. Thus brought to light, the wrong which so narrowly escaped producing its desired effect, was forgiven, and a life of happiness was spread before the four young people who had only waited till time should make the crooked things straight.

Such is a general outline of the story. With one exception, the few descriptions of scenery are not at all vivid, though they give the impression that the natural surroundings could have furnished excellent opportunities for word pictures. The one exception is the description of a dull, gray November afternoon. The effect of this description is very much such as the day itself would produce; here the writer attains the great object of the novelist, she makes the reader feel himself on the spot. Our knowledge of the characters is drawn almost entirely from the conversations, which are long, frequent, occasionally funny, and, on the whole, quite interesting.

Judith is the only one who stands out as anything like a definite character. There is a strength of purpose in her which commands respect, while at the same time one is puzzled to know why she should have ever lived her utterly stagnant life in the slow country place for so long. Genteel poverty

was as galling to her as it ever must be to proud natures, and waiting for dead men's shoes was equally distasteful to her. Why, then, was she always planning to do something and never doing it, till there was no peace left for her at home, and she had to leave to escape the troubles there? Bernard's name calls up a pair of pyrotechnic black eyes, a cynical and malicious, or entrancingly sweet smile, and a number of passionate scenes. At first Delphine means nothing but a glimmer of often-described, seldom-seen, golden hair, a shadowy smile, and gliding, breeze-like motions, until in the scene where Sir Gabriel Danesdale comes to ask her to reconsider her refusal of his son, she suddenly shows a strength and calmness, worthy of Judith herself; and only on this one occasion does she show any strength of character.

Randulf is difficult to describe; his drawl and lisp are the only things which distinguish him from a host of other young men, entertaining enough, but with nothing remarkable about them. In Mrs. Conisborough, the authoress makes a strong argument against the "ruling motive" theory. The only strong feeling she showed was a violent animosity toward the race of men in general, toward Bernard and his grandfather in particular. Her life was not calculated to bring out the best points of a weak nature; for such natures when oppressed must resort to subterfuge and intrigue to gain a point over their stronger opponents. She recognizes this, and justifies her questionable actions to herself, by saying that underhand means were the only ones at her command. So, when sent as mediator between Bernard's mother and old John Aglionby, —when by making peace she would have destroyed all her own hopes, which had been growing since the old man disinherited Ralph—the temptation to misrepresent the spirit of her message, while she adhered strictly to the letter, was of a piece with those desires to which she habitually yielded. Habit was too strong for her, and if conscience reproved her, it was quieted by the same course of reasoning which had before proved effectual.

I said Judith was the only character who gave the impression of a real person, but it was a mistake; Lizzie Vane, in spite of her secondary importance in the story, is the most intensely life-like character in the book. Every one recognizes her at a glance, almost before she has been introduced in person. Her very prettiness,—prettiness which contains not one of the higher attributes of real beauty—is characteristic of her and of her sisterhood of kindred spirits, to whom dress and flirtation are the highest objects of existence. Essentially vulgar in every instinct, she must sooner or later have impressed this trait of her nature on Bernard, and the introduction of Judith Conisborough was all that was needed to set Lizzie's defects in bold relief. For Judith is intellectual, noble, a thorough gentlewoman at every point where her rival is lacking.

The author's purpose, for even the writers in the Seaside catalogue have purposes, is probably to demonstrate the effect of an action, dishonest in spirit, while not departing from the outward semblance of truth. Though the consequences of Mrs. Conisborough's action, or, more properly speaking, her inaction, came near being what she intended, it seems to a practical, everyday mind that Judith made just a little too much of the affair, as justice was done in the end. She not only gave up her own happiness to expiate a wrong committed and righted long before, but even forced the weaker nature of Delphine to take her own hard view of the case, and act in a similar manner.

At the great moral elevation at which Judith lived, the atmosphere is too rare for the comfort of ordinary mortals. But as mountains add to the grandeur of the landscape, so these elevations of sentiment increase the impressiveness of the moral prospect; and though few are courageous enough to explore such exalted regions for themselves, still they admire those who brave all dangers and hardships, and reach the highest point at last.

Certainly no one can complain that the moral tone of the work in question is bad; and any one who wishes to rest, or who finds time hang heavy on his hands, will find *Kith and Kin* more entertaining and less debilitating than many of that class of novels.

Editors' Table.

The number of Vassar students who, on account of overworn bodies, have been obliged to curtail their work, or desist from it, for a time, altogether, is sufficiently large to afford apparent reason for the croaking of those who persist in looking upon Vassar College as the fell destroyer of woman's health. I say apparent reason, and I firmly believe that the reason is only apparent. A superficial observer, one who took no pains to trace effects beyond their immediate causes, would probably, does actually, shake his head dolefully over the exhausted physical condition of some of the girls, and wail, "More victims of Vassar!" but I believe, I know, that they are not "victims of Vassar." It would be impossible for a girl who entered Vassar College with sound health, and who walked with obedient feet in the paths marked out in the *Manual* to break down during her course, or after it, either, because of the work required of her here. I appeal to any unprejudiced man or woman who knows that we are required to be in bed nine hours, and out of doors one hour, during every twenty-four, to tell us whether Vassar College can justly be accused of "breaking down" her girls. "But they do break down," some one says Yes: the camel broke down under that famous last straw; but no one thinks of attributing to the straw a catastrophe so clearly due to the previous burden. Over and over again I have heard girls say: "Why, what I have to do here isn't anything. When I was preparing, I had

six and seven studies at a time; used to go to bed at twelve and get up at five, and never thought of such a thing as taking regular exercise." Of course, they have to pay for it some time, and the day of reckoning is very apt to come during their college course. Then Vassar gets the credit, or discredit, of having done the evil, and quite frequently the girls themselves do not think far enough to see that she does not deserve it. The fact that the college should meet this charge in the days when the higher education of woman has hardly, as yet, ceased to be an experiment, is a serious misfortune, and one which may prove most disastrous in its effects. It behooves all those who have the higher interests of girls at heart to prove the charge unfounded.

There is a popular fallacy that "fine words butter no parsnips." Yet fine words do butter the unpalatable parsnips of every day life far more than is usually supposed. We are often justly criticised for our neglect of the "pleasant ways of doing things." Although in the inevitable jostle of forced commingling with people, it may seem to us useless repetition to go on and on with conventional courtesies; yet people who come here on ordinary occasions do not take all this into account, and prefer to "send their daughter where manners are more carefully looked after;" and the girl who has not bowed and smiled good-morning, a few dozen times may be hurt by a curt salute or the cut direct. So, for the sake of the credit of the college and the feelings of its inmates, help the parsnips of college-life to slip down as easily as possible.

We have had so many "inches" given us of late that it would be an unwarrantable contradiction of the maxim not to

take an "ell" or so. The boats are now virtually our own; we have been allowed to sacrifice the proverbial "health, wealth and wisdom" so far as sitting up ten minutes longer at night, and prolonging our morning slumbers are concerned; silent time is no longer a "thorn in the flesh,"—or a sting to the conscience. In view of all these granted inches, the ell which we long to take is the freer use of the library, although, in saying this, we are not ungrateful for our exceptional privileges in this respect. As contrasted with the restrictions of that devout institution of learning where only "Sunday literature" is allowed to be taken from the library on Saturday night, our own liberty seems license, and viewed from any point, the library hours are both liberal and convenient. But why should not the students in the lower classes have the same use of the library which is granted to Seniors? The pleasure with which the latter take advantage of their library privilege proves how much it would be valued coming earlier in the course. We cannot believe that any student of collegiate rank should be excluded from the library on account of danger to the books, and surely all are sufficiently trustworthy to be allowed the use of the room without the supervision of a librarian. We think it a mistake to say that the number who would desire to avail themselves of this privilege, if granted, would be very small, but, even admitting this, would not the pleasure and profit of the few make the change worth while?

HOME MATTERS.

On the 10th of May, Miss Helen Magill lectured to us on the subject of the higher education of women, in England. As an introduction, she stated briefly the manner in which the subject is regarded in Italy, France and Germany, and showed that though, in each of these countries some opportunities for higher culture are offered to women, yet these privileges are

by no means equal to those enjoyed in England. She gave a comprehensive account of the kind of work done at Cambridge, and stated the difference between the English and American Universities. The history of women's education was traced from the time when Magnall's "Questions" was the principal text-book used, and the pupils were taught that large rivers were a characteristic of barbarous countries, till to-day, when nearly all the privileges of the University are open to them. Then followed a very pleasant picture of the home-life of students in Girton and Newnham Colleges, and of their social enjoyments. The lecture was filled with entertaining anecdotes of the place and its people.

Miss Magill is certainly a living proof of the fact that a university education need not make a woman unrefined, and if all advocates of a higher training for women were like her, there would be little ground for the charges so often made against them.

The first organ recital of the season took place in the Chapel Saturday afternoon, May 13th. The anticipation of pleasure was heightened by the fact that Mr. Archer, formerly organist of Plymouth Church, was to be the performer, and from the moment that he made his first appearance upon the stage we felt assured that a musical feast was in store for us.

His selections were not strictly classical; they were taken mostly from the French and English schools, with the exception of one Bach fugue, which was added to the programme by request. We can easily account for this, as Mr. Archer himself is a thorough Englishman, and hence rather sniffs at the German school of music. Notwithstanding this fact, no concert within our memory was ever more thoroughly enjoyed by the majority of people.

Mr. Archer's imitation of orchestral and piano music, which is a characteristic of the two schools from which he made his selections, was wonderful; his execution and registration also were beyond criticism. The students of Bach could fully appreciate his rendering of the fugue; for, despite the composer's complex and blinding development of the theme, Mr. Archer brought it distinctly before us. So quickly did he make the transitions from the soft passages on the Swell organ to the grand passages on the Great organ that not one note was lost. His playing of the pedal passages, which, in reality, are easier than the four-part passages, seemed to impress the audience most.

Could Mr. Archer have but heard the warm praise and gratitude expressed by the students for the pleasure he had given us, he would be assured of the hearty welcome we can always promise him.

May 19th, 1882! A red letter day in the Senior calendar—the day when '82 enjoyed '83's hospitality, and found it charming in the highest degree. Fate and the clerk of the weather have seemed to frown upon Junior parties for the last two years; but, on this occasion, the clouded skies proved a blessing in disguise. We appreciated this first during the drive to town, and our appreciation increased as the day progressed. During this same ride we received various flattering attentions from the good citizens of Poughkeepsie; we were gratified to see these marks of an appreciative, not to say admiring spirit, and when the small boys capered joyfully around us, greeting us with cries of "Hey there! Vassar College!" we realized how inspiring public ovations are. Escorted by the admiring multitude, we drove to the wharf, where the Mary Powell awaited us The sentiment of the Vassar girl toward the Mary Powell has been so often celebrated in song and story, that we refrain from further repetition. It is enough to say

that our feelings were all that they should have been on such an occasion. We were soon started on our southward way, and in full enjoyment of the boat, the company and the river. '83 gave a musical welcome to '82, to which '82 responded as best she could. After a delightful sail of about an hour, we were invited to the dining room of the steamer, where lunch was ready for us. While we were engaged with it, the boat stopped, and we ascended to the upper world to find ourselves at Cornwall, and carriages waiting to take us over the mountains. A few adventurous spirits started out to walk all the way; the majority of us decided to walk, but to wait until we were well up in the mountains before we began—there would be no fun in walking over level ground. We afterwards decided that the best place to begin was at the summit, when we had the descent before us; some enthusiastic walkers, however, did not think it was worth while to begin then, as so short a distance remained, and so rode all the way. That trip over the mountain was something to be remembered. The leisurely climb toward the summit, when the mountains gradually closed in around us, the occasional glimpses of valley and river, the mountain streams and moss-covered rocks by the wayside, the gradual widening of our area of vision as we descended, the intense colors of the far-off hills, the mountain stillness—these were things to know and be thankful for. In the latter part of our mountain journey, the sight of West Point in the distance and of the Mary Powell lying at one of the wharves there, led some of us to suspect that the secret of our final destination was revealed. Then it was that we fully appreciated our good fortune in regard to the weather; the lack of bright sunshine and the cool air not only added to the comfort of our walk, but saved us from appearing before the brave defenders of our country in a sunburnt and crimpless condition. We reached West Point just in time for the evening parade, which we watched in comfortable ignorance of the significance of any of the maneuvres. One point, how-

ever, we appreciated and were able to criticise intelligently. At the end of the parade, the band struck up a familiar tune, the cadets fell into a step which was also familiar, and went off at "double-quick." If we have learned anything this year, we have learned how to run; so we scanned them with a critic's eye as they passed, and found them worthy of a word or two of commendation. They run almost as well as we do. When the parade ground was once more a deserted plain, we adjourned to the Mary Powell, and, soon after, to the dinner table. Here we had a double feast; for while the wants of the inner man were amply provided for, we had flower-decorated tables and dainty hand-painted satin tambourines to satisfy our artistic tastes. When the time for the speeches and toasts arrived, Miss Stevens, in a few graceful and cordial words, welcomed the Seniors, Miss Brittan replying for her class. Then followed toasts to the College, the Faculty, West Point, the Mary Powell and her captain. Dr. Caldwell replied for the Faculty, and gave a toast to our absent sisters of '84, and Gen. Howard responded in behalf of West Point. The ride up the river was incredibly short. It seemed but a few moments from the time of our starting when we saw the glare of the furnaces and knew that we were at Poughkeepsie. A farewell song from '83, a responsive "good night" from '82, a rather silent ride out from town,—then the lights of the college, and '82 felt that almost the last of the college "good times" was over for her. She could only thank '83 again for having added so delightful a day to her store of college memories—a day as nearly perfect as day could be.

The annual excursion of the Exoteric Society took place on Saturday, May 20th. It had been proposed to take a moonlight sail on the Hudson, or to have a straw ride, followed by a spread; but these plans, after much discussion, were dropped,

and a trip to Vassar Lake was finally decided upon. To the great relief of the anxious Preps., the weather proved all that could be desired. For the sake of novelty, it was decided to march in procession to the scene of festivities. Accordingly, a line was formed which, with colors flying and band playing, set out for the Lake. A large number of spectators, in doors and windows, watched the departure, and a few, more interested than the rest, followed in the rear. Having reached the shore, the party crossed over to an island by a bridge of boats. This island is about the size of a large bandanna, but by a careful economy of space, all were accommodated with standing room. Several college songs were sung, accompanied by the band. Our appetites were sharpened by the long march, and the banquet of "crackers and cheese, cheese and crackers," as announced by the menu cards, was heartily enjoyed. The President of the Exoteric Society made a speech, and toasts were given by other members of the society. The time passed rapidly by, and as evening approached, we reluctantly left the scene of our gaieties, and took up the homeward march, unanimously deciding that the excursion had been an unusual success.

The third Philalethean play passed off in a blaze of glory on the evening of the twentieth. The violin duet, which was the first feature of the programme, was a welcome relief from the monotony of the piano. This was followed by the presentation of the drama "Down by the Sea." Miss Rollinson was, as usual, a star. Miss Patterson's acting also was extremely good; while Miss Leonard, as the old French peddler, and Miss Sanford, as Capt. Dandelion, met with hearty and deserved applause. Miss Deming, in her somewhat dashing sailor suit, made a very handsome "September Gale." She had quite a difficult part to sustain, as Vassar audiences never seem able

to repress their mirth at "noble" passages or high tragedy. The character of Kitty Gale was admirably done. Indeed, we are convinced that Miss Smith must be "to the manner born" in order to have assumed the role of the bright, coquettish little Kitty so perfectly, at such short notice. Miss Mabury, Miss Miller, and Miss Cutler completed a cast which, as it was largely made up of debutantes, is deserving of special commendation and encouragement.

Miss Hancock's singing is "a joy forever;" it made the brief intermission between the acts not only bearable but positively welcome.

The committee are to be congratulated upon the pretty exterior of the programmes, the choice of the cast, and the general success of the entertainment.

The procession of Sophmores which started from Room I immediately after chapel on Friday, May 26th, gratified the curiosity of the lookers-on by stopping at the second tree on the right of the lake-path. The distribution of tasteful programmes was followed by a greeting from the Glee Club, and an oration by Miss Cummock, in which the elm was formally, but in the most graceful way, adopted into the family of '84. The class emblem was then fastened to the tree, and all were invited to take a walk down the lake-path, at whose foot the class were relieved by seeing three conveyances waiting, and after a delay long enough for certain mysterious boxes to be distributed among the occupants of the carriages, they drove gayly off down the road leading south from Poughkeepsie. After an hour's riding came the return, enlivened by songs, stories, and the consumption of that part of the contents of the mysterious boxes which had not sweetened the first part of the drive. Several toasts were given as the class passed around the college on their return, and, though the anticipated

feast had vanished, touched by the magic wand of disapprobation, before the class had set out, still '84 succeeded in making herself heard. After a farewell by the Glee Club, while the class, which had fasted from choice, stood once more around the tree, the members of '84 retired to their respective apartments to dream of long life and prosperity for the tree which they had chosen.

Dr. Ritter gave his Second Matinée on the 27th of May. The programme was extensive, and the selections varied. Miss Chapman opened the Matinée by playing David Liszt's Bolero, which she did very smoothly and clearly.

The two selections from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" were very happy ones, and Miss Lane, although she struck some of the melody notes rather harshly, played the accompaniment softly and expressively.

"Gently Rest," and "So shall my Darling be," were very prettily sung. Miss Miller's voice is a deep contralto, and her compass extends unusually far down into the bass. Miss Hopson, though not in good voice, sang sweetly and with feeling.

A Nocturne from Leschetizky was given in good time by Miss Berger. Miss Myers played one of Schubert's prettiest impromptus.

Weingand's Serenade, a very difficult composition, was sung by Miss Cecil in a clear, sweet voice. Her notes are unusually fine, and the audience showed their appreciation of her performance by their continued applause.

Miss Hubbell played a lively Mazurka. Her touch is firm, and her playing brilliant.

Though not so strong as usual, Miss Boyd's voice was clear, and her rendering of "L'Eden aux Bords du Gange" was sweet and delicate. We hope that Miss Boyd will overcome her timidity, and favor us again.

The next piece, a Barcarolle by Thalberg, was given with a delicate touch, and with much expression. Miss Page has a very flexible hand, and plays her allegro passages in pianissimo very distinctly and smoothly

Miss Curtiss is an old friend, and her singing of "Flowers" was characteristic of her.

Miss Raymond's rendering of Chopin's Nocturne, Opus 32, No. 2, displayed much hard and careful study.

A Fantasie-Impromptu also by Chopin, though very difficult, was well played by Miss Merrick. With the exception of a little increase in the tempo of the closing passages, her runs were clear, and in good time. Her performance was smooth and finished.

The Prelude and Fugue from Bach, which were played on the organ by Miss Cutler, formed a pleasing close to the afternoon's entertainment. Miss Cutler, although her tempo was too hurried on account of nervousness, has a good technique, and a firm touch. We are delighted to find that the students who are receiving instruction on the organ are so far advanced.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The June number of the MISCELLANY is out more than a week earlier than usual, in order that the July number may be made ready for the press before college closes.

We have been informed that an editorial in our last number has conveyed to some outsiders the impression that no religious privileges are afforded by the college to its students. This is certainly false, and no such idea was intended to be given by the article. In view of the fact that we have prayer-meetings five evenings in the week, compulsory chapel exercises every day, compulsory Bible class and full service every

Sunday morning, any one would be grossly unjust to the college to accuse it of neglecting our spiritual well-being. What was objected to was the fact that its own instruction is the only one allowed by the college to non-communicants. We trust that whoever has received any other idea from the editorial will dispossess his mind of it immediately.

Mr. John G. Vassar has presented the library with a bust of himself. It is the work of Mr. Bissell.

Dr. Morse, of Indiana University, preached in the college chapel, May 22d.

The members of the Shakespeare Club entertained the Dickens Club in Room H. on Saturday, May 27th, with a "feast of reason" and of more substantial pabulum.

The T. and M. Club held its last social meeting in Mrs. Raymond's parlor, after chapel, May 27th. Miss Jordan addressed the club. Her subject was "The Friends and Enemies of Free Trade."

We have received from Orville E. Brewer & Co., Chicago, a letter requesting us to express to the students of Vassar sincere thanks for their "hearty coöperation and support of the American College Song Book." The work, which promises well, will be sold to college students "for a short time, at $1.30 per copy."

Prof. Cooley's classes held their last recitations May 29th, as he was obliged to leave college to conduct the Western examinations.

Chapel exercises are now held at 7 P. M.

The results of the elections of class and society officers for the ensuing year, as far as determined are as follows:

For '83,

President—Miss Lathrop.
Vice President—Miss Curtiss.
Secretary—Miss Swift.
Treasurer—Miss West.

For the Philalethean Society,

President—Miss Foss.
Vice President—Miss Page.
Secretary—Miss Wilkinson.
Treasurer—Miss Yates.

For the Students' Association,

President—Miss Valleau.
Vice President—Miss Treadway.
Secretary—Miss Barker.
Crier—Miss Curtiss.
Vice Crier—Miss Griffith.

For the Society of Religious Inquiry,

President—Miss Raymond.
Vice President—Miss Meeker.
Recording Secretary—Miss Starkweather.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Adams.
Treasurer—Miss Leonard.

For the Shakespeare Club,

President—Miss Cutler.
Vice President—Miss Morris.
Secretary—Miss Merrick.

For the Dickens Club,

President—Miss Ransom.
Vice President—Miss Bernard.
Secretary—Miss Gardner.

For Chapter Alpha,

President—Miss Morris.
Vice President—Miss West.
Secretary—Miss Woods.
Treasurer—Miss Townsend.

For Chapter Beta,

President—Miss Dewell.
Vice President—Miss Boyd.
Secretary—Miss Halliday.
Treasurer—Miss Chubb.

Miss Boyd has been appointed chairman of the committee for Philalethean Day; Miss Page, for the first Philalethean play.

The money remaining in the treasury of the Philalethean Society, amounting to about $32, has, by vote of the society, been appropriated to help defray the expenses of the Song Book. The committee for the Song Book have been repeatedly obliged to meet, from their own private funds, the payments demanded, and we trust that students and alumnæ will see to it that the money is refunded by prompt sale of the remaining books.

Freshman party June 3d.

The following composition on "Girls" is the work of a ten-year-old brother of one of our students. The production is genuine, and we give it *verbatim:*

"Girls are very stuckup and dignefied in their maner and behaveyour. They think more of dress than anything and like to play with dowls and rags. They cry if they see a cow at a far distance and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to Church every sunday. They are al-ways

sick. They are al-ways funy and making fun of boys hands and they say how dirty. They make mud pies and play in mud. They cant swim they cant skate or play ball or marbels or do anything but stay at home and knit. I pity them poor things. They make fun of boys and then tern a round and love them. I dont beleave that they ever kiled a cat or a bird or anything. Any body would think that they were as good as pie but they are not good at all. They look out every nite and say oh ant the moon beautiful oh it is lovely. . . . . They cant run fast or jump or climb and then after scolding the boys then tern around and ask them to get some nice things for them. Thir is one thing that I have not told and that is they always now their lessons better than boys."

PERSONALS.

'75.

Married, May 16th, 1882, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Miss Frances G. Swift, of '75, to Mr. John Doty.

'78.

Married, May 17th, 1882, at Wilmington, Mass., Miss Lillie T. Bond, of '78, to Mr. W. H. Sweatt.

Miss K. M. Hopson, formerly of '81, Miss Bryan, of '81, and Miss Shepard, formerly of '83, have visited the college during the past month.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Acta Columbiana* is certainly not destined mutely and ingloriously to perish if crying " we deserve to live " will obviate that hard fate of despised genius. The paper apparently feels itself and its college aggrieved in divers particulars, but

is upheld by a praiseworthy confidence in the merit of both. One danger, however, it has escaped: the necessity of admitting the principles of co-education into its strictly non-co-educational columns. Nothing could be more consoling to the opponents of co-education than the security which the *Acta Columbiana* feels in the predominance of the masculine in the classic halls of Columbia. It assures itself and the public that "the danger is past," and that "the true friends of the college" have made their bold stand to good effect, with such repeated energy that by it we feel how great a calamity Columbia has narrowly escaped.

The *North Western* comes to us laden with facts, hints and suggestions àpropos of the coming commencement. The paper seems, as all college papers should, to be a very "happy medium" between the faculty and students of its university, as well as a means of making timely suggestions to the students themselves. We notice that it has made, in the latter capacity, a plea for the election of certain scientific studies lately made elective in the university course. We are glad to see that, in the opinion of the *North Western*, election of studies is not another name for narrowness of choice.

The June number of the *Atlantic* is interesting as a memorial number. It opens with a fine steel engraving of Mr. Longfellow, and also contains a tribute to his memory by Oliver Wendell Holmes, an interesting article on the life and works of the poet, and a hitherto unpublished poem by Longfellow. The three serials continue to hold the interest of the reader. The sketch of country life in Serena is very pleasantly given.

The April issue of the *Virginian University* reminds us forcibly of the fact that the students of that institution rejoice in the instruction of Prof. Davis. The article on "Illogical Philosophy" is as ponderous, the poem of "Naida" as interminable as his "Treatise on Deductive Logic" itself.

The *Century* and *St. Nicholas* for June are each remarkably good in its own department. The last article of the series on "Opera in New York," tells us of the famous singers of the present day. "Around Cape Horn," and "The Bee Pastures of California," both furnish very entertaining reading, while a good idea of American wood engraving is given in an article on that subject. The *St. Nicholas*, while peculiarly interesting to its own class of readers, is very entertaining to older persons. The visit of four Boston boys to Mr. Longfellow is charmingly described in a pleasant article.

CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

Miss Magill thinks that for post-graduate study in this country, Michigan University is to be preferred for historical and political science, Cornell and the Institute of Technology for the natural sciences, and Harvard annex for the classics and mathematics. In England, Oxford is to be recommended for English literature and philology. Cambridge is, perhaps, to be preferred to all other places for mathematics and classics, and both Cambridge and London give excellent opportunities in natural science.—*Harvard Herald.*

"Now, gentlemen," said Professor C., lecturing to his Physics class, "listen closely, while I vibrate the pitchfork."—*Haverfordian.*

Advantages of the Elective System.—*Hollis Holworthy* (*to important personage at the office, just before the Finals*). Will you kindly give me a list of the Electives I have been taking this year? I really quite forgot to make a note of them.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Yale *Literary Magazine* is said to be the oldest college paper in the United States. It was established in 1834.—*College Student.*

AN IDYLL OF SPRING.

I lay on the bank of the rippling brook,
  Which flowed beside me with light murm'ring sound,
And the bright sky above, and the softly green grass,
  And the fresh budding trees, and all objects around

Seemed filled with the charm and the sweetness of spring:
  While above me the warm, gentle zephyrs were blowing,
In the soft, balmy air I was lulled to repose
  By the singing of birds and the brook's gentle flowing.

NEXT DAY.

I lie on my lounge; on the table beside me
  Countless bottles of medicine are ranged around.
Confound it! I tell you I think that I'll know it,
  When I lie down again on that chilly, damp ground.

—*Yale Record.*

Student (not very clear as to his lesson): "That's what the author says, anyway."

Professor: "I don't want the author: I want you!"

Student (despairingly): "Well, you've got me."

—*Haverfordian.*

An ancient way of rocking a man to sleep was stoning him to death.—*Colby Echo.*

Grace in dining-room.—Prof: "To-morrow there will be no recitations. For these and all his mercies, God's most holy name be praised." Slight sensation.—*Racine Mercury.*

Professor W. W. Goodwin, of Harvard, has accepted the directorship of the American School of Classical Studies, which will be established in Athens, Greece, next November.—*Carletonia.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Villa Bohemia. By Maria Le Baron, New York. Kochendoerfer & Urie.

The *Villa Bohemia* reminds us of what was said of Lothair, "the hugest joke ever perpetrated on an unsuspecting public." Miss Le Baron has out-Duchessed the Duchess, even the author of *Palm Branches* must yield to her. The plot is simple: four girls, Follet, Fly, Dimple and Carol retire to a dilapidated country house for improvement. The nature of the improvement is not clearly stated. They seem to think it will be attained if they can only keep men off the premises. The four heroines are each more bewitching than the other, but of different types of beauty and idiocy to suit the tastes of the four young men who effect an entrance to the villa. Laurence Lionel Lovel, whose "sly smile stirs the ends of his luxuriant moustache" on all occasions, is a fine sample of the four heroes who induce the damsels to give up their schemes. The book closes with a deafening peal of marriage bells for the quadruple wedding. The main occupations of the heroines bent on improvement, are eating, and making puns. "Surreptitious chicken, ruby jelly, amber cheese, and emerald pickles" vanish like mist. But the puns—words fail to tell of the wretchedness of those puns: we forbear quoting, lest any one should miss the pleasure of the fun she may obtain from the perusal of this most silly, preposterous, and amusing little book.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Academian, Acta Columbiana, Amherst Student, Archangel, Argo, Argus, Ariel, Athenaeum, Atlantic Monthly, Berkeleyan, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Carletonia, Century, College Journal, College Mercury, College Olio, College Rambler, College Times, College Student, Columbia Spectator, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Cornell Review, Cornell Sun, Crimson, Dartmouth, Dickinsonian, Dutchess Farmer, Exonian, Good Cheer, Hamil-

ton Lit., Harvard Advocate, Harvard Echo, Harvard Herald, Harvard Lampoon, High School Bulletin, Hellmuth World, Illini, Kansas Review, Lafayette College Journal, Lehigh Burr, Monmouth Collegian, Nassau Lit., North Western, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Penn. College Monthly, Philadelphia Evening News, Polytechnic, Poughkeepsie Daily News, Princeton Tiger, Princetonian, Progress, Queen's College Journal, Res Academicae, Reveille, Rockford Seminary Magazine, Spectator, Student Life, Syracusan, St. Nicholas, Targum, Trinity Tablet, Willistonian, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, Yale News, Yale Record.

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BY THE

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF VASSAR COLLEGE,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

MAY, 1882.

DUTCHESS FARMER STEAM PRINT, POUGHKEEPSIE.

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